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MAUD

Edited and Arranged for Publication

by

Richard Lee Strout

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NEW YORK

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1939

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Set up and electrotyped.

FIRST PRINTING.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

418281

"At length, upon the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld, that the forlornest places we had passed were, in comparison with it, full of interest. At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low and marshy, that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the house-tops, lies a breeding-place of fever, ague, and death; vaunted in England as a mine of Golden Hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away: cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming, then, with rank unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither, droop, and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water, to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo."

—Charles Dickens, in *American Notes* (Apr. 9, 1842)

"I am always filled with happiness upon reaching home. Every rickety old house looks familiar and sweet,—every tree an old friend. I was born here and have lived here and can never do ought but love our dear ugly Cairo."

—Isabella Maud Rittenhouse, Sept. 8, 1881

Preface

This is the story of a young girl who lived in a Louisa Alcott sort of home in a rough steamboating town on the Mississippi in the eighties and wrote for *Godey's Ladies' Book*, went to St. Louis art school (where she drew from the nude), took the leading part in Opera House theatricals, and carried off a literary prize for a novel about a place in North Carolina which she had never seen. All the young men of Cairo, Illinois (for that was her home), fell in love with her, and she tried to reform most of them, and they loved her all the more. She read the Declaration of Independence on the Fourth of July on the town square in a white dress while her mother, an ardent feminist, set up lemonade stands to combat the "beer interest." She graduated from high school the year after President Garfield was shot, and spoke her piece from the Opera House stage before a backdrop showing the "inner room of a palace" with "tall beryl pillars, statues and flights of marble steps fading into the background."

Isabella Maud Rittenhouse tells her own story. At twelve or so (at about the time when she was first falling in love) she started a Journal which she kept thereafter conscientiously till she was thirty. Later on she burned the first volume; but six others followed from which this narrative is abridged.

The six Journals are of uniform size, bound in frayed red leather, containing over 100,000 words each and running from 1881 to 1895. In a hand that is always clear and legible Maud poured out her heart to "dear Grandame Journal." She wrote swiftly and occasionally dashed off three or four thousand words at a sitting. She rarely abbreviated. There are not a hundred ampersands in fourteen years. She wrote, always, in purple ink.

Maud lived in a fifteen-room brick house, with no plumbing to speak of, that was one of the best in Cairo. Her father was a prominent commission grain merchant. Cairo itself was a town of 9,000 or so set down at the southernmost tip of Illinois at the confluence of the

Mississippi and the mile-wide Ohio. Perilous floods threatened it frequently, and every spring the streets filled with "sipe-water."

Maud had a few oddities of style. One of these, curiously enough, related to her own name which she wrote interchangeably "Maud" and "Maude" for years, sometimes even changing spellings between sentences. As few liberties as possible have been taken in preparing the Journals. Of their appearance now in print—half a century later—Maud is a pleased observer.

RICHARD LEE STROUT

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Persons Prominent in the Journals

Family

Grandmother, widow of Dr. Daniel Arter
Father, Wood Rittenhouse, commission merchant
Mother, Laura (Arter) Rittenhouse
Mother's sisters:
  Aunt Belle (Isabella), wife of Henry Foster
  Aunt Dele (Adelia), wife of Moses Harrell
  Auntie (Amarala), wife of Jacob F. Martin
  Aunt Harriet, wife of Abner Oakes
Father's brother:
  Uncle Sim (Joseph), bookkeeper and silent partner in Wood Rittenhouse & Bro.
Aunt Mattie, wife of Joseph Rittenhouse
Children of Wood and Laura Rittenhouse:
  Isabella Maud (the writer), Wood, Fred, Harry, Robin Claire
Cousins of Maud:
  Mary Foster (Little Mary); Edith Martin (De-de)

Escorts and Admirers

William Cornelius Blauvelt, accountant
George Benson, Marine Corps physician
William N. Butler, lawyer
Elmer Ellsworth Comings, son of "Judge" Comings
Edward Hough (Ned), from Chicago, teacher of art
Eugene Lyons, from New Orleans
Earl H. Mayne, engineer on Ohio River bridge
George E. O'Hara (the Duke, OHara), in ice and lumber business
Erich Schwartze, bank clerk
Frank Shearer (Krop; Kommodore), general agent of Big Four Railroad
Charles Wenger
William Williamson (Jack; WmSn), printer
Robert Witherspoon (Robin)

Neighbors and Friends

Ella Armstrong, teacher
Mary Baker, singer in Episcopal choir
"Judge" A. Comings, petty magistrate; father of Elmer, Walter, and Lena (later, Mrs. Ince)
Frederick P. Davenport (Dean), Episcopalian minister
Dougan. *See* Wood
C. W. Dunning, physician
Winthrop Dunning (Wint), his daughter
William G. Eliot, grandson of St. Louis Unitarian minister
Eugene Ellis, printer
Alice Ford (Fordie), teacher and artist
Albert Galigher
Benjamin George, Presbyterian minister, 1875–83
Maj. Edwin Halliday, one of five brothers, leading citizens
Alice and Vesta Halliday, his daughters
Will Korsmeyer (Papa Symperson)
Bettie Korsmeyer (Bess), his sister
John M. Lansden, lawyer, later mayor
Mrs. John M. Lansden, Presbyterian choir leader
E. L. Menager ("Uncle" Ned), a bookkeeper; not related
Sadie Menager, his wife
Allen Moore, student at University of Vermont
Miss S. H. Risley, teacher
Mrs. Jane Robbins ("Auntie"), not related
Clara Robbins, her daughter
Phil Saup, proprietor of ice-cream parlor; a distant cousin
Capt. Thomas W. Shields, steamboat captain and business man
Lizzie Shields, his daughter, Vassar graduate
Fred M. Slack, married the niece of Dr. Wardner, superintendent of Anna (Ill.) Asylum
Albert H. Trick, Presbyterian minister at Cairo, 1884–90
Judge Samuel P. Wheeler, owner of summer farm at Mount Carmel
Edith Wheeler, his daughter
Col. John Wood, wholesale grocer; father of Elizabeth Dougan (schoolteacher), Walter, Lilias, Mary
Christine Woodward (Tenie), daughter of local merchant

MAUD

CHAPTER ONE

I. Maud Rittenhouse

Friday 7:30 P.M. Apr 22/81

Sweet Journal—

It is quite warm, a light breeze coming in the window and the frogs croaking really like summer time.

At school the tempter drew my Astronomy and me to the back window, and then the breeze was so gentle, the maple leaves just within reach stirred so softly, that I couldn't study Equinoxes and Zodiacs but gazed out to the cool rippling waters under the shade trees of what the girls call Elm Grove, and the big steamers sailing up the Mississippi.

It has been one of those most delicious yet indescribable days. No I don't mean as regards the weather though the leaves were green, the skies soft, the wind balmy, and the sun bright. It was a Company Day at school, a regular gala-day.

Eva, always up to mischief, went to a window and looked out and then came hurriedly back to her seat, pulled down her basque, "primped" at her hair, pinned the Japonicas at her throat and looked expectantly towards the door. Every girl followed suit. The knob turned and in walked—good, meek little Mattie Martin. How we laughed! But in about 10 minutes they really did come, Mama first, then Mrs Candee, Mr Goldstine and goodness only knows how many others. We were first introduced to the Social Science and Cairo Auxiliary, and the Woman's Club and Library Association. Then sentiments were called from the school. I gave one from John Holland's *Bitter-sweet* beginning,

Hearts like apples are hard and sour,
Till crushed by pain's resistless power.

The C. Class boys were called on for Cairo sentiments, one was "Cairo Streets! They have length and breadth, but no bottom."

After the sentiments, by our request, some of the ladies addressed us. Next we sang "Flora and the forester," Mabel, Clara and I taking the parts and the School the chorus, then we sang "The German's Patriot Song", followed by the C. girls in the "Chicago Fire", by request.

Then we marched our complicated march down the center aisle, to Clara's music.

Eva had Elmer's picture at School—horrid boy hasn't given *me* any yet. Came home and found Edith [Maud's cousin, Edith Martin] also with one of Elmer's pictures.

Sunday April 24—1881

Last night I ached to talk to you. I felt *so* miserable and woe-begone. Edith came over and while I ate supper Edith and Eva (who had theirs) went walking. After supper I went out and swung on the gate awhile all alone and could see Edith and Eva no place. Then I sauntered into the parlor and sat down to practice, when Eva came in and said she wanted Edith to come the night with her, so off they went and I was left alone. Then an unaccountable blue fit attacked me. I won't tell you the many causes for my extreme despondency, for it was no doubt only my own utter selfishness reflected back upon me. Be that as it may I only know how very badly I felt and I came upstairs to study but the tears came into my eyes so I couldn't see the letters, and my head began to ache, so closed my book, turned out the light, pulled my cosy-rocker to the open window, where I could see the soft little gentle stars, and the breeze could come in and cool my hot head, and there I sat and rocked and cried in the good old-fashioned way. You see I may as well let you know first as last what a silly child I am.

Sat. April 30, 1881

My April showers are generally followed by sunshine—I feel real good to-day.

Mama is 40 to-day and her little breakfast party passed off the pleasentest kind. I love to hear refined cultivated people discuss the topics of the day.

Grandma gave Mama a pair of lovely pale-blue and bobinet pillow-shams which she made herself. Harry gave her a fuschia; Robin, a white holly fan; Fred, a hemstitched linen-cambric 'kerchief. Wood, double black-walnut picture frame. Auntie, a lovely lace kerchief which she got at Chicago, Edith, a lace double-neck-kerchief, and I gave her a large silk-lace fichu, one of those dress affairs. Oh yes, and Papa gave her two very large oil-paintings with deep gilt frames. But I'm right mad about it, for our house is running over full of pictures as it is, and he should have gotten an elegant silver water pitcher for the same price. I wanted him to give her a watch (think of a woman of 40 with no watch) or a phaeton.

I rushed downtown in a hurry to get some lace for a cretonne tidy last night all alone, had a real nice talk with Cousin Tom. Auntie brought Edith 2 new dresses, a silk parasol, silk mitts and new hat from Chicago. Friday at recess Edith took me over to show them to me. On the way I asked, "Is the bonnet a poke?" "No." "Cottage?" "*No*—and has no strings to it—the people of Chicago just hoot at strings under the chin, they won't think of them."

I know how much good it did her to say that and so I didn't dispute it (you know my bonnet ties under the chin) and any-way she knows as well as I, that they are worn all over the U.S. and as much at Chicago as any place. Besides in one of Auntie's letters (guess Edith forgot that she showed it to me) she said, "The most of the bonnets worn are like Maud's."

I think it is the best joke of the season.

May-Day.—Sunday—1881

Sang in the Episcopal Choir this A.M. Daisy Halliday had on the sweetest bonnet—shape something like mine, white, and with a soft pink ostrich plume around it, and brocaded pink satin strings tied in a knot *under the chin.* (How can she stand wearing a thing which Chicago people "hoot" at.) I guess it came from Paris or New York as she gets all her apparel at those places. How lovely to be the daughter of a millionaire.

In all my days I never saw such a madly infatuated couple as Eugene and Edith (or at least never saw a couple display their madness so extensively). At 8 we all went over to church and he took her home, walking at the rate of a mile a day. Tis as good as a novel for me to watch them. So many times this week I'd be bubbling over to write some to Robert * but I won't send a word till May 26. If it takes him 15 days to answer my letter it takes me 30 to answer his. So there Mr

---

* Robert Witherspoon, Maud's childhood sweetheart, who had recently left town.

Robert,—next time you won't burn up four letters because they are uninteresting.

Supper bell is tinkling. Adieu.

Thursday May 5—1881

Somebody told Will WmSn that he bored me awfully and if he'd any sense he'd know it. Sunday night he asked if I'd said it, and ofcourse I hadn't. I'd give a dime to know who told him—I have an idea.

At this rate we'll have to charter a ferry or tug to get to church. East St. Louis is flooded, and the Mississippi rising at a terrible rate. Sipe-water nearly to the tops of the side-walks up-town, blocks and blocks covered. Its under our barn and in those low colored-folks' lots behind us.

While we were practicing at the church Tuesday night, two couples went to the parsonage—one to be married. We were invited in. Such a prosaic wedding. Heavens! The groom didn't even kiss his pale and trembling bride, or call her "Little Wifey". I'll be switched if I'd get married if I couldn't be called "Little Wifey" and have somebody's smiling eyes dancing whole acres of love upon me. But such is life, that for all I know I may marry some—well let's don't talk about it since I can't know for years to come.

Saturday.

Papa has possession of all the corn between here and New Orleans, over 30,000 bushels shelled and is going to make an immense profit on it. His traveling agent at New Orleans is holding on to it and corn is rising every day. They can't get any more down because the elevator-spouts at St Louis are below water.

He also has another big lot at St Louis, which he can sell now at a profit of about five cents per bushel, even though it can't be gotten out at present. The reason that I speak of this to you is that I *think* he will get me a grand Steinway piano, if all goes well.

Oh yes! Miss Maud is going to do a little speculating. Two-thirds of Florida is a rich swamp, is being drained and worked up by a reliable party of New Yorkers and shares are selling at $10. 50,000 have already been sold. Think of buying land for $10 an acre, worth 150. Its below the frost line and oranges, coffee, sugar-cane and I don't know what all grow plenteously, almost spontaneously.

Later.

Robin by way of giving us a little entertainment fell into the sipe water again. Harry sprang in and got him out which makes the second time he has done it. It came up to Harry's shoulders.

Mama and Papa have gone to hear Brigham Young's 19th wife lecture on Mormonism and Papa didn't offer to take me and I'm right mad about it.—Goodnight.

Thursday May 12, 1881. 8 P.M.

Tuesday night I received a note from Eugene asking me to go to the Temperance Dance that night. In order to save time I decided to answer by telephone, so I went over to Healy's and asked if I might use his telephone. He said "Why certainly." (Arthur French was in there), so I went back and asked the exchange to connect 127 and 13.

"Thirteen's busy."

"Well, disconnect him then, please, for I'm in a rush and must have him."

Then she connected us, but Eug. was not in the office and I told his father that I was very sorry but couldn't attend the party as "it came on a school-night and Mama'd rather I wouldn't on that account."

Arthur French heard it all and after we went back to school (Edith and I, I mean by "we") Eug. came to his office and called 129.

"Was there a young lady here to see me?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Miss Maud Rittenhouse."

"What did she say?"

"Don't know," replied Mr Healy, "but Arthur French heard, and I'll call him."

So Arthur went to the instrument.

"What did Maud say?"

"Said indeed she wouldn't go to any party with him, her mother didn't want her to have anything to do with him, and if he didn't stop writing so many notes to me, my father would tend to him."

Eug. disconnected at once, and in about an hour Arthur went back saying he was only fooling.

Robin fell in the sipe water again, and nearly drowned.

Mabel fell in Tuesday night.

I didn't tell you what a fearfully long time Elmer and Mabel swung on the gate Saturday night did I? Well next day you know Elmer was over and said he asked Mabel, second choice, to the Temperance picnic, but didn't tell me who he asked first and of course I didn't ask.

Monday at school Mabel and I were out walking under the maple-trees at recess and she said that Elmer said all the boys were "broken entirely up" over Edith Wheeler, and he seemed to be worse gone than any of them, but that it was no use trying to go with her as she wouldn't go.

Friday night May 13/81

I'd give all I own for one good true girl-friend who would honestly love me. There's Eva, dear Eva, she likes me well enough (when Edith [Martin] isn't around) but she doesn't love me at all while she seems to worship Edith—Edith so frequently cold and sharp. But Edith is pretty, when she laughs her face lights up and her eyes sparkle, so you see it is mostly Edith's *looks*.

I compare us sometimes, we two girls and wonder how it is—Edith doesn't seem to care for their love—I am *hungry* for it, she doesn't even try to be even decently *polite* to them half the time while I always speak as kindly and pleasantly as I know how, she is no smarter than I, cannot compose as well, and is more selfish I *know* and there's only one other thing, Edith is lovely and I'm homely.

Poor little blind fool! I used to think that my mouth was small and rosy, my eyes bright and black, and my movements easy and free. Today I'm actually afraid to look in the mirror. I'm so repulsive looking,—all I can see is black hair, ugly and ill fitting in front, red eyes, swollen with crying, a sallow, freckled face, and pug-nose. Then I think of Edith's clear pretty pink and pearl complexion, her large brown eyes, and fringed, curling eye-lashes, and her nut-brown hair, with the pretty graceful curls dancing all around her forehead, and I pray even while I think it wrong, that God will make me pretty.

Yes you may laugh or think about how little beauty counts in this world, if we are only good. Good! Am I bad? Don't I try till my nerves are quivering and my head aching to be good and kind and lovable? With what reward?

The girls like me when I have them stay all night or am a convenience to them and that's as far as it goes.

I can hardly believe myself that I'm jealous of Edith and her pretty face. Yet how bitter I felt coming home from School with Eva and Edith walking slowly, lovingly together like two lovers more than anything else I can think of.

But here I'm going to hush! I'm in such a bitter resentful hurt mood tonight. I did try for a while to think of my blessings and began in this strain. Met a careworn woman and thought

"Poor thing! here *I* am strong and well" (a sharp pain in my side stopped that) "and I've dear noble Robert"—(Yes dear noble Robert who waited a month to answer my letter, and all the time I'm waiting that long to answer his don't write a word to find if I'm sick, dying or dead) and so on, so you see counting my blessings only turned them into stings.

Met a horrid impudent man down town and he winked at me, and a horrid impudent *boy* stared and then smiled.

I hate them.—Goodnight.

Tuesday May 17—1881

Can I ever express the fun I've had since I last wrote. Saturday morning Edith and I started safely off to Villa Ridge. Elmer rode a little while with us. Reached the Villa at noon and were met by Corinne and Annie who were of course glad to see us as we them. After dinner we flew over the hills and far away, crossed a dear little brook with wild peppermint growing all around it and then climbed a rickety rail fence to find ourselves in the loveliest wood with ferns and wildflowers on all hands.

We gathered a tub-full of the loveliest and fairest. Wrote postals to Mama and Elmer (asking him to come up with Eugene Sunday, by Corinne's special request).

Elmer brought me the Sunday Bulletin with that sweet continued story in it. After dinner we sat on the porch and sang soft and sweetly till dark. Then we went in but didn't strike a light on account of the mosquitoes. Edith and Eugene were in one corner and Corinne, Annie, Elmer and I in the other. Annie says Eugene had his arm around Edith and I'll declare to goodness I believe he did. Elmer had promised to tell me the "little story" which he had put off since last December, and so with a wrap around me (for it was damp) we strolled down the path to the gate.

The story was a question which amounted to the sequel, or 2nd chapter rather, of our last winter's serious talk.

You remember my telling him he must not kiss me good-night because 'twas encouragement I could not give him knowing as I did how much better than Elmer I loved my bad boy with his merry blue eyes and sensitive heart out in the Rocky Mountains.

So he said he'd wait, "there was plenty of time yet", and he did hope I could grow to love him better than that other.

Here on one hand is Elmer, steady, business-like, pleasant, saying he loves me better than all else.

On the other, Robert, graceful, accomplished, polished and yet with a vein of seeming deep earnestness underlying it all, and he calls me "dear little sister" and says to let time show how much in earnest he is and how good he can be to win the little girl with the "big brown eyes".

Truly, my mind was never in such a state of indecision—Mama talks eternally about how good and steady and sensible Elmer is, and yet I know how she loves Robert and how kindly she kissed him goodbye.

I think how moral and kind Elmer is and then go to bed and dream of Robert calling me "Sweet little woman" and then wake up mad and wish I'd never seen a male creature in my life.

I could hardly sleep for thinking. This state of indecision seems really wicked, but I don't know how to help it.

The idea of an infant of 16 having to bother her head about lovers and sich. I'll declare its horrid.

Eugene got sick (please don't mention it—we know it was that) and at ten he and Elmer left for the hotel where they were to wait for the 3:30 train.

Monday morning at four that divine little wild bird woke me up with his serenade again and at six I got up and churned awhile (Corinne had almost brought the butter before I began) and then worked it, and then after we made up our bed we had breakfast. We girls were wild on the subject of "vaulting and leaping" and there was one fence we were particularly anxious to get over gracefully.

For two hours we ran and leaped that fence, and sprang over it till we could do it very well, but I am black and blue and Annie fell in a big rose-bush nearly every time she came down.

Had the jolliest time at the depot and a little blue-eyed baby and its Mama sat behind us on the way down and said, "You are Cairo girls are you not?" "Yes ma'am," I replied laughing, "do we smell of sipe-water?" "Oh no, but you are so jolly I knew you were no country girls."

I could hardly keep from laughing at the depot when WmSn came in, in a matter-of-fact-way, to take care of me and my baggage but when Elmer came he seemed to consider that *he* had the right of possession and cooly took charge of me and my ferns leaving Will to walk home with Eva. The flower pot was for Elmer's "Golden Grotto." *

Mama had the loveliest surprise for me. Mrs James was making me a charming new cream-colored lace bunting trimmed in heavy brocaded satin of the same shade, to be made with one of those lovely square-cut necks and puffed sleeves, and will be done for tonight. Isn't that splendid?

Examination in Ancient H. tomorrow. One session!

Wed May 18—1881

Was up, dressed and studying at five this morning and didn't go to sleep till midnight so you see I was sleepy. Had an awful examination in Ancient History and came home at 1, laid down to sleep at 2, and slept till 5:30.

Such a glorious time as I had last night! Got my dress at 7 and you can't imagine how funny I felt in that light, regular ladies' evening dress. Mrs James just "laid herself out on it" and home it came, light and fluffy, trimmed in the loveliest satin and silk cords, with square neck and puffed sleeves. Wore my little bonnet (that I made of satin lace and flowers) and it just matched my dress, and Miss K said this morning it was lovely and so becoming that she heard several say I ought to wear bonnets all the time.

Friday May 20—1881

Back must I spring to Wed night. Elmer and I loitered home and when we reached the porch he asked if I remembered the 18th of May one year ago? I did—it was the day I went to the Ft Jefferson Picnic with him.

"I've worn this ring of yours a year tonight," he said, speaking of my amethyst, "and now I want to wish a little ring upon your finger."

---

* Elmer at nineteen had started a bookstore and later turned part of it into an ice-cream corner and soda fountain, the Golden Grotto. Ice cream sodas had been introduced at the Philadelphia Exposition, 1876.

I hesitated but finally said "for a time only" and he placed a beautiful new amethyst much prettier than my old one, upon my finger.

It was almost 1 o'clock before I got to sleep and I was nearly dead I was so tired. My last thought before journeying to Dreamland was, "Wouldn't it be horrid if I should be serenaded tonight? I'll declare, I don't believe I'd get up at all. I'm too tired."

I seemed to have dozed about 10 minutes when I was wakened by the sounds of music. I got up, went to my room, lit the gas, threw out a card & danced to the music awhile. It was 3:30 when I crept back to bed and 5:30 got up to study, dress and take my early music lesson. Found upon the porch the remains of the serenaders, viz: a card with "Compliments of Eugene E. Ellis and Will B. Williamson" on it.

After dinner yesterday we all started for the Carnival of Authors. I fully anticipated a dull horrid time and as usual had a most superb time, ten times more pleasant than any previous evening. I found that my Maud Muller scene was to come between the tableau "Othello" and "Music by the Orchestra".

Just before the Othello tableau I went into the dressing room trembling from crown to toe.

Mrs Candee said "Scream Maud. Try to speak as loud as I did. They couldn't even hear *me* in the back part of the room." Mrs Winter helped me to the stage where "Maud Muller and the Judge" were arranging for the coming tableau, and then I heard Mr Candee's announcement and, when the bell rang, shaking like a leaf, I stepped out.

But no sooner did I set eyes on that dizzy sea of faces than I felt as cool, self-possessed, elated as a "nateral-born" actress.

I waited till every sound in the hall had ceased and then began.

Once I nearly laughed at Professor Sanders. You know how deaf he is? Well, he sat way back and with his hand at his ear was straining every nerve. I was bound he should hear and let my voice out as full and clear as I possibly could. I could see the Shakespeare Booth in the opposite end of the house, and knew by their faces that every character in it understood me.

It didn't take me long to forget the audience entirely and with only "sweet Maud Muller" the "meadow brook" and "the clover blooms" in my mind, proceeded.

When I finished and stepped back there was a perfect round of applause all over the house, and Mrs Winter caught me in her arms saying "You darling! You did splendidly! I heard every word, clear and distinct as a bell." Then Mr Silver led me out to get me a drink and the first person I ran into was a little flower-girl who exclaimed, "Oh, it was beautiful, Maud."

I had a message from Eugene, and Will (to get me away from Elmer) started me off to find him, after which we went to have some ice-cream and strawberries and so on ("so-on" means cake). While thus occupied he asked to take me to-night and I accepted his *ask*.

Hadn't got my mouth shut hardly when Elmer walked up and asked the same thing, but of-course I had to refuse him, so then he asked to take me home, which he did.

This morning Miss Krinbill at school said, "You looked lovely Maud —that dress was so pretty and becoming by gaslight." *Now* I'll let up. Of course you'll think me vain because I like to have folks say nice things about me. This is only you and I, you know, and you mustn't tell folks how silly I am over their kind encouragement.

Saturday night.

More compliments at breakfast. Mrs Wardner—"You did look so sweet my dear. How Maud is blooming out, Mr Rittenhouse—she's growing so handsome."

"And I thought I was getting uglier all the time!"

"But you see, dear, you were in the developing age, and are now just beginning to come out in your true colors."

—I could have hugged her, as she patted me on the shoulder, looking so benevolently out from her snowy hair and cap, for it is so good to know I'm not getting uglier. Maybe people can love me sometime after all—not that I think I'm handsome. What a joke that would be!

At the Fort Jefferson picnic today Will whisked me off to a secluded nook, under a great tree with roots spreading into the bubbling brook and was inclined to be "spoony", while I, perfectly unconscious, teased him, made fun of him, and worried him generally till I tired and then went back and joined Mama and Elmer. Eugene and Edith (who'd been in the woods since dinner) soon came up. At about 6 we started home on the *Three States,* danced one quadrille on board.

Thursday is the 26th day of May when I intended writing to Robert. I shall upon that day and not sooner.

Tuesday May 24—81

I've just finished one of the meanest letters I ever wrote in my life —its to Robert. I began it after this month of waiting—

"Rec'd your letter the other day, and now hasten to answer". Its dated May 26—and I'll send it then.

It's 11 pages of what a gorgeously glorious time I've been having since "the other day", when I last wrote, and the other page (there are twelve) sarcasm.

How I do (in the letter) pity him for such tremendous headaches and such an immense lot of copying for "Bro. Henry" that he can't even write a line, but instead keeps me down here wondering why the family are not in deeper mourning and how it is I haven't been able to find his funeral notice in any of the papers.

I wind up with,

"I suppose you remember my address, I. Maud Rittenhouse, c/o Wood R. & Bro. Cairo, Ill."

I'll bet you he's mad as a hornet. Hope he will be. I was mad as a hornet too.

This morning I rec'd a dainty little package containing *126* toads about as big as a minute. Elmer made a standing engagement for Sunday night.

P.S. I'm pretty sure WmSn sent the toads. Mighty mean joke; if I'd happened to have opened the package in the school-room the whole place would have been alive with them. Again farewell.

Wed May 25—1881

WmSn sent the toads and my conjecture proved true.

Edith was down in the afternoon and I started up with her to spend the night. We stopped in the ice cream saloon and I told Grace about the frogs and she told WmSn who was passing by. He immediately came in—denied everything. Walked up with us. Finally said, he had them caught for another party—had four hundred little darkey boys all over the commons catching frogs. You know when I went up by the Bulletin office on the day before, there were half a dozen hopping about on the crossing and I stopped and touched one with my toe and said to Mabel "Look at that cute little thing—wish I had one to examine." Smarty Will heard the remark from the window. Guess he thought he'd send me enough to examine thoroughly. I told him last night I wouldn't speak to him next time we met, and this A.M. he walked up to school with Eva, and Edith and I met them at the gate and he sung out "How are the frogs!" But I gave him a blank stare and spoke not.

Thursday May 26—1881

Rosa Goldstine is to be valedictorian and Tillie Vincent salutatorian. And *Mabel* left out! *

After saying the valedictorian should be the highest in the class, think of giving it to Rosa who always stands 2nd, just because her father is a member of the board.

Mabel could have stood that though (bet I wouldn't) but the idea of putting Tillie Vincent above her, when Tillie is hardly ever even up in the nineties, and Mabel always the highest in the class, and in all her examinations.

Mabel had her sweet girlish white dress being made suitable and pretty (while half the ninnies are getting white satins—think how inappropriate—graduates in satins!) slippers, fans, gloves ordered and everything ready,—essay written (best in the class) and all—but now she's given up the whole thing and won't graduate with them at all, and I don't blame her.

I think 'tis the most unjust thing I ever heard of, and Rosa for the valedictory!—She can't write at all, only such little taffy essays as "Improve your time and you will never regret it. Be real good, mind your teacher and don't whisper in school". There's just a sample of the deep thought displayed in her essay. Miss Pattison is just exactly writing the whole thing for her.

And Mabel, pretty, sweet, sensible, and ten times as smart as all the rest put together, acknowledged by the class and Professor as such not even given the salutatory.

Won't there be a breeze in school tomorrow when I sail out with Mabel's books, and they find she's not going to graduate.

I shan't turn over a finger to help them decorate as I intended this morning. Don't want to have anything to do with such an unjust class. Plague on 'em.

Saturday

Eugene and Will and Edith spent the evening yesterday and Edith spent the night. I dispise WmSn!

Am heart-weary tonight and cannot write. Good night.

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* This was the class of '81, one year ahead of Maud.

Wed night June 1, 1881

Have just written the following few words to Robert—my Robin, "Please regard our correspondence at an end."

Just think! Those few short words may mean a life-time of misery to me, or a life-time of misery escaped.

With this I feel that I have severed every tie between us, between blue-eyed Robin who has been my ideal for three years, with whom every thought of improving myself has been connected, and me. Can you blame me for feeling solemn and sick over the responsibility of such an act?

And yet Mama, upon Friday and Saturday last so vividly pictured the wasted, unsatisfactory heartbroken life of the woman who married a man without a good moral foundation, that I cannot but think it best, even though I can't believe wrong of frank, honest-eyed Robert.

God help us both if I do him an injustice, and pity the struggle I shall have to keep his cheery loving face from my thoughts and dreams.

Sunday June 5—1881

Yesterday I got a duck of a new bonnet—a lace straw, with a deep cream-colored ostrich plume curled around it and caught at the side with a knot of lovely silk plaid ribbon, with ties of the same and beautiful white Spanish lace on the back.

Yesterday afternoon Wintie Dunning and I rode horseback from five till after six.

Met WmSn down town and he'd hardly speak to me—somebody's been telling him some of the hateful things I've said about him. I don't blame him for being mad. Last night he was escorting his new sister around town and I met him and the look he gave me upset my dignity completely.

Received a letter from Robert Friday evening, poorest I've ever received. It was written on the same day I wrote those few words. Its all one to me now—no matter if he is in love with another girl he didn't get the chance to send me the message I sent him. I'm beginning to dispise him now as earnestly as I once loved him. Everything is done between us.

If I'd never heard again from him, I'd still have had a tender spot in my thoughts for Robin—"bonnie blue-eyed Robin" but that cool, insincere letter, changed it all in a twinkling.

Monday June 6—81

This morning we had a class meeting in which we formed a society, object—rights and mental advancement, of which I was elected president, Jennie Wright sect. and Sam Meyers tres. And I have decided to help the graduates decorate after all. We are going to put an evergreen rope draped over the arch, and a huge bell of white elder blossoms over the place where the essayists stand, and so on.

Mama began doctoring Clara for her chills Saturday night after Dr Parker said nothing but change of climate would do her any good, and if you'll believe to-day she missed her chill and it was the day for her hard one too.

Thursday morning June 9 1881

Papa wanted to try that horse (which I rode when I went with Wintie) in a buggy and see if he were a good carriage-horse but he was sold while we were out driving. Isn't that fiendish?

Monday June 14/81

Oh, oh, oh! This morning I was sitting on the front porch when Cousin Traber dashed up on that darling horse, yelling, "He's yours!" with Lee Alden on Daisy right behind.

Papa actually got Mr Meyers to sell him. I walked around the back yard with "Louis the Magnificent" (as I at once named him) for half an hour holding the rope around his neck while he nibbled grass in the shade. Then I hitched him and banged off my new "Bocaccio March", to the great detriment of the neighbor's nerves, till my enthusiasm melted and oozed off in a little puddle under the piano stool. Nellie's got a calf; Bunce has 12 little bantams, and now Mama says the family can't be increased any more unless Jack has puppies or the rooster goes to sitting.

The five puppies in the barn have their eyes opened. Its roasting hot.

Later 3:10 P.M.

Back to our commencement. Thursday morning in one hour and a half Jennie Wright and I made ten yards of ever-green festooning.

In the morning by seven oclock Eva, Sam, Tommie and I were on our way to School loaded with hanging baskets, evergreens, and whole baskets, bushels, armfuls and mountains of elder-blossoms, fragrant and delicate. What a merry crowd we were— People looked up in amazement and smiled in spite of themselves at that mass of snowy blossoms and greens trotting along. I fixed the flowers on the horseshoe, helped make the elderblossom bell, fixed the long brackets over the hall-doors, trimmed the chandeliers, and fixed dainty trailing wood-bine vines and bright blossoms on and around our two large statues, Bacchus and Unknown.

Came home through the broiling sun almost worn out and far from well. Elmer (after a two hour talk with Mabel in the morning) half way coaxed her to go. I knew nothing of it till in the afternoon he came here in a stylish rig and took me down to Mabel's to use my persuasive powers as well.

Up she went with us, graduating dress and all. We stopped on Commercial to get her fan, and when we got there the seats were all full (though 'twas early) and people standing in the halls. I knew of course about the beautiful basket of Chicago flowers Elmer had for Mabel, and wanted other folks than her to know it. So I whispered to the janitor and he gave us front seats. Sam Meyers trotted up and gravely handed Mabel a small bouquet from Mama and one from himself with appropriate remarks. Just after the valedictorian (Rosa) had finished amid a shower of bouquets and small baskets, a boy with an unusually large and beautiful basket, and a large magnolia appeared. People were murmuring at its loveliness and Mabel whispered, "What lots of flowers Rosa is getting", and I was grinning inwardly for I knew 'twas from Elmer to Mabel.

While all eyes were turned to the boy, he suddenly turned and coming down through the audience presented basket and magnolia to Mabel. The basket contained four lovely lilies and "Mabel" in small purple flowers on a bed of tearoses. The handle was made of pinks. Mabel could not praise it sufficiently, and I exclaimed "Lovely". Soon as Mabel read the card enclosed in an envelope I passed it to Fannie Barclay and others behind me—raving in schoolgirl fashion over it. I noticed the girls looked at me "sorter" funny.

If I had but known. Soon as the exercises were through Elmer came up to congratulate Mabel and seeing the basket exclaimed, "Hello, what's this?" and then he began going on over it. I didn't know what could possess the boy. Mabel looked puzzled and I wondered what was up till looking at the card I beheld "With best wishes—I. Maud Rittenhouse—Cairo, June 10, 1881."

Elmer had made a gift from me to Mabel, and here I'd been lauding up my own present!

The magnolia was from Will Wright—bless his heart.

Tuesday June 1881

Hot, hotter, hottest!

Mama left for Vandalia at three oclock this morning and I am manager-in-chief of this chateau.

Went to the Temperance Meeting last night with Emma and Mabel—WmSn most dutifully turned his freezing orbs in an opposite direction. One of his late Icelandic stares would cause the steam around me to condense quicker'n I can write it.

I'm making Robin [Maud's youngest brother] some unmentionables—ripped out the tucks three times—ugh!

Cousin Edith is sick—just found it out last night from Eva (of course). Little "Daisy" is also sick.

Can't stand this gas-light any longer— Must run down to the front porch.

Wed June 15—1881

Dear little Daisy—our little soft white Daisy—died this morning at three oclock. It was an awful night; Papa over at Auntie's, hot and sultry, and Auntie moaning and sobbing till we could hear her over here. Harry loved Daisy so dearly and was playing with her as late as four yesterday eve., and the poor little fellow nearly cried himself sick.

Later 8 P.M.

All afternoon till four-thirty I stayed with Daisy—and then came home, bathed Robin and self, got through with marketing and so on. Clara, Mabel and I went down to market and stopped in Elmer's. He said he'd sit up at Auntie's tonight with Mabel and I. He is so good and thoughtful, came over this noon to see if he'd be any help and offered to get pallbearers. I've been down town getting crepe and Papa has telegraphed to Mama.

Saturday June 18—1881

Elmer is worth a dozen boys—he's so helpful in any strait, and so thoughtful! Mabel and I offered to sit up at Auntie's but we were a little afraid to be alone so E. offered to stay with us.

We read till late and at 1:30 Elmer made us some ice-lemonade. It was a strange night: I changed the cloth on the baby's face and hands nearly all night, but about 2:30 I got an awful headache, and at E's suggestion laid down on the easy lounge. My eyes were shut, and I heard Elmer tip-toeing around to the ice on the porch and then he drew up a campchair, iced his dainty handkerchief and bathed my face and eyes, and smoothed my hair.

I didn't wake up till the faintest streak of dawn began to show and the very earliest birds were twittering, when I found E. still near me and Mabel reading.

The baby looked so natural and sweet that I didn't experience any of the horror I expected to in tending her.

Mama came home at five oclock. The funeral was at 1:30. Little Wintie Blake was buried at the same time, and those two little coffins were the most pathetic sight I ever saw.

Tuesday 9 A.M. June 21—1881

Such a glorious ride as I've had this morning. At 5:30 Elmer and I started. Last night's rain had laid the dust nicely and the air was fresh and cool though the sun was shining brightly. We cantered along the top of the levee to the old grave-yard. Then out in the woods where the air was fragrant with grape-blossoms and the birds twittering.

Nearly ran over little WmSn at the P.O. and he solemnly tipped his hat. Oh woe is me; shall I ever see an angelic smile light up his countenance again.

Such a glorious time. Got back at 7:40 and Mama spoiled the whole effect with a scolding because I stayed out so long and kept Papa from the store.

I'm sorry but she made me mad and I won't say so. Mama gave Papa a beautiful silver ice-pitcher with goblet and slop-urn. Awfully sweet.

Oh but won't I be sore tomorrow.

Goodbye.

METROPOLIS: (Illinois) Friday June 24 81.

The Abbots came down yesterday for Agnes to be treated by the magnetic physician and invited Edith and I to come home with them on the *Fowler*. Had a glorious time with the clerk of the boat. Waited

90 minutes before leaving for the *Colorado* to come up with the body of Mrs Thompson which her husband was bringing to M. for internment.

But oh, I'm white-hot with indignation. All of us but the children went to the funeral and while we were gone Sallie and Jennie Hinkle came over and read you through and through.

Didn't you blush for them dear, when their eyes took you all in—my here-to-fore safely guarded treasure.

Oh!!! I'm *so* mad. I've already steamed off a great deal into Elmer's sympathizing ear.

How unkind, indelicate it was of them. Pon honor my breath fairly *flew* when they cooly told me that to pass away time they'd read you through twice. Oh, the *enormity* of the meanness. The more I look back and read and think what *they've* read, the madder I get. To think! When I wouldn't even let my own *mother,* Elmer, Edith, not my dearest friend read it and then those girls without even a "May I please?" reading it all.

I'll never like them again, My Journal is *me,* and the most innermost part of me and to think of—MAUD SHUT UP OR YOU'LL FLY INTO INCH PIECES. Allright.

Sunday June 26

Elmer came up last night or rather at two oclock on the *Fowler.* Had four callers, young ladies and innumerable male admirers sauntering by and gazing in from the corner of their eyes.

At a little after nine we retired and at 11 were waked up by Cousin Sallie hauling us around at a lively rate and telling us to get up as *serenaders* had come.

I got up in a half dazed way and for a few seconds couldn't remember where I was, how I got there or anything else.

We had a gay time in the front room, Alice Eccles, a very pleasant young lady boarding here, Hattie, Edith and I, dancing in our gowns to the music and cutting up generally.

We wrote on three cards (I did rather) our three names and "Accept our thanks" on the back, and so on, and then gave them to Cousin S to throw out of the down-stairs-window, while we watched through the slats of the upper one. They played the customary three times and then sang "Slavery Days" and then out went the cards.

One young man stood way at the gate, and he exclaimed *"Oh!"* and with a flying leap pounced upon the cards. Such scrambling you never saw!

Poor Edith hasn't heard a word from home yet—neither have I from Mama.

Wed.—June 29

No use, I never can tell it all to you.

Monday morning Elmer came up before the boat left to bring back Ab's lantern and say goodbye. He, I'm sorry to say with my permission, read a little of you Sunday A.M. while I was dressing for church. Well, he wanted to take you with him down the *Fowler* and read some more. At first I said "No" decidedly, but he begged and I began to relent till finally (like a fool) I said that if he wouldn't read what I told him not to he might take it. Then I picked out twenty pages I believe for him not to read. There's not another boy in the universe I would have trusted, but with Elmer honor is *all.*

Well, the next (Tuesday) morning I received a long letter from him—such a letter as he never wrote me before (and he's written many). He began it "*Dear* Maudie," called me his "dear little mother" and confided in me as he never did. In one place he said "page 18 of your Journal is nice. I would add 'Darling Little Wifey' and lots and lots more, but you say your marriage will not be for years and years, then in the future I will add the lots and lots more if I may." *

Then he said I was an enigma which he couldn't find out, but was going to work awfully hard for the correct solution—of course in nicer language than that.

Well, if you'd been me what would you have done? Well I laughed and cried awhile, and then sent the whole letter post-haste to Mama telling her all about it, and asking her advice. Dear Elmer, I love him, and yet I don't love him like I did that other (as I told Mama).

Later.

I can only wonder why Mama doesn't write. Just think, I've been here nearly a week, written thrice, and received not a *word* in reply. Edith's received lots of papers, a note and dress, two letters and so on. Called on Mrs Reed. Tell you about it later.

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* Elmer evidently referred to the entry of May 5, on page 4.

Thursday, June 30 1881

Best day yet, most emphatically so. No word from Mama yet. About Mrs Reed's—oh it was lovely. Everything so rich and elegant.

The parlors had velvet carpets and rich real lace curtains hung from heavy gilt or walnut rings suspended on bars of same. Prettiest double student lamp in back parlor of pink with raised white delicate flowers on it. Pictures were in the finest carved frames. Furniture real carving with crimson velvet satin and so on.

Wall paper rich and dark. In the front parlor a large heavy pier-glass, which reached from mantle to ceiling and was twice as wide as any I've ever seen. In Mrs R's bedroom the wardrobe doors were French plate mirror—over dresser and washstand the same. Chamber set was French china with moss-roses on it. Fine perfumes in cut glass bottles, inkwells with emeralds and amethysts in them, fine thick note-paper with colored designs in corner. And we went up in the tower and could see all over the landscape.

Only ~~four~~ 6 girls in this town that don't wear false fronts when they are dressed up.

Am aching for a letter. Can't imagine what's the matter at home.

Friday July 1 1881

Well, I've done it. Written to Elmer telling him everything frankly. Told him we were too young to take any decided step, that years hence were better for both, that much as I respected, esteemed, trusted him I could not say that I loved him.

Got letters from Clara, Mama and Papa. Dear Mama! Such a sweet letter I got from her containing such good helpful words. I acted upon her advice when I wrote to Elmer.

Later 11 P.M.

After dinner we started out in the carriage for five oclock calls. Went to Mrs Reed's, up the tower (high ladder-like steps that made me tremble) and there could see the country for miles and miles around. It made me quite dizzy. The new fountain was up and running with the

(Was interrupted by the *sweetest* serenade from some gentlemen. They do their own serenading up here and its lovely)

goldfish in it, and Mrs Reed gave me a lovely fine tea-rose bud creamy and sweet with leaves like wax.

Home tomorrow. Goodnight.

July 3—1881 Home

There was an attempted assassination upon President Gen. Garfield yesterday morning by a ~~crazy~~ French lawyer, at ten oclock.

He still lives, and don't know whether he will die or not.

Well, I *want* to begin at the end first for I'm *boiling* again but I guess I won't.

Cousin Sallie and others were down at the boat to see us off. A large man, hearty and gruff, kindly and accommodating, whom everyone called "the Major" fixed us chairs on deck where we could see the girls and others waving us off. Then that soft Prof Smith devoted himself to me for three fourths of an hour, after which I went into the cabin to Edith and played a game of cribbage. Next dinner. Then I took a nap and then played on the piano awhile. At the end of this performance Prof Smith and "the Major" invited us up to the pilot house where we stayed till we reached here.

Three years ago people said all the hateful things they could about Cairo. Now they are lavish in their praises. The paper says we'll monopolize all the trade of the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers. Our new grain elevator is one of the largest in the world, new railroads are constantly striking us. We've the most magnificent hotel (run on the grandest scale) in this part of the country, telephone system, new Opera House, elegant one, going up, street-cars soon to be running, and we are altogether citified.

Saw WmSn standing at the door and nodded brightly at him. He tipped his hat cooly (Polar-bear-like) and I ran in to get weighed (gain 2½ lbs). When Edith went to the door he dashed up and shook hands and began to talk. So I ran out and said "Aren't you going to shake hands with me?" Then he did it and talked a few minutes and then we left.

Now I'm so *disgusted* with *deigning* to shake hands with him. Wait till you hear what sort of a gentleman he is. Actually told Eugene Ellis that he made an engagement with me for the Temperance Picnic one year before that time, and that *I reminded* him of it. Oh! I hate him. The idea of the littleness of it. It was upon Monday night May 2nd 1881, that William Williamson asked to take me to the picnic.

I was sorry he asked me because I wanted to go with Elmer, and then to think of my reminding him of it. I'd have been only too glad had he forgotten it. Just before the picnic coming home from school one noon he caught up with me and said, "It's all right about the

Tem. Picnic? You can go, can't you?" and I replied "Yes, I guess so," which was all there was about it.

Now comes some more—this concerning Edith also. On Friday night, the 27th of May, Edith, Eugene and Will spent the evening.

Will had begun getting spoony to me, and I was disgusted, wouldn't let him take my arm when he went to the ice-cream saloon, but took his, and so on. When we got upstairs, I remarked to Edith, "What *can* be the matter with WmSn? He makes me right sick!" She made a wry face, and said, "I can't imagine. I could hardly look at him either. It's disgusting," and so on, and thus we talked as silly girls will, while we were undressing. But bear in mind that Edith said just as hateful things (if not a little worse) than I did.

Now (never mind how) I've found out the reason of Will's excessive coolness. If need be I can give my authority. Miss Edith (hypocrite) growing suddenly extremely friendly with Will, kindly told him everything I said.

Isn't she a lovely cousin—how she could stoop to such a mean little deceitful act, with our blood in her veins, I don't understand. She was jealous because Will (as he often told me) liked me so much better than her, made me little presents and so on.

Within the last few weeks, when I marveled at Will's manner, how she reveled in saying, "Oh, he just beams upon me."

How hard she worked to convince me that it was all owing to my treatment of him upon that night.

"What did I do more than refuse to let him take my arm while we were walking to the ice cream saloon?"

"Well," she said, "you know you didn't talk to him much."

"I talked to him a mighty lot more than you did."

And there the conversation dropped.

I'd no more trust to Edith Martin's honor, than I would to the lowest little street Arab's.

As for Will Williamson, my contempt for him nearly equals that I bear Edith. I don't intend to stoop so far as to even acknowledge an acquaintanceship with him.

He's so anxious not to speak. I'll not compel him to. I'll never stay all night with Edith if I can help it, nor ask her here. When I can I'll go to see Auntie, for I love her. I want to tell Edith what I think of her, and all that I know. But I can't without getting my informants into trouble. More anon.

Elmer walked home with me and after supper Papa, Robin, Freddie and I took a ride in our new buggy.

Monday July 4, 1881

Here I sit in party-rig waiting for Elmer, and you must excuse the unsteady marks for the boys are shooting fire crackers and I jump every time. If I go to the party at the Temperance Hall, WmSn will probably be there and I'll cut him flat.

At dinner at the hall today I looked straight past him and spoke to Elmer. But that wasn't a true cut for I didn't face him unflinchingly and move not a muscle. Its a hard thing to do. Garfield was given up this morning but at last reports is better. Town full of strangers, excursion boats and trains, music, fireworks, and I regret to say, beer.

We-uns are running an opposition to last named by keeping up booming lunches (of which *hundreds* have partaken) lemonade and ice water, free.

They have the good little scheme at the park of providing only the poorest water so that the beer will have a better sale.

Last night while the rest were out driving, the calf got through the gate and into the front yard and was running through the flowers. I sauntered out as if in quest of daisies and walked gently up behind it. It gave a wild plunge and went tearing and snorting clear across the front yard. It was a very pretty, quiet Sunday evening sketch for the many passers-by, no doubt.

Maud in her fresh lawn and scarlet sash, carefully following that snorting calf, all the while scared nearly to death. Well, my efforts were unsuccessful so I called Parthenia and we succeeded in getting it into the back yard and when I left, it was jumping over and bellowing at the poor puppies.

Now its getting dark and the sky-rockets and Roman candles are beginning to blaze across the sky. So good-night. Am to play Titania at a lawn sociable Thursday night.

Tuesday July 5 1881

Had the merriest time imaginable last night. Went down stairs, sat and rocked on the porch singing softly for about half an hour, then decided to walk down to the gate, watch the fireworks a little while and then go to bed. But while I was watching, Elmer came. I came and put on my bonnet and mitts and we both went over to the Hall.

In the midst of a lively chat WmSn entered. After meandering round awhile he sauntered up and stopped before us. I paid no attention whatever to him. He asked—he was getting up a quadrille I believe—"Are you a dancing couple?"

Elmer had just before he came up asked me to go to Saup's, and so before replying to Will asked me "Shall we go?" "Yes I guess". "Then (turning to Will) we are not a dancing couple just now." We left.

After our cream we walked awhile and then came back to the Hall. Two setts were on the floor. I completely ignored WmSn. Mr B—(give the rest up) was introduced to me, and I waltzed with him. He's tall, rather handsome and a stylish waltzer. I mean he always cuts a dash when he waltzes, gets over lots of floor and strikes a striking pose. Oh, we got along beautifully together and it was worth the while to see Mama, Elmer and WmSn stare.

Oh! but I nearly died of smothered laughter in the last dance. It was a tucker and I danced it with Mr. B.— We were on good terms then and a little heated over a Temperance discourse. About the third lot WmSn came out my partner. I treated him as an entire stranger and only once he ventured a remark "Very warm this evening?" I tossed my head, which means "Yes". WmSn subsided. I chatted pleasently with every other gent. in the sett. Pretty soon WmSn got me again. Once more a dead silence only when I talked to gent. on my corner.

WmSn began once "I'd a terrible—" but just then the tucker swung me, and I didn't say "What?" or ask him to repeat and again he subsided.

When we went to promenande to seats Miss Stevenson and I both had WmSn. I was on the right though, so W. dropped her and started me to a seat. All the time not a word between us. He sat down beside me. Silence! Fanned me. Silence.

Saw Mama coming toward me and with a "Must I go?" flew to her and Elmer, leaving Will devotedly fanning an empty chair, which however was quite as appreciative as I had proved.

To-day I fixed two stripes of bright cretonne down the back and over the cushion of our big hair-cloth rocking chair to cover the two holes in it. Also got one duck laid in [painted] on the dining-room wall and one magic-lantern view painted for Woodie. And Papa sent off and got me the prettiest three-horned saddle, a perfect fit and a beauty, too. Yesterday I made me another pompadour and a black satin sleeping-glove-bag with slashes of pink satin in it and trimmed with gold cord.

Saturday July 16—1881

Our Y.P.T.C. [Young People's Temperance Committee] met at Mrs. Wheeler's on the lawn Monday night because it was too hot in the hall. Mabel, Emma and I went together and, safely ensconced behind a tall cedar in the tall grass, away from the crowd, with the stars above us, we laid around loose and told fairy stories and Greek and Roman fables and ate ice cream.

Read a book of Elmer's *No Gentleman* yesterday. It is by "Yours Truly", and I like it.

But the book I read the day before *Vashti, or Until Death do Us Part,* by Evans, was the funniest thing I ever saw. The main object of the writer seems to be to compose a book as entirely different from anything else ever written as possible and I think in that she succeeds. Her girls of 16 talk philosophy, quote poetry and the "maxims of cynical Rochefoucauld". Everybody in the book save one old maid is in love, not a person finds that love reciprocated, everybody dies but two, one the hero, whose "true love" has died, the other a glorious girl, hopelessly in love with aforesaid hero, nobody gets married, and the book stops without really ending. I suppose it did me good for it kept me running to the Dictionary or to an encyclopedia to see who Joubert is, or where the "cheerless temple of Hestia" stands or stood, or to find what "a wan Alcestis" and "a desperate Cassandra he had seen at Rome", indicated.

Sat July 16—1881

This is a big boom for Cairo, this time. I believe I told you something of it once before. Two more big companies are coming now—Singer Sewing Machine Co., worth $2,000,000 and the Dixie Oil Company. This brings us hundreds of new inhabitants—working men; and houses are booming up wherever a vacant lot can be found. The lot across the street next door to Mr Winters is being filled and a house going up on it.

10.05 P.M.

The climax is capped. This evening's mail brought me two letters and, but for my dignity, I could have yelled when I found one of them in WmSn's handwriting.

He deems it his "right to know and my duty to tell why I'd scarce recognize him at meeting and so on, has always valued my friendship highly, and would be pained to part with it; grant him at least this one favor—the cause of it all etc. etc."

I must wait till I see Elmer tomorrow night and ask his permission to tell all he told me and if I gain that right I'll make Will Williamson wiggle.

If Elmer won't let me tell about Jim Cannon I'll write Will a very cool note telling him that it seemed such a decidedly unpleasant exertion for him to tip his hat I decided not to impose upon his good nature by compelling him to do so etc, etc.

Tuesday July 19

Elmer wouldn't let me tell, as *he* was told in perfect confidence, so today I wrote to WmSn that "I do not weary people with my friendship when it is such an obvious burden as it proved in your case."

Jim C. is so sick we can't get anything out of him, and WmSn, in order to be generous towards Edith is lying about it.

Wed July 20/81

This AM received two notes from WmSn. When I answered his second note (an apology) I accepted his apology but wasn't through quarreling yet.

While Mabel and I were in the store waiting for the *Fowler* in came *another* note (3rd) from Will.

He said "All is well that ends well. I think your first frigid note caused this change in the weather."

From the tone of the note I judge he thinks its all smooth sailing now. The gale may upset him yet tho!

While I was sitting alone on the front porch, saw Max Black coming up the street with a tall stranger with a jaunty, military cap on his brown hair, a blue suit with scarlet stripes and brass buttons, brown eyes and a heavy brown mustache.

"Who in the name of wonder," I exclaimed under my breath. Well, they turned down to Mrs Aisthorpe's and when they reached the gate out flew Will Halliday to shake hands with the "stranger" and not till he got inside and was shaking hands with Mr. Aisthorpe did I comprehend who it is. None other than Ed. C Halliday, back from

New York. That mustache! Oh, ho, WmSn will turn purple with envy. This morning he was out in a brown suit with a duck of a cap to match, "airing" himself.

Of course I had to clap on Mama's cherry-sun-hat and pick bouquets in the yard at once.

Sunday July 24, 1881

Froze ice cream again for dinner. This morning Mama got me the loveliest dress, a shadow lawn of the faintest canary-color, with a border of pink buds and lilies of the valley, but lo! when washed it faded white, so I won't have it. May get a dotted swiss instead.

Wed July 27, 1881

Last night's mail brought me a note from Will which I copy—

Maud—

Excuse me for once more addressing you. I must say that Edith never told me that you had said anything about me, and I never told any-one that she did. The person who told you this is, without doubt, a mischief-maker and I, as the person who the lie now rests upon, demand the name of the person who told this, that I may bring him or her before you and make them own they lie.

Resp. WmSn.

Oh I was wild to give him the name. I trotted right down to Elmer's and begged to be allowed to give Jim's name. But Jim is worse and could not be talked to, so I must be patient awhile longer.

Wed July 27, 1881

Have had no time to tell you anything pleasant lately. Kept my lovely, lovely dress and its nearly done. Mrs Robbins showed me about the surplice-waist. Its the sweetest thing—a mass of cream flounces, rose-buds, lilies of the valley etc., waist crossing in tucks with broad sash of the lawn tied behind. 'Twill be the prettiest dress I've ever had, & making it alone is the charm.

Last night got an ounce of white rose (Wright's extract) with a wee bit of *musk* (the new Eastern mixture) which Mr Speck recommended. Its lovely.

Monday Aug 1—1881

Elmer was here last night. Jim won't let us give his name. He is very low and of course irritable and unreasonable, says Elmer had no business telling me, and that if we tell WmSn he said it, he'll deny it. Of course nothing can be done now until he gets better and can be talked to on the subject.

"Louis the Magnificent" died last night. I can never get another horse as nice as that old one and we've only had him about 6 wks.

Wed Aug 3

Yesterday Edith, Hattie, Alice and I spent the day at Grandma's. In the morning a little boy (who works at the *Bulletin* office) brought a note for Edith in an envelope (the back of which I saw) the size, shape and tint of which was like that containing the last three notes I rec'd from WmSn. I drew my own conclusions. Edith did not show me the note or speak of it which tickled me immensely. Of course I evinced no curiosity—*could* not as I felt none.

Came home at three, after supper put on my "airy, fairy" lawn and pearl necklace. Wood said, "well, that's the worst one yet (speaking of my lemon-y lawn-y).

Thurs. Aug—4—81

Oh! ho. "I'm a happy little maiden, singing all the day"! Mama cut me out a pair of chemiloons * for me to make myself (my first attempt you know).

I had real Smyrna for the tops, insertion, tucks etc etc. Well I basted them and went to try them on and *such* fits. The legs struck me just above the heel and were wide enough each for nice little petticoats, and around the waist they fitted so—

me

—chem—

How Mama yelled when she saw them! I stood on a chair in the sewing-room and she and Aunt Mattie did the laughing.

Am going to will them to Mama.—But I must take 'em off— Ta ta.

Tuesday, while I was at Grandma's, Lizzie Shields called here and with her Mr Quarles, president of the "Elizabeth Aull Seminary" at Lexington, Mo., where she attends school.

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* A garment of chemise and drawers united.

Well, yesterday I called. As soon as I neared the side-walk in front of Mrs Halliday's where Lizzie is visiting I heard Alice exclaim, "There is Maud," and then Lizzie at the window, *"Hullo* Maud." "Same Lizzie", I thought, and the thought did not please me. But I was agreeably surprised at the improvement in her. She kissed me very amiably and really made herself quite pleasant. You know when she visited me a year ago it made her as mad as a wet hen to have a caller, and she treated them so insultingly that after the first two or three I wouldn't allow any more of them to call.

But as I said, she is much improved. I think she's pretty as a peach and one of the most queenly girls I ever saw, and fell in love with her upon first sight (afterwards falling violently out again).

"Do you dance the raquet?" "Yes." "Oh you *don't".* I laughed at it. She evidently thinks us "greenies". She showed off once, by stepping in her boyish fashion to telephone and ordering Mr Carle to send over her horse. But those were her misdemeanors. She asked us to call again even, Mary Baker and I, and talked quite pleasantly for the most part. Am going to have her and Alice over to dinner tomorrow if they can come. Mr Q. and Lizzie called to find if I would not attend the "E. Aull Seminary" but Mama explained that I was to graduate here, and then study art (painting and music) at Chicago, taking Latin of Mr George; German here at home, and so forth.

Sent Jim Cannon a boquet this morning. He is very ill.

Friday August 5 1881—

Lizzie and Alice took dinner and I am quite charmed with L. She didn't do a single rude thing, was very pleasant, and expressed a wish to go horse-back riding with me.

Its excruciatingly warm today. Parthenia leaves us tomorrow.

Tuesday August 9—1881—

Friday evening Lizzie Shields drove over and borrowed my riding habit.

Uncle Jake drove down with Corinne Cheek and took me up with them to spend the night at Edith's. We three girls had a jolly time that evening. We sat out in the moonlight and talked till eleven, getting away with a marvelous lot of caramels, and one large ripe watermelon. Then we had some music and a little dance in the parlor, finally retiring at about midnight.

Parthenia left Saturday afternoon and since then Mama and I have been working like Trojans.

I'm mad too. Yesterday it was agreed that Mama and Papa should go to Chicago, Papa crossing the lake for Grand Haven and staying there a week and leaving Mama with Aunt Dele (because she's afraid to cross Lake Michigan). All busted by morning. Doctor says one week at Grand Haven won't do Papa any good and Mama won't be separated from him any longer and is afraid to cross the lake and would rather go this fall. So Papa must go north alone and Mama stay home and *work*. Its always something to keep her here. By Fall, some body'll be sick or we'll have no girl or something. *Mark you.*

Wed Aug 10

Papa's spinning toward Chicago—left at 4:20 on Illinois and Cairo R.R. No girl—96 in shade in early morning—nearly melted.

Last night I washed dishes and Mama and Papa and Robin went driving. They returned at about nine, and then Papa started off with me for a cooling. It was full moon and we saw three horsemen all abreast coming down Walnut.

"Niggers on mules", remarked Harry.

"Horses," from Papa.

"Don't the middle one step cute?" I remarked, just as they passed, and I beheld to my amusement, Williamson (the one nearest us) *with a cigar,* some-one in shirt-sleeves in middle and a coated gent on outside.

After my short drive Emma Dietrich and I went down to Elmer's for some stamps. It was late and Elmer had closed up the bookstore but Mr Conant sat out in front and the Golden Grotto was open. Mr Conant hunted for stamps but couldn't find as many as I wanted so we went to Barclay's retail drug-store and as we came out saw WmSn and Elmer walking their horses down Washington Avenue.

They saw us! They tore down the street in a cloud of dust Elmer a block ahead. They were showing off! Such fun!

Papa says I may order a horse whenever I choose.

Friday August 12—1881—

Its after four oclock this afternoon and the first leisure moment I've had. Got up at 6—dressed Robin and helped get breakfast. After breakfast helped clear off the table. Emptied slops, made beds, picked up things, and then washed the dishes and swept the dining room and kitchen, got dinner (beef stew, green-corn, water melons, ice, milk and water, bread and butter, grapes, peaches, mashed potatoes, baked pears, all by myself) churned, drew buckets and buckets of water, cleared off table, washed pots (horrid, nasty, smutty pots) and dishes, swept dining room and kitchen, fluted a skirt, pressed my lawn and came upstairs, ugh, ugh, so tired. I just dropped, and the thermometer at nine o'clock stood 100 in the shade. Of course it's higher now but I haven't had time to look again. Must stop to wash and dress Robin and myself, help get supper, wash dishes etc. Woodie went to Missouri this A.M.

Monday Aug 14—1881

This morning Sam Halliday, Lizzie Shields, Elmer and I went horse-back riding and I had at once the jolliest and most miserable time I ever had. The ride alone was glorious, but as many as *five* of the most ridiculous accidents happened, the enormity of which I did not realize till safe in my own room when I just cried with pure vexation and mortification.

That comes of my being generous and lending Lizzie my blue habit, and wearing my old, old Calico one of black.

Till about ten oclock I felt horrible, so nervous my hands were shaking, and crying and scolding myself by fits and starts. If there's anything disgusting or awkward got to happen, it always falls to my lot.

As I said, at about ten I jumped up, wiped my eyes, laughed and with a "don't care a snap—it wasn't my fault" went to singing.

Elmer and I went down to the wharf last night. Oh! it was glorious on the river—the pale moon rising over the tree-tops on the Kentucky shore, and made fainter still by the dazzling electric light on the *W. P. Halliday* which, with the Str. *Genevieve* lay near the *Hopkins.*

Aunt Bell is making me two suits of underwear minus skirts.

Wed Aug 17

Elmer has closed up his business, and may go to New York.

To tell you what an excellent business manager he is, since closing up he has been offered the following positions—in the Mississippi Central R.R. at $75.00 per mo., in the Baltimore and Ohio R.R., in the Illinois Central R.R., as accountant for Hotchkiss the big contractor, as traveling salesman for Wilson, a big stationary firm and as same for Jansen McClurg [where you came from dear] one of the biggest book and stationery firms in the U.S.

James Cannon is way up in Mich. and much better. Oh! I am wild to gain his consent to give his name to WmSn— Am going to see him soon as he gets back.

We girls while at Villa Ridge named a favorite chair Elmer, another new one Eugene; the big broad sofa is Joe Reed, the stiff one's "Poker", alias Tom Horne, and the little ugly rocking-chair with one rocker broken is WmSn.

It happened to fall to my lot and I remarked, "Why, I'm sitting on Williamson."

Eugene turned around slowly saying, "It strikes me you've been sitting on WmSn for about 6 months now."

Yesterday got me a duck of a new dress—bronze-green all wool, to be made up with bright striped goods.

Thursday Aug 18

Yesterday morning at ten went down town to shop—got to nod at Elmer (privilege most rare!) talk to that Mr Long with the red hair in Stuart's, and met WmSn some 5 or 6 times. When I passed Elmer's he stood in the door and while I nodded to Will Hunter, passing me, WmSn and Phil Saup tipped their hats. I went to Rosenwater's and while there WmSn passed gazing in and talked to Max Black till I came out to go to Burger's. After leaving that place and a millinery store I passed him again. As I passed Stuart's Tom came out to talk to me about a *half* engagement we had made and just as he was saying "Well then its all right and I'll just drop in at any time" WmSn passed us.

Tom ran back to the store, and there I walked two feet behind WmSn till he began to talk, and walked on with me. Humph! Ofcourse I felt honored! ! !

Later

Elmer has gone. We got home just in the gloaming and Elmer left a package for me which proved to be two beautiful boxes of fine note-paper with some gilt clover-leaves in the corner and some with beautiful little engraved landscapes with shells, sea-mosses &c, &c. I had 14 duck fits in quick succession. Then bidding me goodbye he left. I woke up once in the night and fancied I could hear the car-bell and imagined him spinning off to Chicago.

Its too bad I don't love Elmer—for I *like* him *so* well.

CHICAGO

Sun August 21, 1881

Well—here we are, having a "gooderest good ernuff" time.

Auntie and I went to the Thomas concert at the Exposition Building Friday night. The music was grand; there are 54 musicians. One of the queerest pieces was the "ballet music" from *Nero*. We had refreshments from one of the little tables set all around the huge building and saw more pretty girls and pretty things.

Monday Aug 22, 1881

Called on Mrs Root this evening—Michigan Avenue, stone steps, dark handsome parlor. Am going Wednesday morning to dabble in her paints, decorate a china plaque and then going to take lessons and decorate Mama 6 French china cups and saucers.

Alice Wardner took tea yesterday and I walked to 28th and State with her where Fred Slack is in a drug store. I'll bet my prettiest shoe-buttoner that Alice and Fred are engaged. They have that air about them. He looks at her in that too utterly utter way, you know or *I* do anyway. That look with the eyes which speaks whole volumes and makes all eyes beautiful alike. You know Fred taught me to dance the reverse at the Anna Insane Asylum two years ago where he was then attendant at A.I. and Dr Wardner is head. Oh! how sweet Alice blushed when I murmured "A.I."

Aunt Dele and I visited South Park and Douglas Monument yesterday afternoon. Oh, it was glorious sitting on the broad stone wall watching the great white-capped waves (for the lake was very rough) tossing their feathery spray high above the piers, and sending troops of merry laughing children racing the other way; to watch the sailboats and steamers floating lazily or plunging fiercely across the sunny, sparkling, madly-merry water, to watch the pleasure-trains from Hyde Park and other suburban places go whizzing by jammed full of happy people with flowers, shells, ginger-snaps and crowing babies.

The Douglas monument is a glory in itself—standing there tall and lovely with noble Douglas at the top of all, looking out over the lake, the boats, the sunshine and the people. Went shopping this morning with Milly and got a daintily beautiful string of Roman pearls.

Thursday Aug 25—1881

Well I said I'd find out if Alice is to marry Fred and I've done it. Went over at four and had our long confidential talk. Her first words after I'd asked were "Yes Maud, its true." "And do you truly love him Alice." Such a light as came into her blue eyes, and such a rosy blush as dawned on her cheek when she answered, "Oh Maud, I could kneel down and worship him." Of course there were kisses and wishes and a few tears between us and then she told me all about it. Auntie (Wardner) opposed the affair and she gave up the school, went bravely to work in the city, and took Fred.

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Sunday

Got home from Lincoln Park and found an empty house. I ate my solitary "tea" and then wrote the bluest of blue letters to Elmer and cried and cried and got homesick. Was writing in the dark and weeping copiously. I don't know whether to send that letter to Elmer or not. Oh! I *wish* Mama was here to tell me. Its such a wild excited letter and so harsh and decided! Oh! dear. I wish I'd never seen a boy—so I do.

Monday morning.

Time for my painting lesson.

There's an elderly gentleman here (45 may be) Mr Reed. It makes me nervous to hear him say "Ah! ah! oh! um! yes! etc"

He's the funniest man—an Englishman.

He fills up all the pauses in conversation by rapidly repeating the last word he said and begins every sentence with "Oh! ah! um-am-um-hum. Yes!" I can hardly keep my face straight to save my neck when he's around.

Friday Sep. 1881

Express man will be here in 15 minutes for my trunk and you must go into it, so I'll hurry.

This morning Papa, Freddie and I went to Lincoln Park. Had lunch, saw the flowers, animals, and reached the Chamber of Commerce 20 minutes before it closed. Papa left Freddie and I in the gallery while he went below. Such a bedlam! It sounded like steam escaping, varied by yells of maniacs and throwing up of fingers and hands. Then we had soda water at Buck & Raynors, shopped a little and got home.

I went to Mrs Root's Monday morning and finished all my china, 6 pieces in one morning. (And Mr Reed at noon exclaimed "Well done —ah—um. *Very* well done" with increased vigor.)

In the afternoon Papa took Milly, Fred and I to McVicker's to see *Samuel of Posen* as taken by M. B. Curtis. Oh! I laughed and laughed for an hour and a "hallf". It was so funny and Curtis made a model Hebrew Commercial drummer! The two Lydston gentlemen came home on the same car with us. Have never spoken to either but like them both immensely. I should judge they are respectively 20 and 25 years of age. The older one has *lovely* burn-sides.

CAIRO
Wed Sept 7—1881

Happy Day! Thou seest one of my foremost ambitions fulfilled. I do this day weigh 100 lbs. Hurrah! !

Edith spent the day with me—my china came—13 pieces.

Mama let me go up and stay all last night with Edith and Corinne. We went up together and on the way met WmSn. He looked astonished when he saw me coming and sort of stopped as tho' to shake hands, but I nodded quickly with a "How-do-you-do Will" and hurried by.

At supper the girls told me that "Gene, Montie and Will were coming up to spend the evening." Imagine my consternation! My blue silk skirt, *rather* soiled white lawn basque (I hadn't a clean thing to my name) with a white satin belt formed my artistic attire. I would fain have wept, but my Roman-pearls were a slight consolation. Corinne and I ran upstairs and she put on a dress-skirt and *blouse,* with blue sash of Edith's, and I whacked a bunch of golden cherries into the place where my sailor collar met and down we sailed.

When Will came (You know I said I never *would* shake hands with him again after his saying I made him when I returned from M.) he walked up and shook hands with Corinne, and then came to me and held out his hand. I took no notice of it whatever, and said "Good evening."

Then he said "Won't you take my hand" (What humility and before them all).

Not wishing to throw any shadow on the enjoyment of the evening I extended my hand which he shook (*I* didn't tho').

He hasn't the pride of the toads he sent me.

Thurs. Sep. 8—1881

I was so glad to get home.

Almost the first words Mabel said when I ran out to the gate to kiss her yesterday evening, were

"Don't Cairo look ugly and dirty—I hate this place."

Made me feel right bad. No matter how delightful a time I'm having elsewhere or how beautiful that "elsewhere" may be, I am always filled with happiness upon reaching home.

Every rickety old house looks familiar and sweet,—every tree an old friend. I was born here and have lived here and can never do ought but love our dear ugly Cairo.

Breakfast is ready.

CHAPTER TWO

Tomorrow I Shall Be a Proud and Dignified Senior

September 20, 1881

All the bells in town are tolling, all the flags at half mast, for our brave and noble president. Gen. James A. Garfield is dead. You remember the French villain Guiteau attempted to take his life by shooting him and for 90 days has the president fought valiantly for his life trusting in God through the whole and exhibiting a sweet and noble patience through his agony. I can't think of a name hard enough to fit wretched Guiteau. It was such an unprovoked, cruel, unnecessary crime and against one of the noblest if not *the* noblest, purest man who ever ruled our nation. The whole world, almost, is dashing burning hatred at Guiteau, for everyone, all parties, Democrats and Republicans, loved and honored Garfield. Kings, queens and the nobility all over the old world sent kind messages of inquiry during his long illness and consolation to Mrs Garfield. The citizens of the United States made up a purse of $300,000 (so far) for Mrs Garfield. The whole nation is in mourning and everyone sober.

Thursday—

Mother's going to Chicago. Oh, to think how dignified I must be after she leaves—for I'm to be house-keeper, treasury-department and chief-manager; must see to the pantries and closets, clothes, washes, marketing, sweeping, dusting, butter, milk etc. Mama has a string of directions a yard long even to killing two particular roosters in the back-yard for Sunday dinner.

Finished the last two cups and saucers of my china painting today and had our first fire. I had to sit with my feet in a market-basket containing a hot iron wrapped in a *Globe-Democrat* till Julia came along with her sweet coal-scuttle and bundle of kindling. I'm going to make me some sand-bags and keep hot for my feet.

I want to try and paint a plaque and have it hung up in Elmer's room when he gets home. He is at the Tremont House in Chicago.

Monday—

Friday evening Mama left. I took her to the train and then came home and cried over her slippers and things. I'm house-keeper and I keep the cook in a turmoil with my experiments and new dishes. I'm economical, though, and I'm going to save Mama $16 out of her market-money these two weeks. And I set a No 1 table, dainty, plenty and varied. In fact I'm a pearl among house-keepers, and abound in—my own praises.

But you'd call me the cream and flower could you taste my lemon-gelatine, corn-oysters, fried squirrel, etc. Mr. Aisthorpe brought me over 6 nice tender squirrels last night which Will Halliday shot. Have just finished my 2nd letter to Mama.

While Clara and I were lounging on the front porch who should saunter in but Eva and Edith. Well, they all stayed to tea and after that Clara and I started to take Eva home. We were all laughing and talking when we started across a crossing (Clara and I both had on hoops). Well, what with talking, running back and forth and general monkey-ing Clara slipped and fell full length in a muddy place.

I was directly behind her and I couldn't step out of the way fast enough for my hoops, and so I had a small scramble too, but didn't fall. How funny poor Chiq did look—plush purse, cherry hat, walking sacque, dainty kerchief—all in the mud. We "picked her up tenderly," but laughed till we nearly killed ourselves.

We went to market and I bought me some beautiful fine ribbon for this winter. Papa'd let me spend every cent he has I believe if I asked him for it. Why, he wants me to buy more nice things, lets me have a horse when I want it, and a thousand other things. One charming cherry-colored neck-bow I painted with daisies and cat-tails this morning.

Tuesday Sept. 27, 1881

The very clock on my mantel is ticking, "Oh Maud, you're a fool, you're a fool, you're a fool." And I *am,*—so often my heart is just over-running with gladness, but tonight there is scarcely a spark in it. Its just because I'm spoiled and that's all. Tonight is the night of the grand reception—the opening of The Halliday * for parties and all—

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* Cairo's largest hotel, formerly the St. Charles, home of General Grant in 1861.

quite the most magnificent event of the season, and I've watched girls bustling home with bundles from the dress-maker's and even stay-at-home Clara is going, and Mabel (who never has been to a ball) was invited I think (as she came over to borrow some of my fine note-paper "for something very important") and I sit all alone in my room with my dainty kid slippers, and elbow gloves shut up in their boxes, my dress and ribbons put away—and boo hoo! there's a beautiful tea-rose just peeped out its creamy head to say, "I'm ready, take me," and now its under the stars covered with dew tears, and left, left, with me. I wouldn't care so much only it is the last event before my study-Winter, and there will be such a round of gayeties all Winter which I *must* miss, while this (which I could have gone to, and which Papa was more than anxious for me to attend as it would be my last) I must miss.

I tried to be brave all afternoon but I'm giving way a little. To think that I've not missed a rare event for two years and now must miss the rarest—all because some boy didn't have the exquisite taste to provide himself as my escort. Papa would have taken me willingly, only we can't both leave Robin—its against Mama's orders.

Friday I received an invitation to it—worded at top, "Yourself and ladies respectfully invited to attend." I said I'd go and take Mabel and Clara, independent of the other sex, and I'll be switched if I wouldn't have done it, too, if the girls hadn't gracefully declined.

It would have been so jolly—"new", and independent to have gotten a carriage and then (all three looking our sweetest) to have sailed down there, I with a girl on each arm, and how we'd have danced together and what a merry time we should have had. But John Horne had to go and ask Ella and Clara, and Mabel laughed and wouldn't say anything.

But—bah! What do I care. I've got to bang at the piano all evening, and dance with a chair—in fact I've had a concert, a jolly dance, a sociable (with papa) all this evening and will beat them all to bed and be fresher for Mannie Taylor's wedding in the morning. So a snap for the party. . . . A letter from Mama—bless her!

Sunday Oct 2, 1881

To-morrow—behold I shall be a proud and dignified senior—a member of the class of '82.

Yesterday we had a class meeting here. Eva and I were elected a committee of two to interview Prof. Marion Bigley, informing him of our many resolutions. You know we've decided "that open daily records" be kept and that the highest in these, together with the examinations, is to be given the valedictory and the next highest the salutatory. Also that "no marks in class books are to be changed except by vote of the class and permission of teacher."

We are to be taxed .05 per week to be used at the end of our year for decorating purposes. I'm president and Jennie Wright secretary.

Early in the morning I was flying around in a big blue gingham-apron making lemon-gelatine and then devotedly scrubbed the sitting-room windows for I wanted everything to be neat and clean as I expected Mama at 11. Met Miss Jennie Pattison who is going to teach as a substitute for her sister awhile, and with her Miss Ford, our probable other teacher. She looked young, tolerably pretty and rather quiet. Hope I shall like her.

Waited on pins till 11:— Finally Mama came. Bless her dear heart! I could have eaten her alive. She was as glad to be home as we were to have her. In these two weeks I have saved her $17.00 from her market-money. Was I not economical?

No. I mean didn't I *manage* nicely for of-course we had first class fare.

Monday night Oct 3—1881

James Cannon is home—have written asking if I may give Will his name—shall mail tomorrow. Street cars running.* Ha-ha. I've no time to tell you about them now. School begun. Eva, Edith and I have three back seats. Bed-time.

Thursday Oct 6/81

Have just returned from the Temperance Supper with Jim Cannon. Have written the following to WmSn—"Sometime since you asked me for the name of my informant upon a certain perplexing question. I refer you to James Cannon."

Friday night Oct 7

WmSn called this P.M. to say that Jim said that Will never told him that Edith told him (Will) anything which I said about him. Jim misunderstood Will in some way; and there's a flaw someplace but I'm so completely sick and tired of the whole subject that I leave it in its tangled condition. I must hie me to bed. No time to tell you of our first lark on the street-cars.

* The Cairo Street Railway Company was incorporated in 1880 for $20,000.

Sun Oct 9 1881

We girls studied so hard last week that by Friday we were worn out and nervous. So we resolved to have a regular, old-fashioned "lark" and have it we did.

Eva and Edith came for me at about six oclock. First "the triumvirate" called upon Miss Vineyard, followed by a trip to Eva's room, where we privately dispatched an enormous pickle.

Next tea at Auntie's, and then we raced across the commons to Poplar, to take a car, and landed breathless and covered with burrs.

When the horse drew up we all struck attitudes in front exclaiming in tragic tones *"Halt"*. The poor horse halted—the car drove on livelier by three than when it stopped. Peeping through Nellie's window we found her and her sister Clara the sole occupants of the room. Nellie was practicing at the piano and we three tiptoed in (Indian file) and gave war-whoops behind her. We danced the raquet, sang and cut up generally for a few minutes and then, increased by Nellie, started across the road to Emma Baldwin's. We played locomotive like small boys all the way over there.

When we came up the steps Mr Pitcher fearing the cow was in the yard, ran out. We asked for Emma Baldwin, and while she was getting her hat we saw a car start down which we wanted to catch. Mr Pitcher, getting his hat, offered to go stop it but just then Emma came out and we all ran laughing and talking to the corner, *just* in time for the car.

So we all piled in. Passing "Swobodo and Schultz" we saw Mabel inside and yelled at her. She came and with Emma got on. Then there were seven of us. Mabel had a plate of butter on board and accidentally sat in it twice.

We dropped Mabel and Emma at Seventh and went to Miss Fannie Barclay's. Well at nine oclock we left and went to the corner to take a car. I'm afraid to tell you how we jumped on the car while it was in motion to be sure to get seats as there were other people on the corner where the car stopped. At 8th street Nellie's aunt, Mrs Winter, got on with a lot of peanuts, chocolate creams etc.

While we were playing snatch-grab with the refreshments, who should walk in from the down car (you know there are only two cars as yet) but Eugene (just in from St Louis) and Will Williamson.

While we were talking 2:40 time, the car ran off the track and ah!

it felt so funny and we all had to get out while the gentlemen put it on again.

We got off at 18th street (Will and Eugene too, of course) and Eva and I just to be funny ran one-fifth of a block, caught up with the car and once more kissed Nellie, and Emma B goodnight through the car window.

Then Edith and Eugene started off, very naturally together, leaving Will behind with Eva and me. At the gate we all talked about 30 minutes. After we'd finally succeeded in making the boys go home we girls went in and ate up a plate of fresh cream chocolates, and then went up stairs.

Prayers, a chapter in the Bible read aloud by Eva, and then out went the lights and fast flew three tongues till Morpheus overtook us.

Eva this morning remarked about how funny for Will and I to be so amiable together after our disagreements. I told her we had "made up after a fashion".

"Well I do think its time. Will said he'd humbled himself to you as he never had or ever could to anyone before or again."

Came down on the car this morning, as it was raining.

It will be a week tomorrow since I've heard from Elmer, but as long as I have my Rhetoric, and *Henry VIII* to comfort me I guess I'll hold out.

What does a girl my age want to pine for anyway. I'm outgrowing my spoony days!

Wed Oct 12, 1881

Eva and I interviewed Professor Bigley at 1:30 PM in the library. He was very kind and gave us permission to carry out our resolutions. Received a good letter from Elmer Monday. Monday was Wood's 15th birthday.—Just think! Only a short time and I shall be 17—almost a young lady. I wish I could stay 16 always. Its such a dear sweet age.

Sat Oct 15 1881 11:20 PM

Elmer and Will left me at the gate a while ago. Imagine my feelings walking along demurely between *the* two.

Monday night Oct 24—1881

I've had Remittent-bilious-fever for a week and this is my first convalescent day. This knocks the valedictory clear out of my sight.

Think of losing a whole week from such a busy time. And oh! how I was working, and then of all things to get sick. And I'm not near well enough to go back yet.

On Sunday night the 16th, Elmer called and brought me an enormous box of Gunther's Chicago Candy, and I ate a good deal of it and it was exceedingly rich, and I didn't get to sleep till nearly midnight, was hot and feverish all night and was up before daylight in the morning studying. Went to school, had a perfect History lesson (have always been perfect in that) but was so sick at Geometry time that I had to be excused from class entirely. Out of the two theorems in the lesson, however, I recited one to Miss Pattison at the gate at noon.

In the afternoon I was 2 in Rhetoric which nearly broke my heart and put me even with Eva. In Astronomy I was 3.

This is the way they mark us: perfect, 3, tolerable, 2; not good, 1; and a failure, 0. I've only two 2's on my record, all the rest are 3's.

The girls couldn't have been any kinder, sweeter or more obliging to me than they have been. Elmer, who didn't know I was sick till Friday night) sent to St Louis and got me a beautiful boquet of roses, pinks, smylax arbutilon etc, and Saturday night Eugene, Elmer, Jim, WmSn and Will L. Wright serenaded me.

Wed night Nov 2—1881

Still in bed and not enjoying it a bit either. Dr Marean was dismissed and Dr Smith called in. At first he would not take the case but finally he did. I felt better as soon as he began with me. He came in so cheerfully, took my temperature, found it to be 104, and pulse 103 (over which he shook his head, looked rather grave, and remarked that I was a pretty hot girl). After inquiring into every symptom he said he would be plain with us and not try to deceive us into thinking that he could have me up and about in a few days.

He pronounced my case typho-malarial fever and said that I was a good deal sicker than I looked.

He left me some Aconite for fever, and some capsules. Such a time as I had with those capsules (you know I never took Alopath medicine before).*

I just could not swallow them though I tried them with water, jelly etc. The capsule always stayed. Finally we had to cut them in two. My back is beginning to ache and I must lie down. I am bundled up. Am better.

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* "Mother was a firm believer in homeopathy, small doses and the theory that like cures like. In her room was a long box filled with little bottles containing dilutions of arsenicum, bella donna, gelsemium, ipecac: clear little bottles, the size of a finger, with small printed labels. My aunts were of the same faith."—M. R., Oct., 1937.

Monday, Nov 7, 1881

Oh I'm so much better today that I feel *much* encouraged! Sat up from 9 oclock to 5 and have more appetite. The contagion is spreading faster than the typhoid fever.

Tuesday Nov 8—

Am sitting up again to-day.

I forgot to tell you about my birthday presents.

Mama—Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven* in bronze & gold.

Papa—A comfortable handsome willow rocking chair.

Harry & Fred—A pretty, silver thimble.

Elmer—Celluloid brush, comb, and hand-mirror in handsome case lined [with] garnet-colored silk and the outside garnet plush, and on top cream-colored satin, hand-painted. Its perfectly exquisite, but its cost such lots of money. I kept dead silence on the subject of my birthday and I hoped Elmer would forget it, for whatever I gave him wouldn't seem quite so despisably small by comparison. I *won't* paint him anything because he didn't even say "thank you" or a single nice thing about that pretty plaque I nearly killed myself painting for him trying to get it done before he came home from "the East". Did he forget it? *No! !* Mabel was here when his gift came and she exclaimed, "Well, I'm glad the poor fellow found something at last. He didn't know what under the sun to get you. He was talking about it the other night."

Well, I'm beginning to tremble and must stop. Goodnight.

Wed Nov 9—

Got as far as Mama's room this morning and this afternoon walked slowly down stairs. You can't imagine how funny I felt, so shaky and queer!

Grandma came to see me this afternoon and brought me California pears. I was frantic for oranges during my fever and for a long time there were none in town, and those in St. Louis were green.

Mama's making beautiful lambrequins for the parlor—6 of them. Three are 1½ yds wide, and three are 2 yds wide.

Friday Nov 19/81—

Last Monday thought I could go to school. Papa said "No", but it was bright and pretty and I thought I'd take a little walk. Well, I took a little cold also, followed by fever, back-ache, neuralgia, sore-throat, headache, eye-burn and so forth, through the doctor's book.

Mama flew to Dr S. and if he didn't send me 4 podo. pills. Kept having fevers. No fever just now but weak. Can't go to school till Christmas. *Goodbye every honor.* Can't study any now.

Its very dull to spend one's time counting the leaves dropping, with now and then ten minutes for fancy work.

Friday Nov 25—1881

Yesterday was Thankgiving Day. I got to cut cranberries by the sitting-room fire.

Today is Elmer's birthday—20th, bless his old heart! I sent him a tidy—pale blue canvas and lace, drawn-work fringe and white silk floss, pretty enough tidy, but makes me feel horrid when he gives me such elegant presents.

Yesterday morning I got to go on the back steps and smell *air*. Oh, it was so fresh and cold. Can't study any yet, on account of eyes.

Sun Nov 27—1881—

Papa says in about four more weeks I'll be all eyes and cheek-bones. And I added "mouth". My mouth has grown an inch in the last 40 days. Had any one told me that I could stay in the house—nay almost in one room—for so long (this is the 41st day) I should have considered that person a *lyre.*

Saturday Dec 3—1881—

Saturday night, and I've had another cry 'cause I can't go to school and am way behind, and boo-hoo.

After my cry I learned 3 pages of the French Revolution before tea-time. *I want to go to School! !*

Miss Pattison came this afternoon and helped me with my Astronomy. It was kind of her. Last night Lillian Phillips came with a gentleman's dressing-case of leather and silk for me to paint with pansies. Am in Celestial Measurements in my Astronomy.

Monday Dec 5, 1881—

Oh, I've had such a happy time. Yesterday morning Edith came down with the buggy and drove me up to her house.

Uncle Jake drove me home at nine this morning and I felt like I'd been to New York—the air was so keen and frosty and everything so altogether delightful that I wanted to embrace everybody I met.

Thurs Dec 15, 1881—

The day has come!! The Opera House opens tonight. I gaze upon my couch and behold my fan, longest gloves, and new cream-plush bonnet with a plume "to curl around my ear" on it. It has a pretty filigree dagger on it and was an advance Christmas present from Mama so I could wear it tonight. Mama says the milliner has made them by dozens this week, all for the grand occasion. I'm going with Elmer, of course. Knew I wouldn't enjoy it with the weight of an examination in Astronomy on my mind. So I went right up to School this morning and took the pill. It went down nicely.

Last week I sent up my composition to be corrected with the others. The subject was "Luck or Merit" and it was read before the School, Friday afternoon, by Jennie.

Do you know who are in our class now?—

Evalina McC Shepard
Edith L Martin
Mattie Martin
Mary Johnston
Emma Webster
I. Maud Rittenhouse
Jennie E Wright
Amanda R Field
Sadie Wheeler
Clara E Robbins.

None of us have names alike and so when you hear me speak of "Mandy", Sadie, Emma or others, you will know who I mean. Eva has been in since I began to write. I love that girl more every day.

I disputed Mama at breakfast, and cried afterwards. I didn't tell any fibs though, and I'll stick to that!! Bless my Mama! She gets gooder every day. Next week I shall be very homesick for her, and my bright room, and the children and Papa, for I'm going to School, and to stay with Edith during that time.

Friday—Dec 16—1881

Oh! it was grand!! Seated in that comfortable, spacious, lovely theatre with its blaze of lights, immense stage, artistic scenes, I couldn't realize I was in Cairo until I looked around me and beheld the familiar faces.

The $500.00 drop curtain is a glory in itself. Elmer, Mabel, Will Wright and myself sat together in the parquette. Ladies all received souvenir programmes. Jim asked to see mine, and when he handed it back, I found inside on the back, one of his cards, an invitation to *Olivette* on the following night. Miss Ford sat a few seats in front of me. Hon J. H. Oberly made the dedication-speech and all the little Oberlys were there. So were about all the people *in* town, and many from abroad. Not a seat in parquet or parquet-circle, only a few in dress-circle, and some in gallery. Got home before midnight. Slept till seven.*

New Year's Day Jan 1, 1882—

Last night went to the theatre with Williamson. Had my new cloak—a light brown, trimmed in seal-brown plush, gloves to match, white hat and new dress but—oh nonsense!—I looked very ugly. We had splendid seats in the parquette circle where we could see everybody in the house, and there were over 1200 people there. The play was very affecting and the tears would roll down my cheeks and then Will would gravely pass me a huge silk handkerchief and ask, "Shall I get that sponge out of my overcoat pocket?" and then I would laugh.

Have made as usual, resolutions with which to begin the New Year:

First, I shall take no part in any public entertainment until I am through School.

Second, I shall not read the *Globe Democrat* all year (Saturday supplement excepted).

Third, To try to talk sense, be entertaining, and never sit around like a stick at any little gathering.

Fourth, To average at least 8 or 8½ hour's sleep in every 24 hours.

Fifth, To read no novels—only histories, or standard works, till after I graduate.

Now we'll see how long I keep them.

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* The Cairo Opera House was capitalized at $25,000; seating capacity, 1,300; admission, 75 cents parquet and parquet circle, 50 cents dress circle, and 25 cents gallery.

But I've not even told you what I got for Christmas.

From Mama	that opera-cap and a basket of flowers.
Papa	(in five volumes, bound in sheepskin) McCauley's Histories of England.
Wood	3 oz of Lundborg's perfume.
Harry	A geological specimen and crochet needle.
Freddie	A Russia leather note-book.
Aunt Amarala	Tennyson in blue and gold.
Edith	A bottle of white-rose.
Corinne	A cut glass cologn bottle.
Clara	Satin whisk-broom-holder with broom
Aunt Mattie	Linen cambric emb. handkerchief.
Aunt Belle	" " bordered "
Elmer	Large sized rose-wood writing desk, pearl inlaid, name "Maud" cut in silver plate on top containing Christmas cards, ruler, ink-bottles and gold pen. Silly youth! Lovely desk!

I gave Elmer a cup and saucer, painted myself; Mama a breakfast cap, and with Harry and Fred, a gold engraved palette on silver easel; to Papa a heavy black hand-painted paper-weight, to Wood and Harry red-light (the only thing they wanted) to Fred, blue satin hand-painted neck tie; to Robin cup and saucer (his old one was broken); Edith, string of pearls, little Mary, blue-satin hand-painted neck and hair bows; Clara, a bottle of Ylang-lang; Aunt Bell, a breakfast cap; Aunt Mattie, Aunt Amarala and Grandma, each, four small and one large wash-stand mats; and only sent one Christmas card, which was to Mattie Martin.

Our whole family took dinner at Grandma's. There were 21 of us, and such a dinner—the turkeys, pork and beans, slaws, pickles, potatoes, tomatoes, corn, turnips, brown-bread, white-bread, cheese, head-cheese, dressings, jellies, fruit, lemon-cakes, white and fruit cake, mince pies, pumpkin pies—but what's the use of beginning when I can't remember half!

Sunday-school bells are ringing. Au revoir.

Saturday Jan 7, 1882

Subject for next week's compositions "The practical versus the poetical". Yesterday we wrote impromptu comp s upon *Ridicule.*

Thursday Jan 12, 1882

At School we are working like troopers; before daylight, at noon, and in the stilly night are we reading, writing, studying. By gas-light in the morning, by lamp-light at night. Yesterday I drilled Amanda, Jennie, Clara and Eva on the walk.

Sun Jan 22, 1882

Last night I started to the dancing-school and was the only girl there. Such a funny little French dancing master. Little and lively, with a superfluity of gray and dark beard, a lovely, genial smile, pretty teeth, garlic-y breath, and a fiddle. He seemed quite delighted with my progress and told me I was "splee-endid!"

My hair is coming out very rapidly from the fever and the girl's crack a good many jokes at my expense. They are going to fix me all up in a blonde wig and blue ribbons to graduate in.

Miss Pattison and Miss Risley are both boarding with us—I love them both!

Got a 2 plus last week in Geometry and felt very badly about it, though I'm doing remarkably well, considering the disadvantages under which I labor.

Last week my subject was "Words:—their Uses and Abuses." Mama says its the best one I've written. I've not felt satisfied with *one* of my essays this year—my mind is not strong enough to cope with large ideas. Sometimes I fear that fever has weakened it permanently.

Friday Jan 27, 1882

Am studying like *blixen!* Eva here Wednesday. Dancing school with Will last night. First figure of Lancers. Peanuts—bad dream. The Seniors wore French-twists yesterday morning "which made the scholars smile". A little excitement over high-waters and levees. We are an island. Sipe water quite high. Examinations next week!

Sat. Jan 28, 1882

Have been studying History the live-long day. Never crammed so hard in all my life before. We Seniors had a lunch of nuts, figs and candies in the green-room yesterday at 2:30. Exercises in the afternoon.

Oh yes! Guiteau has been declared guilty.

Thursday Feb 2 1882

The six oclock whistles are just blowing and a great golden moon is coming up in the west and though I know that the day has not run ahead of the calendar it has seemed a year long to me.

Every nerve in my body was strained to meet those awful final examinations in Rhetoric, History and Geometry. Rhetoric and History I did not so much fear, as I had made up lots in them, but in Geometry in order to be examined with the class I must get over that twelve weeks lost in some way.

Tuesday we took Rhetoric, and although I think I passed a first rate examination in it I had to strain so (something unusual) to squeeze out the required "Matches", which formed the 10th topic in the examination that I grew alarmed at the condition of my brain. Next day came History and I studied morning, noon and night on it and not very unreasonably expected to pass well in my pet study. Well, the first 6 topics, (our morning's work) I got over beautifully, and in the afternoon the first question on the board was "Name four principal battles in the War of the Spanish Succession."

I couldn't believe my *eyes!* for though I had carefully studied that war I couldn't remember having heard of any four noted battles. So I told 'em so on my paper but wrote what I *did* know about the war of the Spanish Succession hoping that might help me a little. Next question "Great Intellectual Names of the 17th century" I got down; and then came the question,

"Name three principal battles of Napoleon's Italian campaign under the Directory."

Now *that* in the history had been in the fine print and Miss Ford has told us not to learn them as we need not go so much into detail—and then to put them on, and be taken off *10* for not knowing them.

Eva, Edith and so forth were as mad as even I about the two questions, for the battles in the War of S.S. our book did not even tell us *were* battles, only said in two lines, "The French were driven by General —— in headlong flight from Ramilly, Blenheim —— & —— (don't remember the other two). And then to take off 10 for not knowing those two lines! !

Well, the class asked lief to go to the Greenroom. Miss P. said, "Yes, for five minutes till time for your examination in Geometry."

And we "struck" on the spot, and in the Greenroom declared we would not take another examination that day.

In five minutes Miss P. came to the door to call us, and surprised to find the class hysterical and in tears asked, "What's the matter?" No answer but sobs.

When we all controlled our feelings enough to speak, all Miss Pattison heard were exclamations of, "It was horrid, *unfair!* Won't we be proud strutting around town saying, 'I passed 75, or I passed 80!' and *won't* folks think we are a brilliant class." "We're going to duck Miss Ford in the sipe-water for letting Professor Bigley make out an examination, and not telling him that our book didn't pay any attention to the things for which our standings were to be lowered 20 degrees!"

All this time the sobbing went on by fits and starts. So she retired, and soon returned saying Prof Bigley would substitute questions for those two. So the dear substituted two decent questions.

Well Edith came down with me after school to take tea as she had to go to a rehearsal at Temperance Hall. We studied till supper time. Soon as Edith left I went to my room to cram. I studied bravely till 10:30 and then crawled into bed beside Milly (who was here for the night). At two oclock I got up—my fire was about out and I was miserably cold. After cutting up the shelf of my easel (with my penknife) for shavings and trying in vain to make a fire, I put on my cloak, a shawl, and a blanket around my feet, and sat down to study.

At four oclock, nearly stiff, I crawled into bed and rattled off definitions a while longer, then when the roosters were crowing and the girls beginning to bang things around upstairs dressing, I sat up again for fear of going to sleep. Raced to school and paced the recitation room floor repeating demonstration after demonstration.

By noon I was absolutely sick and we had yet two more questions for the afternoon. At 2:30, nearer dead than alive, I answered the last question, flew home and went to bed.

Sat Feb 1882

Can you believe it, passed 96 in History.

We would all have stood higher only each substituted question was marked 9 though we nearly all answered them correctly.

Mabel, Emma and I went to the Y.P.T.A. meeting and Williamson (who presided for the first time) brought us home. I am with Williamson a good deal lately.

Monday we seniors are going to have a banquet at noon in the green-room (our social hall).

Mon Feb 6,

Our banquet came off in the green-room today—8 girls (Emr sick from too hard study) and two teachers. Sandwiches, baked beans (steaming hot) tarts, pine-apples, white cherries, po taffy, chocolate cake (with "Class of '82" and "D'Accord" on it, cocoanut cake filled the bill-of-fare, and we had *pecks* left over. We are taking up English Literature, Trigonometry and Mental Philosophy.

Am going to the theatre with Elmer tonight to see *East Lynn.*

Wed Feb 8—1882

Here are our standings—

	History	Rhetoric	Geometry	Genl Ave.
Eva Shepard	97	92	98	96
Maud Rittenhouse	96	96	92	95
Edith Martin	95	94½	95	94
Jennie Wright	89	86	98	91
Amanda Field	94	77	88	90
Emma Webster	92	87½	77	86
Sadie Wheeler	89	75	91	85
Mattie Martin	90	75	82	82
Clara Robbins	84	82	65	77

So I lack only 1 of being highest, 12 weeks out and all.

Eva's "vexed" with me—boo-hoo.

Sipe-water fearfully high—have to wade part way from here to Clara's.*

Sunday Feb 1882

Such a week of dissipation as I have before me. Tomorrow night the Grand Opera *Martha* and Emma Abbot. Thursday night the paper sociable, and Friday night the masquerade.

Spoke "An Order for a Picture" at School Friday. Will said it was so good he felt hurt because I stopped. After school was out Eugene and Will took Edith, Clara, Eva and I skiffriding in the sipe water and such a glorious time as we had. The water is higher than was ever known here. Men are constantly pumping here to keep it out of our basement.

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* Cairo's sandy subsoil permitted seepage. In days of high water the city was like an empty pan sunk to its rim. A pipe driven 60 to 80 feet sent out a steady stream of water and at such times the city ordered well pipes plugged.

Now if you'll not breathe I'll tell you what I'm to be at the masquerade. "Frost"! Elmer and Will and George are sure they'll know me.

Now I'll tell you what I'm to wear. A soft white cotton flannel with nap half an inch long nearly, and it is to be made in quite an aesthetic, clinging style, with long Watteau train flowing from the shoulders. It is to be thickly sprinkled with diamond dust, and silver leaves embroidered around the square neck (filled with tulle). Miss Jennie tried it on me yesterday, and I'll declare, I scarcely know myself in it. They made it so I looked quite *plump* in it, and I'm to wear Auntie's corset for the occasion (its a little one) and as I've never worn one it will be a complete disguise.

Fri. Feb 1882

At last it has come, the long-looked forward to day of the grand masquerade. Costume all ready. 3's all day at school. Mental Philosophy grand. Made me white satin fan, trimmed with silver-leaves and FROST on it in diamond dust. Have a secret to tell you, when I've time.

Water still higher—families and families have had to move—only one session at school, many scholars detained by high water; skiffs all the rage.

Sunday Feb 19, 1882

The masquerade was a success! Jim came for me about 8 but it took so long to get my hair done up that it was 8:45 before we got started. Aunt Mattie arranged my hair on *top* of my head, with low waves in front and two cork-screw curls behind. I wore my mask down there and gossamer, so Jim wouldn't know me. He got two lovely little bunches of natural flowers, one for each of us, and thought I'd fall into his trap and put one on but I told him I'd wear it soon as we unmasked. He left me at the head of the stairs and I flew into the dressing room and he flew down-stairs to get his suit.

After I had donned slippers, gloves and diamond dust I sailed out with my yard of Watteau train behind me, floated to the extreme end of the room. Imagine my astonishment when I recognized in Edith *another* "Frost" in white and swansdown. Wasn't it just like us to both select the same thing, as we always do?

Elmer (not masked) was dancing with a small Red-Riding hood and looked at me curiously every time he passed. WmSn came up and whispered, "A nickle and a chocolate cream", and after I stared blankly at him he hobbled off. I had practiced with a night-gown pinned to the end of my dress till I could manage a train to perfection. A plump girl came in and I thought it was Lou Vincent; she danced opposite me, and it finally dawned upon me that she was Mamma, whom I could scarcely recognize even though knowing what she was going to wear. Elmer said, "Who *is* that dumpy girl?" and I nearly died with pent-up laughter.

Topsy (Widow James) carried my train and mimicked me, and I gave her candy. Mr Blauvelt thought Mama was me and squeezed her hand and asked if he could call, and she said her ma didn't like her to receive company.

The boys found me out, but most of the people hadn't the remotest idea who I was. Elmer seemed quite distracted over my appearance. My secret was about Elmer (bless the boy!) but I don't believe I'll tell you after all. We had a talk Sunday night which made him "the happiest boy in America" and made me dream about him all week. Mama looked serious and said we were too young for anything definite and had seen too little of the world. She says she doesn't believe that I love him and that I must be careful.

Bless his dear heart, I hope I can love him real hard, he's so good and nice, and loves me so. I do believe I love him too, but I'm not quite sure.

I'm getting Will WmSn into the waltz very nicely—Will got a little spoony again last night. George and I got the galop waltz at last—"four angles, two forwards and backs, and two galop-waltz turns". I danced the galop-waltz for Papa and Mama last night, after I reached home and had to take two rooms and the hall to get the step in. Mama said I'd gone crazy and Papa tried to catch me but I dodged under his arm without getting out of step.

Water still higher and river rising; 7th street mostly flat boats and rafts.

Eva says I can't be religious and dance too.

Mon. Feb 20 '82—4 oclock

Day as black as layers and folds of heavy, murky, clouds can make it; rain been coming down in blinding sheets all day—school a mere farce, water rising rapidly—street cars stopped running; basement overflowed, and we are all crowded upstairs. Mississippi also rising from terrific rains at St Louis, and danger of levees breaking. St Helena, Ark. inundated. Local rains all over U.S. Am as blue as indigo and scared and mad! !

Tues., Feb 21—1882

Great excitement over levee! Even cool papa pronounced the situation a dangerous and critical one. Rain stopped, air cold, and sun bright. A rise of 12 feet at St Louis. One session at school. Coming home at two oclock we met little excited groups of men discussing Cairo's prospects with grave faces; met dray loads and cart-loads of furniture, met poor wild looking people carrying bedding and babies, met pianos going to higher regions; in fact met alarm peeping its wild face around every corner. The great lake of sipe water was tossing high, and white-capped waves rolled up and lashed the sides of Washington Ave, each dash carrying off a little more soil. The Walnut side-walk floated peacefully on its back near Washington; fences, steps, barns etc., made one think of floods in dead earnest. Wind blowing like fury. We have a flat-boat; so have most of the other residents. Each scholar had a different tale to tell.

Blues yesterday. Earnest letter to Elmer last night followed by talk with Mama. Crossed to the P.O. to mail letter—met Elmer, and—didn't mail it. At school rec'd note from him. Tonight, unless the levee breaks Elmer, Jim and I spend the evening at Edith's. Eva has been here all afternoon. Must study.

Am in deepest humiliation. Got a "1" in my Trig yesterday. So did Edith—Jennie and others. Eva only 3 in class. Goodbye.

Thursday Feb 23 1882

Only 4 members left in our class this morning, Jennie, Eva, Amanda, Maude. Prof Bigley says he'll have to have us each a medal struck off. From the green-room window we could see tugs running up and down with barges of rock or dirt bags, engines (chuck full of men) shrieking (the engines I mean) and backing around. Grandma, Aunt Bell and the others tried to leave on the 7 oc. train last night but it was crammed so full that there was not standing room, so they went at 11:20 this morning. Water rose at St Louis 17 feet in 48 hours. Greatest excitement imaginable in town and a thousand different rumors afloat. Citizens' meeting called yesterday. Mayor has requested all able-bodied men to come to the rescue and help fight off the water. One session at school ending at 12:30, after which Miss Pattison, Jennie, Amanda, Eva and I started for the "break" in the levee to investigate for ourselves. Walked in all four miles. Ohio is above J & C. R R tracks against which they are banking earth. Around at the Mississippi where it is cutting and caving in, they are filling bags of dirt. Men by the hundred at work and even a few negro women. I'll declare I was crazy to help fill sacks. Aunt Amarala is all moved upstairs.

Been having good lessons. Only 30 in School. Elmer and I walked up to Edith's and right back. No room to spend eve. Bath tub full of center table and jelly. China and books under beds etc etc. Our flat boat is done and very light. Robin and I paddled a little in the back yard. Elmer over unexpectedly last night—all his family flew, and he was lonesome. Will walked to school with me and "helped me over the water". Weather bright, air bracing. Have had my feet in both the Ohio and Mississippi rivers this afternoon. Whole town living on its upper floors, many stores included. If we can beat it back till Sunday we are all right. Everybody leaving town nearly. Ta-ta!

Later 8 P.M.

I'll declare, I'm so excited I can't do anything but pace the floor and jump. Here poor Papa, with his health, has gone up there to the levees to work, dig, and fight with water this live-long night.

Will came at the usual dancing-lesson time to say, "Prof Mason says 'Eets no time for dancing'. He was on his way to the levee to work. He said all the boys were going.

A colored woman in the kitchen says Dr Dunning "and all de men folks on dat street done took der shubbels on der shoulders and made for dat levee". Mama went kiting downtown to have hot coffee made and sent up. Capt. Halliday had just offered two barrels to be sent, so Elmer brought her home on the rush, to fly up there again, where he has worked steadily all day and expects to work all night. Oh! I want to be a man tonight with my whole soul. Think of the fathers, sons and sweethearts toiling up there in the mud, the water and the biting wind. Papa has been exhorting men all afternoon and will probably over-see and work with a hundred. This will be a gay night for burglars in this end of the town with no "men folks" around. Will's family is all packed and ready to go to Anna; so soon as it gets beyond control he's going to fly here and help us move into our bed-room floor. Men are carrying up our coal into the barn-loft, where a family or two are. Our garret is stowed with goods from all around the neighborhood.

The tugs are whistling and screaming dolefully till my hair fairly stands on end. Talk of *study* to-night. Heaven help them to live it through this night. Oh! If I could only be working instead of longing to do it.

A telegram from Cousin Ab tells us to come to Metropolis to them. Isn't it kind of them?

Saturday before breakfast Feb 25, 1882

Well the panic reached a crisis yesterday. We intended having two short sessions at school, and were dismissed at 11 in the morning. Eva and I walked leisurely down in the sun-shine, over the water, watching the fairy shrimps darting around and at the *Bulletin* office were joined by WmSn. Eva left us at Barclay's Retail Drug Store, and when Will and I reached the 7th Street lake, we got into the flat boat, with Mama, Robin, Wood, Mrs Elliot and Milward and rode till dinner time (WmSn was a very sleepy-looking individual by the way). On my way to School at one I met him and he said he'd meet me at the School-house corner at 3, and we'd take in the levee. On I went and at Cross Street met a man running.

Somebody from across the street yelled, "What's the matter?"

"Break in levee", and away he spun.

Next met Mrs Robbins. "You'd better turn around and go home with me. They say the levee has broken."

But I laughed and said I'd go on to the school and answer the roll. I thought it was only another sensational report.

At 1:15 while I was at the board working an example in Trigonometry somebody ran to the window, having heard the alarm-whistle. I didn't go for a minute and when I did all I could see was people running wildly hither and thither, enjines flying up and down the track screeching, tugs skimming, horse-back riders dashing up and down and the wildest commotion visible everywhere.

Then the firebells began to clang.

Miss Ford with a white face enjoined us to "keep perfectly cool". Miss Pattison ran to the library to see Prof Bigley. He came to the door saying, "There is no doubt but that it is a general alarm. Pack your books quietly, and go. You'll have ample time in which to reach home."

Kissed Miss Ford good-bye and received Eva's farewell from the top of the porch and came home on a rapid walk. I hope I may never again witness such a scene. Confusion confounded! I can remember every minutest detail. How young Mr Wenger flew home to his bride; how that "interesting Mr Adams" and his chum looked, dashing around the corner; how Mary McEwen's brother put her in a skiff and started for home; how Mrs Ford amazed me when I saw her carrying a heavy chest up a flight of stairs, etc., etc.

Heard that it was a break at 34th, and was in the Mississippi, and 30 feet wide. Houses which ten minutes previous I had passed and seen in a peaceful calm were now stripped of carpets, pictures and furniture, with bedding or coal on upper porches, bedslats and chairs tumbling around loosely, china and silver rattling, feather-dusters flying. When I reached home they had parlor-sitting-room and hall-carpets up, and were working like beavers. I pitched into the hottest of the fray.

In an hour we had everything about up-stairs and then came the report it was a bad *slide* but they were bravely fighting it out. So we left our cooking arrangements downstairs and had supper there. Will came over to help us and so did Elmer, but we were nearly done then. Our piano is in the spare room, also two beds, a wash stand and dresser, a music stand, two centre tables, a lounge, a sofa, two plain and four easy chairs, besides vases innumerable, 4 or 5 large oil paintings, and nick nacks by the dozen.

After supper Miss Risley, Mama and I went down town to get marketing. Such a deserted town. The whole populace was at work at the levee. Stores all dark, or where there were any lights, empty shelves were all in view. Halliday guards were stationed at levees with muskets, and a little shooting was done. Even if the river doesn't come in the town is half ruined with sipe-water.

Elmer came in to talk. He was so used up he couldn't go back to work till morning. He carried planks, shoveled, filled sacks, and Papa says was helping unload a barge of rocks yesterday evening. Think of that delicate boy doing that! Will had worn a pair of kid-gloves into shreds in one night. There were men who didn't know what such work was (book-keepers, bankers, merchants, clerks, cashiers, sign-painters) digging and working. Even the Methodist minister in his shirtsleeves shoveling dirt against the bulwarks. Elmer, Mama and I had a lunch at 10 or 11, Elmer looked nearly dead, and Mama expected to be roused anytime during the night by the alarm. Five whistles is the signal, and everytime I heard a whistle I stopped to count. But it is morning and still we are not floating. The situation is unchanged but the rivers are at a stand above us and we hope for the same luck here. One bad thing is a slight fall in temperature and the signal-reports prophesy a storm, which if it comes will be our ruination. At least $50,000.00 have already been spent since the trouble began, as labor is so high. The water is 9 inches higher than the *highest* high water mark. It is I believe, six inches above the top of the levees.

Sunday 7 PM Feb 26, 1882

From Mayfield, Ky., to Charleston, Mo., is a distance of 35 miles and a skiff can go the whole distance. Now you may imagine how high the rivers are. The suspense is horrible! A vigilance committee has been appointed and they will immediately shoot or hang the first man guilty of larcency etc. You see the floating, skum-y element delight in rows and theft in time of such great excitement.

Yesterday in answer to posters distributed through town the good ladies got up sandwiches, coffee etc., in abundance and sent to the levee, where after being divided into regular rations, it was sent to the heroic multitude battling with fate.

Halliday Bros are lending valuable aid. I quote from *The Bulletin:* "Their entire business has been stopped, and their small army of employees, with new gangs of men employed, their teams, steam-boats, barges, mills merchandise and money placed at the city's disposal."

A track has been laid from 34th Street down Railroad Avenue (the high new street never yet used) and flat cars run right there are loaded with dirt and dumped right on the levee.

Three thousand men are at work, night and day, with might and main. Last night there was a "slide" of 50 feet in the Mississippi levee, and a man, who started to raise the alarm had a shot-gun levelled at him and was told he'd be shot dead in his tracks if he stirred another step (he didn't stir). They then dumped a barge of rocks into the gap and checked it and no one was the wiser till the morning dawned. So the panic was averted.

This morning Eva and I went to Church. Of course there was but little church today. Thirty people gathered in the lecture room, where Mr George prayed fervently for our city's welfare and gave us an impressive sermon.

This afternoon Williamson came to know if I would like to go upon the Custom House. Of course I liked. Mr Spear took us up. Its elevation is 150 feet. Water-water-water!—with now and then an insignificant strip of land to vary the monotony. Then we started up the levee. How I pitied the wretched looking families living in the long string of cars upon the levee. In one I saw a grocery and in another a barber-shop. The water (14 inches higher than the levee) was way up on the wheels.

Another 48 hours holds Cairo's destiny. One joyful item is that the Ohio has fallen one inch and the Mississippi 3.

Cousin Ab (bless his hospitable heart) came down on the *Silver Queen* to take us all back with him. He says they received a dispatch that Cairo was inundated at 8 yestereve.

Mon. Feb 27, 1882

Had a very sorry time last night and am not over it yet. Elmer came last night and I read *Joan* to him for sometime, after which he began a serious talk to me. You remember that on the 12th I gave him some little encouragement and somehow it has troubled me ever since for while I know that I am fonder of him than of anyone else, I also know that I do not love him as I can (and have) loved. I told him so last night. He was awfully blue. I wanted him to try his honest best to fall in love with some other girl and it made him indignant.

Finally we came to this agreement: first, he is to try desperately to fall in love with another girl; secondly, if he can't, and if I never meet anyone I like better that way in the distant future, we may—be something a little warmer. He smiled rather bitterly and said there was poor consolation in that. He had his arms around me as he spoke and with a motion toward them I told him that we must have no more of that. He said perhaps I was right and pleaded for just one goodbye kiss. Of course he didn't plead in vain and my heart ached sadly when he left with such a hard, pained, disappointed look on his face.

Tuesday Feb 28, 1882

It poured all night and we thought we were gone. Hearts sunk, faces lengthened. But still are we safe. The water is past our front gate and up to the brick walk in the back yard. Only one small strip of land between us and levee. Eva down yesterday. Painted her a Cupid in apple blossoms on a small black panel. Mr George after service Sunday morning worked on levee. Also Catholic priest filling sacks. Mr George paced levee with shot-gun Sunday night. He believes in working as well as praying. So do I. Mama says Elmer looks worn out and Will all bruised up.

[NOTE:

Although the Mississippi and Ohio were still above the level of the houses, Cairo was now safe. School resumed March 1, and the diary records that of the senior class "Edith, Eva and Maud were present." For weeks to come, however, sipe water filled the streets.]

CHAPTER THREE

He Says His Love Is Quite a Delicious Misery

Friday evening, March 3, 1882

Such a happy, *happy* day as I've had. Such a sweet Spring day.

> Now is the high-tide of the year
> And whatever of life hath ebbed away
> Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
> Into every bare inlet creek and bay
> Now the heart is so full, that a drop overfills it,
> We are happy now because God so wills it.

Sweet balmy fresh—oh! delicious Spring. This noon at home I found three dainty pot-plants from WmSn—two double purple violets and a beautiful fragrant heliotrope. You can imagine my extravagant delight over the violets—dear violets, sweet violets, my favorites of all flowers. Not only that but Alice Henderson brought me a pale sweet bunch of white ones with yellow-centers.

Last night I had one long frolic from 4 oclock to 1:30. Have been in my bright mood, and can enjoy everything so heartily, and can no more keep from jumping, running, singing, dancing, than a bird can from flying. Do you know what's fun—to wash your head till every hair is wet through and through and then race around like mad and let the wind whizz through it.

But about last night. I spent the night with Eva-*lina*. We laughed with no perceptible cessation till seven oclock when Edith came, soon followed by Will and Elmer. Then we made some splendid taffy, and pulled it till it was white and glistening. Such cutting up as we did. I was in one of my monkey-moods and could make more grimaces in a minute than a steam calculator could count. Elmer looked at me in such astonishment! He said Dr Dunning wanted us to sit up with little Tommie Cunningham who died. So with books and slippers we all went down there silently in the moon-light; but three watchers had been engaged by some one else so we went back. Eva and I talked till one o'clock.

Day before yesterday Will walked to school with me in the morning and at noon, and he and Everett James took Eva and I boat-riding. Next morning (yesterday) he walked up with me again and I scolded him for being a loafer (he can't work till the water goes down) and wore his brass and red glass ring to school to mystify Edith (it came out of a pop-corn box but looked genuine). Broke it at recess, threw it through the window and told her about it before 11 o'clock. We were (Edith, Eva and I the only members of the G. Class who have been at school this week) sitting in the green-room, studying Mental Phil and looking over the broad stone window-sills drinking in the fresh Spring air; when we beheld Will and Annie Morse strolling up Washington. We waved, they waved. They came down by the school-house and into the yard, and Eva threw (tell it not in Gath) Geological specimens, little crinoids and Carditi planicostata at them, till we drove them off. 'Cause we were afraid Prof. Bigley would paralyze or petrify them into fossils if he caught them in the yard talking to seniors.

My hair is real curly—two little curls so thick, or so *thin* rather. We are beginning our reviews, and I had better lessons to-day than I've had for a month, i.e. I felt better satisfied with them.

To-night Will, Gene, Edith and I are going to have a moon-light ride on ~~Washington~~ Lake Edwards.

These days are long days of delight from the moment the sunlight creeps through the blue-curtains in my pretty "spare-room" to wake me, till the moon-light through the *other* window says "Go to bed, sleepy head". Every morning I take a rousing, vigorous bath in cool perfumed water and it makes me feel good all day and then its such a lazy delight, *delight,* to lie on the Green Room table or benches, with the soft breezes coming in the window and talk or study with Eva and Edith. But the full golden moon says now "go and get your hat before sweet William comes." So adieu.

Saturday March 4, 1882

I can scarcely express to you the lovely time we had last night. The moon full, the water just rippling lightly, the skiff large and light.

There was a barge of musicians floating, too, and the clear notes of the guitar and cithern rang dreamily over the water, and the singing was very sweet. It was delicious floating off under the locust-trees, past the new white church with its tall spire reflected in the water.

Verily, we are a modern Venice.

Came home about 9:30 and last thing I heard on the road to dreamland was the splashing of oars into the 7th street lake and Will on the "dock" whistling for them (some of the boys were on the lake) to come for him. People have to be ferried back and forth over our streets.

Sunday March 5, 1882

I give you extracts from a note received from Jim C. this morning.

"As you have taken that interest in me, that no girl ever did, I am going to try and be worthy of your kindness. Smoking I *will* stop. . . . In the few short calls I have made on you, I cannot fail to see how different would have been my past life, and how much better it would have been had I enjoyed your friendship and had your advice. That it has bettered me now I know, and hope I may call you always my *friend,* and be worthy to be called yours."

Sometimes I feel that God is better to me than I deserve. To think that the few uneloquent words spoken to Jim should have done what they have. I am so happy these days. I have a sweet home, a darling Mama and Papa, an honest girl friend and almost everything I could desire. I feel so jolly, independent, and on such jovial good terms with the world in general and myself in particular.

I'm ugly enough for all reasonable intents and purposes but still it doesn't make me shudder or feel envious of prettier girls. I feel right quick and bright comparatively, and once in a long time can say something that tickles my own fancy. Its natural for me to be affected. I always want to affect a pretty phrase if I hear one, or a pretty little turn of the head or lift of the eyebrows. I hadn't been with Lizzie Shields two weeks till I was aping her boyish stride and throwing my head back in laughing, and frowning as she did. Miss Ford hadn't taken me over 10 pages of Mental Philosophy before I was holding my mouth in a prism and prune, and lifting my eyebrows with an absent smile as she does. Miss Krinbill hadn't bowed at me 6 times before I bowed back at her, her own bow.

Carrie Prindle said she didn't think me pretty when she first saw me (this not to me, but to Eva) but the more she looked the prettier I grew till she had to sit in school and watch me lots. I was "so cute". (That doesn't spoil me. It only makes me feel good to have anybody think me not ugly.)

Alice Henderson said I was "a sharp little rat" to beat all of the class but one, after missing 12 weeks.

Edith last night actually put her arms around me and confided in me.

Then came Jim's note—the last touch!

However came I to be such a fool as to tell you all this? Will you try to take it as 'tis given and not as it sounds; for it isn't vanity I don't believe, its only such unbounded joy to think that people love me some. Its an awful feeling—to feel so ugly you feel like you're abusing people to look at them.

Well I must go to Sunday-School, and pray that if there is any mixture of vanity in my joy, that the good Father will take it out of me.

Monday March 6, 1882—

An unpleasant piece of news to-day. Edith with an air of great mystery this morning said she had something particular to say to me. She had me take dinner with her, and then gave me some information and advice. Eugene had requested her to talk to me it seems, and about *WmSn.* He has been making a "confidante" of Eugene, boldly and openly declaring to him, his absorbing love for me. Eugene says he is perfectly frantic, raving, and discussed the matter pro and con with great energy.

I exclaimed impatiently, "Oh! Why need a boy make a fool of himself. I thought Will had got over that nonsense months ago. Now he's spoiled it all. Whatever shall I do?"

"Stop going with him, give him the 'cut direct'," from Edith. "You really must Maud. WmSn is different from most boys; he's queer, and harder to deal with. He's terribly cut up and all that."

I can't go to him and say "Will I don't love you, its all nonsense this way of acting," for he's never asked for any information on the subject, or asked me to love him, nor does he do any of the said "acting" while with me.

I'm a terribly poor hand at "cutting" people unless I'm mad at them, and Will is so incessantly good-natured and jolly, I *can't* get mad at him. Now isn't it a nice mess!!

And here I was having such pleasant times with him, never dreaming but what I'd at last found a boy who could be satisfied with "friend" and requires not "sweet-heart".

In order to "cut him" (for I just can*not* pass him unobserved on the street or anything like that) I'll have to stay at home like a bleak nun, from all places I shall be apt to meet him; and play the old game of "dodge" on the streets to keep out of his way. Its no easy matter to dodge in a place where only 1/20 of the city is earth and the rest water.

I remain home from Temperance Meeting tonight, where he is sure to be. Met him this eve flying up the street so's to walk down with me and talk Temperance. So I took the opposite side and flew by him, swallowing meekly his reproachful look. Poor fellow! but then he needn't have made such a ninny of himself.

Sipe water rising. Our yard full (first time known). Walks floating everywhere.*

Thurs March 9, 1882

We five seniors, Emma, Amanda, Eva, Edith and I took our examinations in Mental Philosophy and Geology this morning. It is three oclock. I am home. Wind and water necessitated one session. Wind blowing great guns and breakers rolling over Washington sidewalks. Sipe water across Washington road even, in two places. Walks which we cross dry-shod at morning at 2 oclock were covered two inches with water. West side of Washington (the only street left) the walks are floating, and they rode up and down over the high breakers and I saw two boys cross on it, when the walk looked like it would be dashed to splinters every instant. The foam lay by the foot along the walk I came down, and where bridges (narrow boards on tressles) were not built we waded right through the water. Our yard is full (it was never known to come within feet of our yard before) and it has crept clear up to 8th so that we have to have bridges there to cross. Cisterns and everything are covered.

A note from WmSn tells me no dancing class Thursday night and may he call Friday night if it will not interrupt my studies. He may not.

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* Cairo was proud of its elevated walks. A visitor described them as "about five feet wide, with hand rail along each side . . . supported underneath by upright wooden posts about three feet apart in parallel rows." Brick sidewalks came in 1883.

Sat, March 10, 1882

Examinations over. *Delightful!!*

Mon. March 13, 1882

They've taken another fool streak up at the school, making each scholar report his deportment i.e. offering a premium for lying. Eva, Edith, Emma and I reported 0.

And I'll tell you why. Miss Pattison said, "Take off two for whispering, one for disorder in halls, and one for communicating."

"Count communicating by looks?" from Eva. "Yes, if the look expresses anything." So the girl with the most expressive face gets the lowest mark!

All the bad boys simply lie about it and get nice marks. We three will report 0 every evening regularly.

I'm tickled to think I'm highest in class, not only in general average but in *every study*. And the class had five weeks' start of me in Geology. Just think, if I'd only not been sick I might have been valedictorian with ease.

Thursday March 1882.

War to the knife! This morning our last night's reports were called for. From Eva, Edith and Maud "0." From Miss Pattison (sweet angel) "If the *A* class cannot raise its deportment standing above 0, it may consider itself deprived of the privileges of the green-room."

What a blow!! Did we turn pale, faint, wither like tender flowers exposed to chill December air? Never!! Smilingly serene, all unconscious that she was aiming poisoned arrows at *us,* we received the news which electrified the school.

However, as though we had ne'er heard of such a place as the green-room we remained away from it, and bravely put our fingers in our ears, and studied in spite of the recitation going on in the room. Studied extra hard and had doubly good lessons. Telegraphy lesson came in the middle. Now I can receive and work and she couldn't say anything to me as long as I faithfully answered every dot and dash. And as for our behavior we made it as nearly perfect as we knew how.

To-night reports were again called for. Edith, Eva, Maud "0". Dear me, how she blazed.

"I think we shall have to do as many schools do, not allow such scholars to graduate at all."

Tomorrow we are going to settle this business with Prof Bigley.

Will rowed me to school this noon like a streak or I should have been late. His new skiff is a beauty and named after me, *Isabella.*

Had talk with Uncle Jake. He considers Miss Pattison bilious and suggests pills etc.

Friday 5 P.M. 1882

Still alive! And the war wages warmer.

At recess this morning Edith, Eva and I filed into the library and I asked permission to advise with the Professor, asked if he thought it either just or right that girls as well behaved as he knew us to be must be compelled to report zero, night after night. Told him the whole matter from beginning to end (of which he was totally ignorant) of her insulting remarks of last night, of her threats as to graduating. We gave him examples of our styles of communication even and told him we would cheerfully obey all sensible rules.

He seemed to agree with us, but said he did not like to go to his subordinate and say, "Here you've made a rule you cannot enforce, strike it off." It finally ended by his telling us to take the term in a broad sense and unless we openly annoyed others or carried on wilful conversations with others to report ten.

At recess we girls strolled down Walnut to the water's edge and decided, come what might, to report ten, as the professor had told us to do.

So Edith's name came first and she replied without a smile *"ten".* You could have heard a pin drop, the room was so still and Miss Pattison looked completely foiled as this was the last thing she expected. "Have you communicated today Miss Edith?"

Miss Edith: "If you don't consider that report correct, give me what you choose."

Miss P: "Communicating counts one. I have talked with Prof Bigley since you interviewed him and given him my views. You are to give your own reports."

Edith—"I believe I reported *ten".*

So ten it went down. Edith and I followed suit and such a nonplussed teacher I never gazed at. If she ever tells us we've communicated we'll ask her then to do the marking herself. Mama sanctions our actions in the school, nay more, approves.

Good-bye, bookie dear. I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't expel my indignation into your broad white ear.

Sunday March 19—1882.

Edith spent the night with me last night and such a night as it was. When time to prepare for bed came, Edith began to lecture me—such a lecture I never heard from her. It was about Elmer, Will and the other sex in general. Elmer had called upon her Thursday night and left her in such a state of abject woe that she cried. She says he has been perfectly miserable since the scare (the time I crushed his new-born happiness) and looked like he had been sick a long time. He talked of nothing but me for two or three solid hours. She scolded me horribly and at first I laughed and bantered her generally, but she kept it up pitilessly till I began to wilt perceptibly. She said I must give up either Will or Elmer. "But," I asked, "why will giving up Will affect Elmer?" "If you don't love Elmer, cultivate Will and maybe you'll fall in love with him." At this absurdity I laughed outright. "The idea of my falling in love with Will!"

"Maud, you haven't any heart at all, you're the worst speciman I ever saw—you're a—a—"

"Flirt, and done with it, why don't you say," I exclaimed impatiently. "Well, what shall I do about it?"

"Give Elmer up."

"I did give him up once and he won't take 'no' for an answer. But I will," I began with energy, "I'll never go near him or let him come near me, if it will do any good. I don't want to harm him. I'll do anything to cure him."

She seemed taken aback by my eagerness. "Well I don't know what to do with you Maud, you are incorrigible."

We talked for hours it seemed to me and after we'd retired I couldn't sleep. I grew rebellious toward her. "Because she was happy in her one love, what right had she to reproach me and call me coquette?"

Finally I went to sleep, but woke up before daylight with the same dull restless pain at my heart. What *could* I do? If only Will and Elmer had acted like rational beings, and not fallen in love with me. There were all my lovely skiff rides on Lake Edwards to be given up. If I only could love Elmer! Then I thought of the pleasant evenings we had spent by the cheery grate-fire reading *Joan,* with now and then a little sympathetic squeeze of a stray finger, over some touching point.

I couldn't stay in bed but jumped up and rocked in restless excitement. I felt that something must be done, but what? To give him up and with him all our pleasant evenings made me heart-sick. Without another thought I snatched my writing desk (the pretty desk *he* had given me) and wrote him a short note, fairly dashed it off, to say we must positively meet no more. My eyes were so blinded with tears I scarcely could see; shivering with cold in my bare feet and gown I crept to bed and there cried dispairingly till the rising-bell rang. Without allowing myself to think again of it I dispatched Fred with the note—*hateful* note to separate me from my good boy. Oh! I feel utterly miserable. Actually haven't told Mama. Dread telling her that he'll neither be here tonight or any other night.

Harry Robbins took me boat-riding all over our lake, which owing to last night's storm has so increased that there is water communication from the Halliday House to the "break" at 34th street, which is the entire length of the town.

I think I ought to be put in a nunnery. I'll try to be content with my embroidery, my school, and my painting. Oh dear, oh dear. I like boy friends, not boy lovers.

The fruit trees are all in bloom and are dainty and fragrant as ever. The *Isabella* was beaten in a race Friday by the *Oscar Wilde,* but brightened her fame yesterday by winning laurels ahead of the *Dolphin.*

Tuesday March 21, 1882.

Bless that darling Elmer's heart. In spite of my note he came over Sunday night and we had a long talk. Oh! He's pretty far gone. Actually called my ear a "little pink shell". Said I was not to worry over him or have any more cries, that Edith was mistaken in calling me coquette, as I'd certainly given him no cause to hope. And he called me all the pet names in the vocabulary and stroked my hair when I tumbled it up in my abject woe. I never came so near loving him as I did Sunday night and he seemed inexpressibly happy. Wouldn't it be a joke if I should fall in love with him yet?

Went to school yesterday noon in the *Isabella.* Sweet boat, Will rowed, of course and came near getting upset!

Wed March 22—1882.

Will came up after school to take us sunning in the *Isabella.* Alice Henderson and I went. Will got a couple of light oars made on purpose and I'm learning beautifully. We can pull together right decently. Breakers dashed clear over houses—one story—out in water.

Thursday Mar. 23—1882.

Elmer came last night. Gave him a pansy. "Here's a pansy—thats for thought." He wore it today and I wore one. Wasn't that touching? And he admired my little foot (caught me in my cardinal stockings and slippers, and in spite of my numerous tuckings he saw them) and my hair. Oh! dear. Its funny it just struck him I'd a small foot and soft fine hair.

Sunday. March 26—1882

Yesterday afternoon I had my front hair in a paper (for the first time in an age) a piece of tulle around my head, an apron on, glycerine on my lips and was comfortably seated in an easy chair before the grate fire ready to finish that autumn plaque I'm painting Mama, when WmSn came. I dropped my paint-brushes, threw off the apron, wiped the glycerine off my lips, and sailed downstairs.

He came to know if I would go boat riding in the *Isabella*. At Fourteenth street took the boat and pulled to 20th. The water was gloriously rough, the wind high, and the waves dashing over the side of the boat. Whenever Will rested the oars we rode up and down on the waves as lightly as though the boat were a feather. Frank Metcalf and some others passed us, and Frank struck up the pretty air "Merrily, merrily goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds."

At half past five we came home. At 8 Will came and we pranced down to the Halliday. The reception was a very pleasant affair. Will and I beat Mama and Papa home. It was moonlight and romance—quite a mixture.

But oh! I was consumed with hidden laughter at Will. However the subject came up I know not, but he proudly declared he never had been on his knees to one of the fair sex and never would be. (That was all he knew about it.) I told him he might kneel at once or consider himself unforgiven for his wretched teasing of the afternoon.

He hated to do it awfully. Guess he knew what a goose he'd look. But do you know, in less than five minutes he was down on his knees, and he looked so impossibly ridiculous that I blessed the darkness of the porch for covering my truant smiles.

We are having two weeks' vacations beginning at 3:30 Friday afternoon. Oh, how many things I'm to do.

Tues March 28, 1882

Spent afternoon and took tea with Eva yesterday and spent night with Edith. Lovely time at Edith's and nearly cried myself to death at Eva's. Eva says she believes I'm made of water. She told me some things all so new and horrible to me—but I can't even talk about it. I wish I lived in a sweet Utopia all alone with only pretty things, books, music and water, birds, flowers, pencils and perfumes.

I *hate* boys!!!!

Later.

Mr Craig says there is no point of the Ohio between Louisville and Cincinnati now one-half so wide as a certain place upon the sipe water. We saw flocks and flocks of wild ducks. We ride directly over cornfields, small fruit trees and so on.

Oh, delicious vacation!! So fair, so balmy! How happy I should be but for that excessively disagreeable knowledge, unwillingly gleaned yesterday.

Looking out either window you can count 6 or 8 queer flats, canoes, rafts, dug-outs, stern-wheels, skiffs, sail-boats and so on.

I made fried cream for dinner. Awfully troublesome, but good.

Oh! thou Utopia of my dreams. I wish I could make a little world all to suit myself. Oh hateful world. I shall be a cynic, a bitter disappointed dissatisfied woman, I fear. It seems that if there ever were anything sweet and holy in the world, it existed in my weak, fondly-deluded imagination.

Wed March 29, 1882

Have been trying all day to strain up a few feeble ideas for a graduating essay. Have already made beginnings with the following subjects "American Journalism", "Moods", "Does it pay?" "Stumbling blocks" etc. besides deciding one after the other upon "Call here, my varlet," "Elective System", "The Sixth Sense", "Having eyes they see not," "American Fiction", "The Man and the Author", and innumerable others. Isn't this a pretty subject, "The hills are green afar off"?

Jim is a good conversationalist. He made quite a confidante of me last night. I'll declare I feel sorry for the boy. He will die of consumption in a year if he doesn't go west, and he won't go till June.

Such a cough as he has and he can scarcely talk above a whisper. But he looks healthy. Hair wavy and ink black, eyes the brightest, merriest gray, cheeks as rosy, skin as clear, soft brown moustache, and tall and fine-looking. I gave him a mighty serious talk last night. He says if he'd known me four years ago, neither his health nor his spirits would have been in the condition they are now in.

Friday March 31, 1882.

Last night Will came. We walked to 14th street and there jumped into the *Isabella* and rowed to 20th. Lovely moonlight night and Will's pockets were filled with cream-chocolates and marsh-mallows. (What a little gourmand I am to let goodies to eat go to make up my happy evenings.)

Edith talked with us on the front porch. When I kindly inquired after her essay she only groaned. That's how far mine has got too.

Little Henny-penny comes up stairs,* gets in the stocking box and sets on a china darning egg (nearly as big as she is, for she's a bantam) by the hour. Mama says perhaps it means a French china tea set, for ambitious as the little animal is she surely can't expect to hatch anything less than an ostrich or a soup tureen from that egg.

Sat. April Fool's Day 1882

Fixed a dainty button-hole bouquet of hyacinths, violets, a pansy, Chinese primrose and fern (they were all pale, small and dainty) and sent it in a tiny box with wet silk cotton around it, to Elmer.

Pinned a white Narcissus in hair and one at throat and sat at my window to see him go home to tea; but to keep him from knowing I was looking, drew up centre-table to my side, stood my satin toilet-case on one end and arranged the mirror so that I got full view of street. Pretty soon he came briskly up the walk. Saw back of black head, and white Narcissus, in window; stared till he nearly fell off the narrow plank and till he was out of view, while I, with eyes fastened on mirror went into private ecstacies.

Papa was elected a member of the board of education today.

Mon. April 3—1882

I'm just "beat clear out". This morning at the breakfast table I told the family good-bye, saying, "You may not see me again for some time as I'm going to stay in my room without food or sleep, till I've written some sort of excuse for a graduating essay." Nothing like determination about a thing. When the whistle blew for twelve oclock I wrote the last word. After dinner sat down to read it to Mama. There are nine pages, each about half the size of one of these.* She asked "What shall you name it?" And I told her I guessed I'd have to call it "The Study of Human Nature," or something to that effect, although that was a very prosy subject.

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* Sipe water had flooded the barn.

Last night Elmer and I went floating in a flat. Thirty-six boats on our little lake.

Wed. April 5, 1882.

Had a back-tooth filled and front one filed this afternoon. Don't mind the filling, but nasty rubber napkins and strips of sand-paper make my nerves quiver.

Last night I had an engagement with G. W. R. Corliss but at about 7:30 Will came to see if I would not go skiff-riding as the Choral Society was to meet on the water and sing. I told him to wait and see if George wanted to go. George said "yes" (a little reluctantly, and looking daggers at Will for breaking in upon his evening) but the moon was not yet up so we sent Will out upon the front porch to entertain Mama and for an hour G. W. R. C. and I ranted "Lady of Lyons", laughed, talked and had a good time generally. A little before nine we started off.

Oh! but didn't we have fun. My big new hat with the sailor streamers filled up like a sail. I rowed and we all rowed, sometimes together, sometimes two together, or only one. Learned how to "feather" the oars.

The thoughtful GWRC had his pockets full of creams, cocoanuts, walnut creams and all sorts of French candies.

The moon was round and lovely, the water smooth as a mirror, and the singing very sweet.

Came home at about 11:30, which was very bad of me.

Monday night while at supper at Auntie's we heard our family knock at the front door, this was, you know **—**—**—**—** Edith went to the door and found *Elmer*. Auntie whispered to me "He's learned it early," whereat I blushed in duty bound.

Serenades are popular these nights, but water-ones gain most favor. Have finished embroidering flannel-petticoat.

* The journal's pages are about 9 by 12 inches wide, containing 400 to 600 words.

Sat April 1882

Will has come for me to go boating. . . .

Later 6:25 P.M.

Will broached upon tender topics and acted like a goose generally. Lectured him roundly about the utter aimlessness of his life. Told him it was his duty to have an object and not to spend his money faster than he made it and have no thought beyond today, *always* today.

It disgusts me to see a strong, healthy boy with no more ambition in life than he has. *Can* he be content to settle down for life as foreman of a job printing office?

He said when he found a certain girl he might settle down and make something of himself.

I assured him that unless he did the settling down first he would never find a girl fool enough to love him.

He ranted at length upon the bliss those engaged men had to look forward to, to urge them to be better; upon the beauty of early love, and even ventured to tell me how miserable a girl was who didn't know her own mind. In fact he got a little personal. I took it all down as purely supposed cases, and acted stupidity to perfection, throwing all the cold water possible on him (both theoretical water and sipe-water).

I said I hated those spoony boys who talked of love before they were old enough to tell heart-ache from colic. He said youth was the time for love. Then he said the afternoon had been unutterably happy—but why need I repeat all this stuff to you.

He asked to take me to the reception on *City of Cairo* on her maiden trip. He also wants to take me to our next dancing lesson Thursday night.

Wonder if that reception on *City of Cairo* will remind me of my last one on *City of Greenville.* How well I remember Mr Zimmer's funny remark about my father's beautiful daughter, remember Cousin Ida's lively chatter as she pulled down my hair telling me I mustn't go *a la* skinned onion and then fixed it over, done up high with the hyacinths in it which Someone had sent me that morning for the purpose; how well I remember the darkies singing, "Cruel Slavery Days", then Capt Shields' speech, the white camellias, the talk in the moonlight on the hurricane-deck with the spluttering tar light below, then the brilliantly lighted cabin, and my own self (oh! such a happy self) sailing full length on somebody's arm. Oh! devoted Somebody.

But how silly I'm growing. The old strange restless feeling is oozing over me. Yet he had an honest, open face, such a sweet tender mouth, such deep eyes, such a winning manner, and such polish, it was no great wonder that a little fool should fall madly in love at first sight.

Easter Sunday April 9, 1882

Another bright, sunshiny Easter Sunday as Easter Sundays seem always to be. And *last* Easter Sunday I penned my first line to you. One year ago! How much joy, how much sorrow in one short year. Jesse and Mabel have died, I've had my siege of fever; and Cairo has had her siege of water; Edith and Eugene have realized with a delicious dawn of happiness how dear they are to each other, Eva and I have formed a friendship which I hope will last always, and Easter Sunday rolls around again and finds me lingering over my last hours of vacation—a senior.

Then I've learned unpleasant truths in this last year, and somehow I fear I never again shall have my old trust in the nearness of man to God. It has been a happy year, take it through. One of its greatest disappointments has been in my old frank-hearted sweet, merry Clara.

You remember how she always said she went to school to learn (though she always ranked near the lowest in the class) and not just to graduate, as she considered it no honor to get to graduate from a *Cairo* school; yet the very minute that she found out she was too far behind the class to graduate she stopped school.

Tuesday afternoon she said she thought of going to Boston (she knows her father cannot afford to have her go, when he lives on a salary, yet she makes a great show of "Boston" in her talk) for a musical education—"then you know, I do *so* want to be for a time among cultured people. It is so tame here in the west."

I told her she'd better attempt culture at home for awhile. She said she knew all she wanted to know about readin', 'rithmetic, and ritin', and what she wanted now was culture. I'll declare, I was disgusted.

Robin has on his first boy's suit today and dear me! how it tickles him. It is a little blue sailor-suit and he does look very sweet in it.

Tuesday April 10, 1882

Went to theatre with Elmer last night. The Byrons played *Across the Continent,* and it was quite exciting.

Had two invitations again for tonight, one from Elmer, one from Tom. Refused both as our exam in Trigonometry comes tomorrow and in Geology the day after and I have to dig.

WmSn got me for the reception on *City of Cairo* and Elmer says "Thunder! I *knew* he would; I didn't hear of it till he got up here Friday night and I feared he'd get you then." Elmer says of the last twelve times he's attempted to make engagements with me only 2 were successful. He has asked me to the Temperance Party on the 19th before the invitations are out, so he's ahead there.

Wed April 12, 1882

Mama is going to get me the lovely crushed cream rose at Mrs Williamson's to wear to the grand reception on *City of Cairo.*

Thurs April 13, 1882

Elmer is uppermost in my mind at present, so of him I write. He's upset all my old theories by becoming downright passionate. And I feel almost ashamed to sit there so cool and unenthusiastic watching with more of criticism and curiosity than kind attention.

Poor fellow! He says his love has more of the bitter than the sweet in it, and is quite a delicious misery.

Isn't this love an awful thing. It seems to me the wrong people always fall in love with the wrong people. Why need I have fallen in love with a beautiful face and a polished air and deep blue eyes, and a rascal, instead of dear good old Elmer; and why couldn't he have loved a more gentle girl who could appreciate his love as Wilful Maud seems never able to do?

Friday April 14, 1882.

Everything has turned out lovely for the reception. Edith is going with Jim. Last night's dancing was jolly. Met Elmer and Jim on the way and Elmer looked as white as a sheet, and looked frantic to get by as fast as possible.

This morning before school, received a long note from E. E. C. [Elmer]. He says he thinks I did him a wrong in going to my lesson with WmSn after what I told him 6 weeks ago (what the gracious *that* was I know not) and amid numerous fondly endearing terms begs me to grant just this one favor, viz., to refuse Will's frequent company and "most numerous" engagements. He says he believes he is doing right to ask it, and thinks it will save me many future self-reproaches, and also be doing Will a good deed.

I showed the long note, everywhere full of his burning love and lasting devotion, and Mama agrees with him.

Will's a fool but poor Maudie must knuckle under and cut him. He even had the audacity to say (Edith told me this) that he knew I loved him much better than Elmer and goes bragging around about it (the wretch).

Oh! but I'll give it to that Will. Great idiot to fall in love with me. Tonight I'll manage it. Elmer awaits my decision tonight—it shall be "I'll be a good girl Elmer dear." Supper ready. Goodnight.

Saturday morning April 15, 1882

The reception on the *City of Cairo* will be as lastingly engraved upon my memory as was the one on the *City of Greenville*. Yet what a difference between the two. On the *Greenville* all my attentions came from one source and I was a little green deluded infant. Last night the attentions came from at least a dozen. My program was full in 8 minutes after I received it and poor WmSn was cut out of every dance (save one which we stole later on). Mr Wenger was kindness itself; Elmer and Will all devotion, Jim attentive, and even Mr Parsons (*the* "catch", ha! ha!) honored me by choosing me for his beloved racquet, and also a galop. Eugene and I had a half hour's lively badinage, Cousin Jim was all agreeable, George Corliss quite . . . (you know) and chance dancers numerous.

The boat was lovely and large, the music grand, crowd jolly and supper really delicious (but too much champagne).

Jellies (gelatine) with ripe, sweet strawberries and bananas in them, cakes delicious, ice-cream really good (for a wonder) cold ham, tongue and chicken, grapes, pears, bananas, oranges, nuts, candies, salads, ices, coffee—in fact an elaborate bill-of-fare. The speeches were good, colors and banner pretty, officers kind and everything bon-ton.

Dozens came to me after my programme was filled.

Had a time with Elmer on the hurricane deck where the spluttering tar light gave way to the electric-one.

Edith looked sweet as a peach. So did Alice. So did everybody. But the last part of the evening (in the first part of the morning) was anything but jolly. I hope that one experience in that line will be the last of my life.

I told you my resolution with regard to WmSn, and really tho' with a sinking heart, told him the following story when we reached the front porch at 2:15 A.M., beginning "Once on a time", about the two friends. Then—

"One of these friends loved the little girl very dearly and told her so, and was loved in return." (That's a lie but it must be told to extinguish all hope within him.)

"But the little girl never dreamed that the other little boy had any such notions in his head, till one day she heard a strange story, which was that this little boy no 2. had made it known that the little girl loved him better than no. 1. Now no. 2 had never confessed his love to the maiden, and had therefore given her no opportunity of telling him how hopeless such a love would be."

I asked him if he could apply the story.

Of course he understood it, and oh! it was awful!

He told me how dearly, how exclusively he had loved me for years. *Six* years ago (I know it was *quite* that long ago) I went to my first party—a fancy dress ball at the St Charles Hotel and there met WmSn and there he danced his first quadrille, and with me. This much he had told me before but had never added till last night the additional fact that way back then he fell in love with me.*

"To be sure," he said, "it was only a child's love, but it has grown as I've grown. In those early days I probably did not see you once in six months but the love remained there through it all."

He said he had felt how hopeless his case was and had striven hard against it but all to no purpose. Hard it seemed to him, he said, to know that Elmer, who could not love me with one-tenth the ardor he did, should have won all my affection and left scarcely crumbs of kindness for him. He said that moment was the bitterest in his life, and he had nothing now in the wide world to live for, and the sooner Death came the happier he. His voice was husky for a time and finally he broke down and sobbed like a child. He said he'd been raised by a noble Christian mother but at such times he felt that there *could* be no God. He seemed utterly, wild, reckless, said he'd go to the bad as fast as possible, he knew, as nothing but his love for me and the faint hope that such love might some day be returned had made him able to resist the many temptations constantly thrown around him thus far. I told him if he loved me as he said he did, he ought surely strive to gain my respect and keep my friendship, and that he had his mother's peace-of-mind to care for. Down on his knees he implored me to think again of what he'd said and at least tell him I loved him a little bit, and could think kindly of him. I told him I always had and always should think kindly of him, but that it would be a cruel kindness to hold out a ray of hope or encouragement where not a spark existed; that he must consider my answer a final one. He said he'd leave town as soon as possible, but I might know that whether here or a thousand miles away his love would remain unchanged and he'd sacrifice anything and all for my slightest whim at any moment.

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* That is, when Maud was eleven.

He apologized for giving way so to his feelings but said it was not so light a thing to see the only hopes he had ever cherished in life broken by one blow, and though he had expected it to end as it had, yet it was almost more than he could bear. "At least," he asked, "may I call you friend, and see you once in a great while, when life seems nothing but bitterness?"

I told him if he deemed it wise and safe for himself that he might occasionally see me. It is awful to hear a man *cry,* especially our jolly WmSn. I tried to comfort him, and once when he seemed perfectly over-come I slipped my fingers into his and exclaimed, "Oh! *don't* Will." He leaned over and kissed my hair almost reverently and brokenly said "Good night and good-bye."

I felt like a criminal, although I knew I had tried my level best all along to let him see that I liked him only as a friend. He acknowledged that cheerfully and said he'd die before he would attribute the slightest blame to me, his only and dearest love.

Later

Was interrupted by a note from him begging me to mention last night's occurrence to no one especially Elmer or Edith as he'd rather have them think he'd given up the mad chase of his own accord than that he'd been driven away without a "speck of love." He also said "Don't even write it in your Journal", but *that* deed was already done. However no one shall see *you,* Journal dear, and *I'll* tell no one. He signed characteristically "Yours, all broken up." Burned note immediately.

He seemed half dazed when he left me, and nearly staggered down the steps and then instead of going the right way started towards watery 7th street, reached the water and had to go back.

Sunday April 16, 1882

Have been so blue today and yesterday that the whole world assumed that one hue. Went to M.E. Church with Misses Risley and Pattison this morn; sermon prosy and full of trite expressions, but by paying strict attention and by earnest effort I managed to glean a little good from it.

My thoughts would wander along something in this style: What point *did* he get of the first clause of his text—oh! yes, it was that no matter how high our station in life, how great our moral nobility we are never safe from apostasy to (or from) God. (What a mushy looking mouth he has, and how very squarely his hair is cut in front!)

The very name *watching* signifies danger. Watch that ye sin not as did David. (Wonder what good his spectacles are doing him.)

We call him the royal penitent in the language of the world (wonder what other kind of language we could call him anything else in) yet we behold him in sackcloth kneeling in ashes. (What a fright he must have looked.)

The prayer was as it always is—"We thank Thee for this beautiful Sabbath morning." Some way I can't pray prayers. When I pray the hardest I often say nothing, and invariably forget my thees and thous. I never feel like people say from warm sincere God-loving hearts, "Oh omnipotent omnipresent being". It always comes to me, "Dear merciful, loving father." But perhaps when sorrow has stricken me more heavily and I have a greater awe of his majesty instead of a greater love for him as a tender thoughtful parent, I can pray more as prayers should be.

Jim is in love with Edith. Has told Elmer of it, and is smashed all up, knowing she loves 'Gene. Elmer and I are awfully sorry for Jim but we think he'll recover as he's very susceptible, easily smitten and easily cured.

Edith's a goose not to make Eugene walk-chalk better than she does. I wouldn't be such a muff even if I did love a boy to distraction. I'll bet you I'd treat the other boys nicely enough to keep him on pins a part of the time anyway. It would be good for his health. He even told Elmer, "He was quite too sure of her and if she treated him as I do Elmer, he would come nearer Elmer's high standard of love." Now wasn't that a gentlemanly thing for him to say? Yet I guess its pretty nearly the truth. Because Auntie wouldn't let him take her to *Hazel Kirke* early in the season, he got spunky and made the pleasant resolution to ask her no place else this winter. But he calls there every Sunday night and she just as sweet to him as straw-berries and cream, and broken-hearted and blue because he doesn't take her places any more. If she'd take my advice and give him a few doses of triple-scented electric icicles, he'd come up to the mark at a great deal livelier pace than he now uses, I'll warrant.

I'm going to take the cousinly part and give him an icy coating myself and bring him to terms. I'm not going to see him making her miserable and playing it sweet to Alice Henderson too. He says he's dying for a good lecture to vary the monotony and he knew I was famous in that line. And I *am*. I'll give him a rouser that will make his hair stand on end.

Monday April 17, 1882

Elmer and I had a good long sensible talk last night on subjects pro and con. I believe I shall fall in love with him yet. I did pretty nearly love him last night. He's so good and thoughtful and tender, so anxious to gratify my every wish, so interested in my studies—and *me,* do you know!

Tuesday 8 P.M. April 18, 1882

Sipe-water nearly gone but the small-pox has kindly taken its place as a public grievance. It is spreading nearly as fast as the water did and the wildest rumors are afloat. Elmer and Jim on their way to Edith's last night were told to "Halt!" but unheeding ran almost *into* a man who was broken out.

P.S. An awful fire at 4 this morning burned the box-factory and two houses—one life lost—a tramp.

The night before a glorious "northern light" appeared in the heavens so affecting the telegraph wires that for some time no messages could be exchanged between East and West.

P.S. No 2. At a class meeting this evening we resolved that if any one of our loving band are stricken with small pox, the others are to cheer that one with gossipy, cheerful letters. Much excitement in town over it. Am not much afraid.

Friday 6 P.M. April 20, 1882

Feel all worn out tonight. Have been studying very hard. Should not have cared for that so much but this evening upon looking up my weekly reports I found that one of them (Mental Philosophy) on Wednesday morning was not perfect. It is very discouraging after a week of such *very* hard work.

Have been with the class a great deal today, talking over class matters. The subject of valedictory and salutatory has as yet been unmentioned, but of course Eva will have the first and Edith the second.*

Oh! That nasty typhoid fever! I thought I'd be brave and not mind giving up the one thing to which I have looked forward so long but it is hard oh! harder than you can imagine. From my earliest schooldays I've been used to flattery and compliments from the teacher, have stood ahead from year in to year out, and then to have the crowning year knock me completely out of competition even, quite breaks my heart. I've always pictured my finale as valedictorian amidst a storm of applause and a shower of bouquets. And its tame and flat to suddenly find that I'm only one of them, not *the* one, on a standing (so far as outsiders can know) with Mattie Martin and Sadie Wheeler.

Perhaps it is just as well for some of this stubborn pride, this "sickly craving" for outside honors to be taken out of me, but I'm afraid I bite the rod instead of kissing it.

E. E. C. and I went to the party but watched the conjunction of Jupiter and the moon first. Miss Massey was there. Mr Blauvelt was *not* so I missed withering him. Goody-goody sort of time enough. Jim gave me the blues again and Elmer got spunky 'cause I couldn't be valedictorian and made me feel more abused than ever. I'm glad my good Eva will have it though, since I cannot. Mrs James says she'll make my graduating dress, quite too charming—India mull and Valenciennes-lace.

WmSn walked to school with me yesterday morning, and told me how miserable he was etc. Of course that chirked up my fallen spirits wonderfully. I was blue as indigo before he appeared. Eugene begs to call Sunday afternoon. I'll take the top of his head off too. Jim confided to me his love for Edith.

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* Maud's long absence barred her under the class rule which based standing on daily records, averaged with monthly examinations.

Saturday night 21

We've had a cyclone! It lasted only about 75 seconds but did much damage. I was putting down windows and saw it coming like a cloud from Missouri. Almost before I'd time to get my head in the window it was upon us fast and furious. I danced along wildly for a second, and then stopped dead still and prayed.

I committed an enormity and feel awful about it yet. Was at Mrs Robbins; a telephone message came—"Wind storm coming". I flew home, shut the shutters, called Robin in (Mama was at Grandma's, as Grandma was sick) and then gazed toward the heavens.

It didn't look green or coppery or bad or anything so I thought I'd not pull down all the blinds till I saw signs of something as I know Mr Robbins to be rather excitable. Callers came to engage some of us in a broom brigade drill for an entertainment in June. Mama had come and I never once thought to tell of the expected storm.

Well, because of my not warning them Mrs Thistlewood and Miss Christman came near being killed by a falling tree;—and then it came so rapidly that all our flower pots were hurled from the windows. I didn't comprehend how terrific it was till I saw a great pot which I can hardly move whirled like a feather through the air.

The new church up in the locust-trees was moved two feet and then leveled to the ground a total wreck. Mrs Hudson's (a block below us) a large strong two-story brick, has the entire roof taken off and the walk in front covered with shingles, lumber and bricks and the house filled besides. Our pretty maple is broken off at the tree box. The gas tank was whirled around and mashed, and then some of it catching fire, caused an exciting fire-alarm. Every street is paved with leaves. Immense side-walks were turned completely upside down. The roof (tin) of Papa's store lit gracefully on the telegraph wire; the Garfield rooster on the pole in front, sailed down the Ohio to crow no more. McKnight's photograph gallery had one end jammed in. The barrels in Auntie's back-yard were picked up and set down in front. Papa's partitions caved and damaged some flour. Signboards, fences and peanut stands danced the racket.

Tuesday April 25, 1882

Studying like a little Milton this week—have been perfect in all four studies so far. Last night Mama and I went shopping—to see if we could get the real Valenciennes lace (which we couldn't but must send for) for my graduating-dress. Mrs James took my new polenaise to make, and 't will have three rows of "bullet buttons" down the front. I wish you could hear Wintie Dunning say, "A polka-dot foulard Satin, trimmed in Irish point. Ummm!" Will brought me home from shopping. He looks *so* at me—no, that's too bad, but his mouth *is* shaped so [picture of a tombstone]. He then left me, fondly squeezing the big rose Mama culled him, and went with Jim to Edith's (that was at 9:30). Am going with Jim at 8 up to Edith's where I shall spend night.

Delicious day. My Civil Government and I had the sweetest ten minutes at the cool stone window-sill with the maple leaves sighing just outside and the happiest wild mocking-bird trilling gloriously among them

Eva is frightfully jealous of Alice Henderson. It annoys me *so,* for I like to go with Alice.

Thursday Evening April 27

At times when we least expect them our worst troubles often come. The skum of the town caught the small-pox, but we hardly thought that clean, respectable, comfortable families would catch it. So much for our thoughts. The upper circle *has* caught it, and where but in our own family—Grandma, Aunt Belle and little Mary. Oh! Is not it too horrible!

Not a *word* did I know of it three hours ago. Coming down from school, chattering and laughing with Miss Ford and Jennie, I met Jim, —at the post-office.

He waited on the steps for me and said "Do you know about it, have they told you?"—"Why, what!!" And then he told me. I was fairly stunned, and my head and back both began to ache and I felt sure I had it. Jim said they just found it out this evening, and that his mother had been over there all day. Dr Marean said little Mary has bilious-fever. (But told Mrs Green up-town yesterday he believed she had small-pox.) Not a word did he breathe of such an idea down town and let people come and go to see Grandma, without a word of warning. Old criminal idiot! But the worst of all is, that Aunt Amarala got suspicious about Grandma's old cook, informed Chief-of-police Myers, and had her traced up to Thirteenth street, where they found her daughter broken out with it. The cook has complained of her daughter's ill health for three weeks, but did not tell them what ailed her, though she has been broken out a long time. She's tramped the streets and I expect spread it right and left. She could be imprisoned 100 days for such criminality.

Jim said he'd come over every day to see me if I took it or nurse me if they'd let him, and to let him know if he could do anything at 10th street.

Came home and found a message from Papa, to the effect that I fly to Dr Smith and be at once re-vaccinated. Went up there and started down 13th street, but a woman on the opposite side screamed at me, and pointed out a small-pox sign. I took the other side of the street. Found Auntie and Edith at the doctor's being vac'ted also.

Edith and I have not been in the least exposed, yet people shy pretty clear of us; we have each other anyway.

I can not describe the sensation I experienced when that blood-curdling old red and black sign on Grandma's fence caught my eye.

I could only come home and pray a kind of dumb prayer for the safety of our loved ones.—Eugene and Will just came, Will to tell me to send for him soon as I take it, Eugene to deliver a message from Auntie to the effect that we'd better get a nun from the hospital.

Door-bell again. Elmer this time.

Friday 6 P.M. April 28—1882.

I knew it was him—*felt* he would come—had the "E" written before Julia announced "Mr. Comings". "God is love", I feel it all through me this evening—I'm so happy at having this heavy small-pox burden almost lifted. Grandma and little Mary both have the lightest cases imaginable and Aunt Bell is not broken out at all.

Alice Henderson says I'm a store-house of secrets. It *is* funny but a good many people confide in me. Alice herself, Edith, Elmer, Jim, Will, Eugene (*some*), Miss Ford, Eva, Jennie etc. The last two with school confidences, Edith talks to me of Gene, Gene of Edith, Will of myself and others, Jim tells me about his vain passion for Edith, Alice talks of 'Gene, and *Elmer* tells me everything he knows.

Our odd fellow senior, Sadie, has taken a *funny* streak—yea verily, sober Sadie, prim, bangless, bustle-less Sadie, has taken to making big eyes, cracking jokes, and giggling, delivering heart-breaking puns. We have threatened to print her in a cod-liver-oil almanac, but still it grows upon her.

Amanda is deteriorating in maidenly propriety also, and even delights in Sadie's downfall from grace. *Must* hush. Temperance meeting with E. E. tonight.

Saturday night April 29, '82

WmSn looked blue as indigo at the meeting—I did not think it was really in him to care for anything so much. Mama says he looks real thin and he does, too. He walked by the house gazing at my window ~~thrice~~ twice this afternoon.

One new case of small-pox in town, and one new death. Our folks doing nicely.

Thursday noon May 4—82

Exam in Mental Phil. this morning. As I came away darling Miss Fordie came up and whispered to me, "You are 100, and no one else is so high because they did not give full enough answers. Some of them did not pass. Your paper is *very* fine—a very fine paper."

I smiled so hard all the way down stairs, such a broad smile I could scarcely see ahead of me. The others don't know it yet.

Later.

The girls kicked up a row because they were lowered. Under "Cause and Effect" the most of them said nothing of the main answer to the question as it was worded. Miss Ford told them my paper was finest and discussed every subject more fully and logically, but that she would ask Professor about raising their marks. Well, they finally got them raised.

The girls unanimously chose me class poet this afternoon.

Saturday night May 6, 1882

Miss Fordie took tea with me and my blessed Mama had a dear little tea,—cold tongue dressed with lemons, chicken-salad, rolls and home butter, puffed potatoes, milk, ice-cream, straw-berries and cake, and the table prettily set with flowers and silver.

Fordie and I talked essay. She played in the twi-light for me and I gave her my sweetest white rose when she left.

Eighteen of us made our caps and aprons for the broom-brigade drill down at Miss Fannie Barclay's. Yesterday 28 of us drilled at Hartman's Hall and had a jolly time generally.

Our English Literature examination was a stunner. I wrote 14 pages of fools-cap, in the description of the life and works of Bacon. I had to compel myself to stop at the end of the fifth page. I knew it word for word by the book though I had to condense it considerably.

Three new cases of small-pox near the school-house, two on 6th street, and one on 8th street where I have to pass every day.

I have the prettiest new polenaise—a beautiful pale brown, fits like a glove, three rows of "bullet-buttons" (the latest) down the front, and paniers. Awfully stylish and sweet.

Sunday, May 7, 1882.

Cousin Edith is sick in bed. They hope its merely a bilious attack. Dr Carter (the best small-pox doctor in town) says he can tell by tomorrow what it is. Eva just told me—she came in while we were at dinner.

Something has gone wrong between Eva and me, an indefinable something. We have not quarreled a bit, but we've suddenly both grown cool, and the little link of sympathetic feeling which once bound us so closely, seems quite gone. I can't explain it any more than I can understand it, and it makes me feel badly. She has in every glance a look of cool disapproval which frets me and makes me indignant as well. If I've done anything wrong I'm utterly unconscious of it. To be sure I've made a friend of Alice Henderson whom Eva persists in disliking, but surely that need not concern her.

I read a good book *Doctor Will*—a story of a little circle of friends and "bonny Lady Jean" such a good, sweet wholesome unselfish girl, and I couldn't help comparing my selfish life with hers. It makes me positively unhappy because I can not bear off the highest honors in the class, and I often check myself, shocked to see how in my world everything revolves about self.

God help me to grow more unselfish, to learn to rejoice in the happiness of others even though it bring unhappiness to me.

Later—It is rumored that Edith has it. Dear Edith, it would break my heart to have her pretty peach-like cheeks marked up with horrid marks.

Mon May 8, 1882

Have been with Edith twice today. She was able to sit up this afternoon and will be at school tomorrow or the next day—it was not variloid at all.

Broom-brigade drilled at Mrs. Barclay's this afternoon. Then Alice and I adjourned to an ice cream saloon. Miss Pattison leaves this afternoon, goodness knows what school will do. Dr Carter says its perfectly suicidal to send scholars there, the air is so full of small-pox that one can *smell* it. One afternoon there were fourteen cases in the pest-house adjoining the hospital and all our school windows open and the air blowing directly from there.

Tuesday May 9, 1882.

Miss P. has not yet gone—cyclone expected, so we are all excused—it is just 4:30. Eugene called last night and I never before had so pleasant a time with him—but he told me one fib—said if he hadn't met Edith just when he did, he'd have been "all smashed up" in this quarter, said he wasn't quite sure he wasn't anyway. He knew it was well for Will and Elmer that he met Edith, or they'd have gotten hurt, he said. I told him how inconsistent I thought him in going calling upon her all winter and taking her no place. "What did they let Charlie Wenger take her so much for? It was all right for him (Charlie) to take her sixteen times in succession, but *he* couldn't twice" etc.

It lightened and thundered and poured all night. After the first hard dash 'Gene and I went out on the porch, and it was so fresh and cool, and the wood-bine so fragrant. He did not leave till late and I had to study till nearly midnight.

Such a storm this morning! Mama would not let me go to school but I studied home. Went to see Edith this recess—she is up but very weak, poor little girl.

Read *The Marble Faun* in part to the girls today. Eugene offered me a nickle for you, but I was very unreasonable and would not accept his generous offer. Must study! !

May 10, 1882

I passed 100 in each study. I think it was never done before in the High School. Will was here a while last night to see Mama about the picnic. Elmer called also—but to see *me.* Edith is back today.—My English Literature awaits me—Goodbye.

May 11, 1882

You never in your life heard of such a poor examination-paper as was Sadie's in Eng. Lit. She said *Bacon* wrote "The Essay on the

Human Understanding", when in History, Philosophy and Literature she had heard *so* frequently of *Locke's* Essay on the H. Understanding.

She said that Milton's *Paradise Lost,* was the story of the journey of Christian to the New Jerusalem (knocking poor Bunyan quite out of a plot for his *Pilgrim's Progress*). The synopsis of *Paradise Lost* is a page of fine print in our book, I don't see how she *could* have overlooked it and any school-child ought to know that it treats of the Fall of Man etc. Then she said "The Essay on Man" was written by *Jonathan* Pope, and that he took his ideas from his friend Bolingbroke, whereas Pope *dedicated* his "Essay on Man" to Bolingbroke, and I can't tell you *how* many others she missed—it was outlandish.

Am going to Episcipal jollification to-night with Elmer, and they are to have a May-pole dance and a light opera. I got a new bonnet to wear tonight. It is this lacy, crinkled up, Tuscan straw, with a long white ostrich plume on it, pink satin shirred inside, and French pinks dropping off the side *so* * and that is my nose in it.

May 12, 1882

Mr and Mrs Menager want to board here—are quite crazy too. Mr and Mrs Moore and the baby were equally anxious, and to-day to cap the climax Mr Davenport came. Told Mama I had lovely eyes. Mama told him he'd have to take a small, hot back room. Oh! he didn't mind that. Big family! All the jollier! Plain home fare—just what he craved etc. He and the Menagers are the greatest friends imaginable and such cut-ups.

Sat, May 13, 1882

Col. Scott also wants to come—Papa says he'll have to build an addition to the house. Its awfully funny. The first thing we know we'll be turned into a boarding-house. I like lots of people here tho! Elmer and I went to the Y.P.T.C. Meeting. Had a "time" with WmSn and said I'd never speak to him again, he might never come here again, and that I'd lost what little remnant of respect I had left for him. It was all because he said he'd broken the pledge, and wouldn't resign. We left early, so I don't know who's to be May Queen.

Elmer's favorite aunt Molly can only live a few days—she has consumption. She has advised and helped Elmer all his life and the poor boy feels awful about it, of course.

* Maud's illustration shows a very large plume and a very pug nose.

Mon. May 15. 1882

Mr and Mrs Menager came to-day—had supper with us. I shall love them both. Splendid drill at five; great improvement!

Sick last night—asleep on parlor sofa when Elmer came—had a little bit of fever and he was very solicitous on my account. There is something very queer about the trouble he has getting away from here. He generally starts about 9:45 and vanishes at about 10:45. He used to say, "If a fellow means to go, why doesn't he *go?"* but somehow many of his old resolutions seem to be melting in thin air.

May 16, 1882

Remained after school for Miss P. to time my essay. Said she, "It is nine minutes long and must be cut *two*". "Shall I slice out one of those individual descriptions?" "Oh! no they are so entertaining," "Well, what then?" "I don't know where any can be taken out, it's all so good but you know you must make it short because you'll have to read the valedictory or salutatory too." "No'm!!" "Why of course." "No ma'am,. Eva will be first, Edith second. According to our class resolution, my nine weeks' records lost, throw me out of competition." "What a shame! But surely you missed no examinations?" "Only one, which I made up at once, standing next to highest by 98 to 99. The others I took with the class." "Why I supposed of course you'd be honored."

Miss Ford—"The idea of making you give it up, because you were sick. You ought to be doubly rewarded for making it up" etc.

A beautiful drill after school. "Major" Barclay said our "grand rank" was elegant. The whole B.B., nearly, met at Stuart's and all the red hose in the establishment were sold. Bought me a beautiful little pair of opera-slippers finer than any of the others got. Jim walked home with me—spirited times! Elmer saw us at gate and joined us. He will be back in fifteen minutes. Invitation from WmSn for Thursday night accepted. Eugene home—Will told me stories. Mad at him!

Wed. May 17, 1882

Kate Howard, elected May queen, has chosen me one of her maids-of-honor. WmSn just came to see if he could act as my knight. Told him if Elmer could go I had promised to go with him, if not he might take me. So he went to see Elmer. Told me E's aunt was dead.

I am so very sorry to hear it. Poor boy. She was such a sweet, noble character.

Mr Menager teases me at table and gets off puns about "the Coming (s) man."

Friday May 19, 1882

Yesterday was one of the fullest days of my life, shopping, school, "Rector" Davenport to dinner, back to school, then a drill and a visit to the dressmaker. Will called before I was ready. Finally made my brilliant appearance in jaunty cap, ridiculous apron, scarlet dust-cloth, scarlet hose and opera slippers, with throat done up in mull kerchief and locket on velvet. There is only room for my ears. My foot looks about so wide in my new slipper. It is a narrow 2.

All the sixteen B.B's fluttered up and down, and chattered, and smiled and nodded and ah'd and oh'd and applauded everything, and smelt everybody's roses and jasmines, till at 10:15 we were marshalled into the dressing-rooms. There Major Barclay gave us some bits of homely advice, and after calling off, left facing and "two's right!" we marched forth.

The music to which we kept time was done with piano by Miss Scarret and triangle accompaniment, and was so lovely that it quite inspired us as we began the "intricate and graceful maneuvers" (as the morning *Bulletin* called it). The first time we formed fours, there was a round of applause. Also the first time we did the abouts, *every*time we did "grand rank", and the first time we did right and left flanks.

Not a grin did one of the sixteen indulge in, nor a whisper. Finally, sixteen abreast, we were called to a "halt!" and went through the broom movements. At the commands "Load", "Aim", and "Fire", everybody roared, and every young man in the opposite end of the house declared himself shot, and Will even produced a little white rosebud which had pierced his heart. We left two abreast as we came, and the applause nearly shook the building—and kept on and on till we appeared again, were again received breathlessly and applauded out, and after reaching the dressing-rooms Major Barclay called "Twos left" "Left dress". "Company attention!" and made us a funny speech.

They told us that the "Halliday Guards" were not nearly so far advanced in military tactics tho they have been training since last summer. Several gentlemen who have attended military-schools, or fought in the Civil War, said our movements were simply perfect, the *Bulletin* gave us the biggest puffs any entertainment has received this season, and we are invited by the Presbyterian ladies to repeat at the Chinese tea party at H.H. [Halliday House] Thursday night.

Tomorrow is the picnic. I'm afraid it will rain. We, of the royal party, have special car and provided banquet. I've a new French gingham.

Saturday night May 20, '82

Last night 'Gene, Will, and Elmer were all here at a time. Elmer stayed longest.

Picnic to-day. Royal party included Queen and maids-of-honor, accompanied by knights. Maids wore handsome pink satin badges, gents corresponding ones of blue.

It literally poured pints the living day. Will and I got to the hill and there, in gossamer, shawl, and under umbrella we sat till my feet were soaked. Found a saw-mill. Fire six feet from ground. Only way to dry feet was to stand on heads. Scheme accomplished. Gents shoveled hot ashes from under furnace, covered with sawdust, and then the girls had a clam bake only substituting feet for clams. Ate splendid dinner in station. Lots of fun there. Danced in a great big loft. Came home on next trip at three oclock.

Tore up and threw away four of Will's 'tin-cint cigars" as fast as he lighted them. Coming home he smoked one before me in the pilot house. Oh! but wasn't I *mad*? Oh, but didn't I freeze him! I didn't speak of it, I only gave him chills all the way back. Before we reached the front gate he had apologized half a dozen times, pleaded, begged. Said he'd never smoke again in my presence. I remarked dryly, "Don't flatter yourself that you'll ever get the chance!" That *crushed* him. I don't know why it should have affected me as it did, but he knows I dislike the habit, and I felt it an insult for him to sit there and puff away at that old cigar. I kept my eyes fastened on the Tennyson in my lap and my face was *hot* with indignation. But I'm *even* with him. He feels worse than I did. Goodnight.

Oh! Our B.B. is to be given at the Opera House also. This morning's paper calls us the "Sweet Sixteen".

Sunday, May 21, 1882

Let me tell you the joke on WmSn. He left me apparently broken hearted at my cruelty and said he would not go one step to the party without me. Today Ella Kent was telling me what a lovely crowd they had, and I found out that WmSn was there with Edith to console him.

So chilly that we've fires today. Sunday-school this afternoon. Two "mashers" in the class. Lesson interesting.

Mon. May 22, 1882

Have been dying to tell you all day but have had no time. Last night Elmer coolly produced a plush case and requested me to open it—when lo! a sparkling diamond on a bed of royal purple satin met my dumb gaze. I think I couldn't speak for fully a minute. Such a charming solitaire diamond ring, beautifully set, and he quietly slipped it upon my third finger. I protested in vain—he said if Mama wouldn't let me wear it, at least I must keep it. It was a great deal too big as he had it made the size of my amethyst which he wears, and which is now rather large for me.

I don't know what on earth to do. Of course it is out of the question, my wearing it as an engagement ring. Wouldn't the girls' eyes grow big to see me appearing at school one of these mornings with a lustrous diamond sparkling on my finger! Dear fellow said my eyes were far brighter than diamonds. But it was so extravagant of him—and Mama'll raise the roof with just cause.

Wed. May 24, 1882

Its going on towards 'leven and I ought to be in bed, but I'm *crazy* to write. Have just tacked a hat-band in Elmer's new stiff gray one. Band is pale gray satin with E. E. C. (and spray of bluebells on each side) done in pink shading from faintest shell to rose-pink.

Painted one for Alice to give Eugene. Blue on crimson. Am also painting one for Lillie Phillips. Cream-colored and blue on dregs-of-wine. Its all the rage now—every girl embroiders or prints her "particular" a band for the inside of his hat upon which are his initials. Elmer's looks awfully pretty—the gray and pink over the white satin lining.

He was over and found me talking with Mr Menager on the front porch with my hair down and curling and waving all over (you see it bounced down when Mr M. and I played ball). He stayed a few minutes and Mr. M. said "I'll let you swing on the gate a little while." So we swung, and before we were done swinging 'Eug. and Will came and "swung" an hour or so more.

Worked till 12 last night on Trig and got up at 5:30. Passed 100, in exam. It came off this afternoon. Poor Edith only passed 30. She got muddled on a point which occurred in *seven* examples. She will have to take another examination before she can graduate. Felt so jolly to think that we were thro with Trigonometry!

We wanted to prepare for an examination in Trig yesterday afternoon but Miss P. gave us *four* lessons in Civil Government. We were so mad. Jennie, Eva, Amanda and I in the green-room meditated revenge.

Jennie: "Why didn't she give us the whole book and be done with it?"

Maud: "I'll give you all the chocolate creams you can eat, if you'll go and ask her why she didn't give us a little more, or something to that effect."

Finally Amanda went in, marched up to "face the music" and asked, "You must have made a mistake. You only gave us four lessons. Can't we please take another?"

Know ye all people that Miss P. was expected to wither under this sarcasm, but the joke came in in an unexpected place. Miss P. couldn't detect the sarcasm it was so deeply veiled and so gravely delivered, but supposing we'd taken a sudden streak of smartness said,

"Why, um *yes,* if you can *take* it."

Amanda did it a little bit too good. All that we had left of our stunning joke was *five* hard lessons in Civil Government. Amanda and I were bound we'd get it, and we did, but nearly died in the attempt. We'll not attempt any more jokes soon. Must go to bed. Sleepy and worn-out. Goodnight.

May 26, 1882

Elmer is *very* much pleased with his hat-band.

May 27, 1882

Woodie kindly informed me that Bert Halliday said the girls were mad at me because I cheated in my examination (meaning the one in which I stood 100 in everything). When I mentioned this startling piece of news in the green-room Eva and Edith looked very much confused, Edith remarking, "Its queer how those grammar-room scholars find out so much." "Very," I answered dryly, and Eva said, "I don't know that anyone said *you* cheated", leaving me to infer that it was the teachers who did it, by marking me as they did. Yesterday I asked Bert who told him about it and he said "Joe Walker" (You know Joe Walker is the son of the woman with whom Eva boards). Then I sent to Joe and asked for the source of his information. He replied to Wood, "*Now* Eva says I've made it up, but I didn't", and that was all we could get out of him. Now don't you think it was amiable of Eva? If she was jealous she needn't have tried to make either me or the teachers appear dishonest. If I had been dying to cheat it would have been impossible as all my books were packed on the piano at the other end of the room and I sat in another girl's seat (over an empty desk) and had with me nothing but a scratch-book, and the teachers were in the room the whole time, and I didn't leave the room till through.

May 27, 1882 (Con'td)

This morning Papa gave me heaps of money for my graduating outfit and Mama and I got a Persian linone [lawn] to be trimmed with Moire-court-lace (its nicer than mull) and made up with puffs and flounces by Mrs James.

Bought three strands of pearls, Oh, so big, for my throat, and a pair of six-button gloves (couldn't get any higher in town). Also a charming fan edged with ostrich tips (wee ones) one side satin and the other watered moire antique with spray of flowers embroidered on in white silk.

Got such a handsome sash, nearly as wide as you are [12 inches] and it is the richest brocaded satin. Mr Haythorne sent to New York for dainty satin boots and if they don't come in time I'm to wear a pair of kid ones which he has and which none of the other girls could get into. They are 2½ B. last and a very pretty fit; were ordered for a wedding but were too narrow. Their original price was $6 but as he's had such trouble finding anyone whom they will fit, he offered them at $2.50. But I prefer the satin ones.

Elmer read my mind the other night in the most unaccountable way. I was dumb-founded. Last night he left me a *Science Monthly* with a marked article on "the Sixth Sense" to read. It made me smile. All in the world I told that boy was that I had a lovely secret, known only by self and Mama. He watched me intently for a while and from that simple remark gleaned my cherished secret. I hadn't even told you. I'm sure he knows it but its awful and what made him think—

dream of such a thing at all, I know not. Its nearly ten—must study and bathe.

(END OF VOL. I)

[NOTE: The second of the six red leather diaries, which begins here, is inscribed, "To the best Little Woman in the world.—From Elmer."]

June 2, 1882.

I did mean to begin you on the 31st dear *new* friend but neither fingers, brain nor feet have had a moment's rest since then. Am half sick just now and *mad* as well about the outlandishly hard examination in Civil Government they gave us this afternoon. Last night I sat down to study and just felt all the way through me that Elmer would come over, though I'd expressly forbidden him to, because I had so much government to learn. Sure enough the door-bell rang, and I heard his well known accents on the front porch. Result: in ten minutes, in concert array: bullet-buttons, velvet, and new bonnet; and with Elmer as escort, I was wending my way to Hartman's Hall to a concert.

Elmer took my civil government in his pocket and I learned twenty pages or so while there.—Mr Lansden watched in amazement and I asked him about the right of Congress to dispose of all unorganized territory. WmSn was there— Did not speak to him.

Read my would-be class poem to the girls and teachers yesterday. They raved over it and want me to finish it, and read it instead of my essay.

Mrs Menager prescribed some home medicine for me the other day, and supposing it to be mild like "old fogy tea", I drank three glasses of it, before I thought to inquire how much to take at a dose. Mrs. M replied, '*two* swallows wouldn't be too much of a risk'. My hair stood on end! I'd had a good big pint. Haven't gotten over the effects yet.

Was so sick that I didn't stop to look over my Civ. Gov. examination paper but gave it in soon as I finished it. Am sorry now that I didn't look it over because in such a long examination, I'm sure to have made mistakes. But it was awfully hard—the first question requiring an answer two solid pages long, finely written, and comprising an analysis and about half the Constitution.

The board of education and the board-of-church met this morning at nine, and settled upon the Presbyterian Church to hold our graduating exercises. Board vexed, and girls *hopping* because we couldn't get the Opera House. Must go to sleep but you'll hear more of me. Study straight through from tomorrow morning till Monday morning, with two naps. English Literature "cram". Adieu!

Saturday, June 3, 1882

Went over to the church at 10:30. Found Eva and Edith there. Miss Pattison says we all passed in Civil Government but Jennie. There is a board three-and-a-half or four feet tall in front of the pulpit clear across the platform, and we can't be seen below our waists. We didn't like that. All three of us trotted down to Capt. Shields—he said we could go over to the Opera House and see it with all the curtains up, and see if we didn't think we could do without gas. We found it plenty light enough without, but some of the board are not even willing to pay for it *without* gas, so I guess we must give it up.

I quote the *Bulletin* on the subject of dear Alice [Wardner]'s wedding. The Chicago correspondent wrote it up—here is a wee bit of the article—"The alcove to which I refer faced the west—the hour was the sun-set hour, and as they stood there 'Alice and Fred' the last ray of the setting sun threw its warm red light upon them—wrapping them in a golden glory—bathing them in a sea of rich, mellow light, and casting athwart and o'er their pathway long shafts of beautiful yellow rays; gaze into the interior of the rapidly shadowing Tabernacle, where they blended into one, and I thought then as I think now, may these be prophetic of the life before them—themselves as young, standing on the threshold of life, with all about them brightened by their own happiness."

Here is another passage—"One thing I must tell you and that is that all we felt—oh, I mean all us boys— Pshaw! I meant to say all the gentlemen present did heartily envy the happy bridegroom when he kissed his pretty little wife twice, right before 'em all, and no other fellow there dared to kiss her even once."

Once more, "As for the little bride she was the veriest little queen—nothing could exceed the sweetness, ease, affability and grace of her deportment—"

Its the sweetest, most original wedding-report I ever read, and actually had the grace not once to call sweet Alice a "blushing bride". If a girl is as white as moonlight she must always be a *blushing* bride. I grow disgusted.

Oh Alice, dear little friend, I pray from the bottom of my heart, that those dear eyes may always be as love-lit, as free from care, as now. Fred adores her and she worships him. I never knew a more thoroughly love match. As I read the account I couldn't help wondering if such things would ever happen to me, if Elmer would be the one, to whisper "*Dear* little wife," to me, as he once said he hoped to be able to do—"and a thousand things more."

Mama made me some lovely new underwear to graduate in, and as Elmer is so fond of pretty things, she said laughingly to me, "Hadn't I better show them to Elmer?" Elmer came last night, and I said Mama'd threatened to do something awful. He insisted upon my telling him what. I refused, and when he still continued to ask, I scolded him for always wanting me to tell him everything, and he said, "Why not?" I said only married people told each other everything. "Yes dear, but aren't we going to be some day?" He says it must not be so very far away either, and I replied that I couldn't be married before I was twenty-five *anyway* and I'm only seventeen now. Bless the boy! I don't know what he can be thinking of. I *am* getting to truly love him, at last, I do believe. Mama says I'm making myself think so. He kissed me, and called me his "own little love" last night. He's never called any other girl so. Two other young men have called me so. One has disappeared from out my existence as thoroughly as if he were dead. WmSn is recovering his heart-wound I think, and the burning spell is being healed by a freezing one. I giggled at him one day this week in spite of myself, he gave me such a made-up heart-broken glance. Must study.

Monday June 5, 1882

I'm the gladdest girl to get through examinations that ever you heard of. I've counted up back examinations and averaged them all, and I'm ahead of the class—considerably—4 anyway ahead. Oh! If only I hadn't missed my daily records when I had the fever I should have been valedictorian. As it is I'm *nothing*. Yes I'm highest, but the public will not know it.

Mr Davenport took dinner. Am going to see a tinner about making a monogram "C.H.S." for us to fill with flowers. Mr Lansden thinks it is a shame that we can't have our exercises in the Opera House. He is School-treasurer, and he's gone to see Capt. Halliday, president of the board about it. Don't know that it will amount to anything. If my head didn't ache so badly I'd fly to work and write another essay, perhaps I shall anyway. Mr Davenport suggested "Aftermath" for a subject. Mama wanted me to take "Mirage" and I want "Wondrous (?) Philosophy!"

Wed. June 7, 1882

At a meeting of the school-board this afternoon Prof Bigley said that by all deserts and rights I was valedictorian. He delivered to the secretary the school-roll for the year which is a report of the standing of every scholar in Cairo. Here is our class—

	1st ex	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	Days Absent
Field Amanda		87	84	89	86	7½
Martin Edith		95	91	96	93	3
Martin Mattie		86	83	93	76	24½
Rittenhouse Maud		96	98	99	100	45
Shepard Eva		97	94	100	98	3½
Webster Emma		86	84	88	88	26½
Wheeler Sadie		88	82	74	68	29
Wright Jennie		95	86	—	92	11

So you see my average is 98¼, Eva's 97¼ and Edith's 93¾. I averaged up the examinations for the year and I'm *four* ahead. Professor Bigley said that till today he had never dreamed but that I should be valedictorian and was more astonished than he could tell at finding out that Eva had taken it. He says it certainly belongs to me.

Can you stand any more news at one dash? *We are to graduate in the Opera House.* Our school-girl spunk has bourne us through the crisis.

Thursday June 8, 1882

Everything has turned out beautifully. Yesterday morning we girls decided to engage and pay for the Opera House ourselves. At three we rehearsed there. At seven the board held a meeting, and overcome with our push, and a little ashamed at having refused us, passed a vote to pay for the Opera House themselves. We nearly danced our intellectual toes off when the news reached us. Surprise no. 1.

Next Mr Lansden volunteered to give us two of those grand choruses by the Choral Society. Next, Bettie Korsmeyer appeared with a large star, four feet tall or so, with "Edith Martin" done in spatter work on it, and a tangle of ferns, wild-grasses and graceful sprays. The beautiful thing was framed with green, and she said she had one for each member, besides our class-motto "D'Accord", to be used as decorations. Wasn't that the sweetest and most thoughtful thing for her to do?

This morning I went to the tinner to pay for the monogram, but, oh, he could not think of letting us pay for it. He would be only too glad to do that much for the school. So I thanked him in behalf of the class, then Will punched the "clean little holes" in our papers and Mr McNulty even offered to go to the trouble of cutting rings, putting them through and soldering them again.

We were worrying about how to get enough chairs (for the musicians, board, teachers, and class are to sit on the stage "all in style as they do at Normal") when Capt. Shields put in an appearance and offered to send fifty from Hartman's Hall.

Dr Jocelyn let us have a fine Chickering piano (insured) for $5.00. The class is invited to tea at Edith's, and Mr King (the ice cream man) sent us an invitation to attend his floral ice-cream hall.

Mr Kuhne lowered the loveliest parlor scene there for our benefit, the boys came down and offered to run errands, and the board capped the climax by saying we might have one thousand programmes (500 is the usual number) and that the class-poem could be published, and 200 very handsome ones are to be given to our particular friends.

I wrote two essays—the first, "Character Study", I was sick of because I'd read it so much and it was so shallow. So I sat down and dashed off a *satire* "Wondrous (?) Philosophy" which was more striking than the first; "more brilliant" as Miss P. said. I was worried to death to know which one to take. Well, they all thought No 2 best so finally I decided to read it and had it so placed on the programme, but all the time I kept thinking, "What if half of them don't understand it, and what if the ones who do understand it think it pert in a chit like me to stand there and poke fun at a philosophy founded among old heads, and firm for twenty centuries". I was so wild with conflicting desires that I couldn't eat my breakfast, but finally decided to read the stupid school-girl one which all would understand instead of the bright, queer, unusual one which half of them would be in the dark about. So the programme was printed with, *"Character Study,* Isabella Maude Rittenhouse," and I'd give anything, everything, now if I only hadn't changed. Wish I hadn't written No 2 for it only made me unmercifully dissatisfied with No 1.

Yesterday morning my dress had arrived and I put it on. Such a fright you never saw in all your mortal days; didn't fit, drapery ungraceful, flounces uneven, lace whacked on and so tight that it looked like a string. Started off on the tear to see if I could get Jennie McKenzie to make me a nun's veiling, double-quick time. But Auntie Robbins (she's a born modiste) volunteered to fix it over and make it girlish and sweet. So they got a bolt of lace, ripped it up, and with Mrs Menager are fast forming a fairy thing of it.

Then my darling satin boots came, from Philadelphia instead of New York, and were wide enough around the ankles for Barnum's fat woman. To sum it up in one word they were tre-men-dous! Had to take kid ones, but they are little and cute (2 B. last) and have satin finished buttons on them, so I'm slightly consoled.

Tuesday night I was about the bluest girl this side of the Rocky Mtns. It struck me hard, although I'd been expecting it, when I found that *sure* Eva would be valedictorian and Edith salutatorian. Of course I knew she would take it, and under the circumstances I wouldn't have had it, had it been given me, but I did feel hurt that not one of the girls even mentioned it to me, or said they were sorry for me.

Well, that night Elmer came to take me to a performance at the Opera House and he said, "You dear little goose, everybody knows you deserve it and why you haven't it," and he told me that Guy Morse had asked what in thunder they meant "by not giving Maud the valedictory."

Lillie Schutter, Nellie Gilbert, and Laura Halliday are to act as flower girls (the joke will be if we get no flowers) and Mr Thistlewood is to award the diplomas. *We're* not going to have our essays tied with ribbons (the funny places in all the old patent-insides of newspapers talk about the sweet girl graduate and her ribbon bedecked words of wisdom) but have had holes punched in the top and rings inserted, so they turn over the top if you just look at them and tell them to.

We are to have six ushers Elmer, Gene, WmSn, Phil Barclay, Will Halliday and another one; Mr Silver is to be manager, and Capt. Shields will be general utility man.

An immense closed carriage is to call for the whole class—and we're to be taken in it to Auntie's immediately. Goodbye.

I was dying to tell the girls that Professor Bigley said I deserved the valedictory, but I knew it would raise a row and spoil our class-motto "D'Accord". I'm *so* disgusted with my essay.

Saturday June 10, 1882

Well its all over and I'm a school-girl no longer. Boo-hoo!

It was a perfect success. The stage looked grand—the scene was the inner room of a palace—tall beryl pillars, statues, flights of marble steps fading into the background. The class motto "D'ACCORD" beautifully done on a shield was suspended from the central arch, and our class stars hung on the eight side wings. The monogram "C H S", the C in white, H in ferns and S. in roses red, swung from the back of a music rack. A heavy large velvet rug lay upon the place where the essayists stood. The "parlor furniture", a sofa and six chairs all very elegant, were left vacant, in front of the choral society board and teachers for the "sweet girl graduates". At the appointed time we filed out in this order, Maud, Edith, Eva, Amanda, Emma, Jennie, Sadie, Mattie (Mattie and I, the two wee ones, at the ends).

People whispered, "How sweet," "Charming", "Exquisite", because we were all in white. Rev. Mr. Hess pronounced the opening prayer which was followed by a solo from Miss Corliss. Then came Edith's salutatory and essay. I was disappointed because she received so few flowers.

I felt while the girls were reading that they could not be well heard all over the house, and was determined I *would* be heard to the remotest seats in dress circle and gallery. So I read distinctly and clearly, and my voice seems naturally one which is easily heard. In the middle I saw a photographer turn his camera at me from the hall back of the parquet circle. I thought him extremely impudent, so I nodded my obstinate little head, changed the position of my hands and paper frequently and thwarted him (Capt Shields afterward told me they wanted to get a view with me reading but couldn't).

I knew people heard me, I could tell by their faces. When I sat down, they applauded lots and the flowers came. I got the handsomest floral tribute there. The simple rich card with "I. Maud" on it, told me as plainly as a dozen notes what was meant. It was a tall graceful basket of smilax, tube-roses, tea-roses, and buds, carnation-pinks, fuschias, daisies etc, and on a bed of fragrant white pinks in the center was spelled—

"Maud
'82"

in tiny purple flowers.

Rec'd *such* a graceful basket from Clara—it was edged with Elder blossoms and pansies, filled with roses and the handle draped with elder flowers. Auntie Henderson sent me two glorious magnolias, and I rec'd a charming basket from Fannie Barclay and Mrs Phil.

There were 1,000 people in the house! Isn't it funny how people notice every little thing about one at such a time. A young lady told Mama how little and neat my feet looked. The others wore slippers, which naturally make the feet look larger and anyway I have the smallest feet in the class. But how funny for people to think of that. Mrs Henderson told Mama my dress was by far the prettiest and most appropriate. Mr Ellis (Eugene's father) said to Elmer, "Couldn't hear half of what those girls said—but when Maud comes she'll redeem the class, *she* can always be heard". And after I'd read he said,

"I told you so! her essay beat the others to nothing."

Elmer whispered, "Your's was fifty per cent better than any one's and they heard from every place." Lots of people told me mine was the only one of which every word could be heard.

The little flower girls were so graceful, smiling and sweet that I wanted to hug them. They (the photographers) took two views of us right there.

We all smiled when a big spray of lilies from one of the boxes made little Mattie dodge for her life.

I couldn't keep my thoughts from roaming to the sunny green room in which we could gather to cry over hard history lessons or laugh over senior jokes no more.

Later

Mr George pronounced the benediction and said "God bless you," to me in a way that brought tears to my eyes.

We had to have carriages and friends and small boys to carry off our flowers, and then all eight were whirled off to Auntie's, about as laughing and charming a crowd as ever you saw. We sang our school songs at Auntie's and Eva cried.

Tea was delicious and while we were sprinkled around in the grass, Mr King sent for us to visit his floral garden. There we found music and flowers, and two tables set in arbors, with ice cream and pineapple ice. Before we left we had a sham wedding.

Had to pay Mrs James $5 for botching up my dress, but I gave her a talking to she's not apt to forget in a hurry.

Saturday afternoon Eva, Edith, Amanda, Jennie and I each had a dozen cabinets taken in our graduating dresses; and then the whole class was taken in a group-size of 8 x 10.

To-day, against my express command, my wise (?) class-poem came out in *the Bulletin* giving name in full.

Elmer and I had the nicest kind of a talk. I told him he might call another night soon if he'd leave *very* early and not expect me to stay on the porch alone with him when he leaves.

He says, if I loved him as he loves me I wouldn't care for the whole world to know that he held me in his arms and kissed me good-night. But I told him it was highly improper. The old reproach "Remember I'm only a school-girl sir," is gone.

I never shall forget the occurrences of that last night—our last night together as a class.

Well, its all over and I'm a school girl no longer.

CHAPTER FOUR

A Hatband for Mr. Blauvelt

June, 1882.

Friday night the words were spoken which make us through all eternity near and dear to each other.

I think neither of us will ever forget that night—the wood-bine vines and the stars, the lightest of Summer breezes and the completest of happiness.

When he came I was playing ball with "Papa Menager" feeling cool in my cream-colored lawn with my "graduating" cape jasmine (just arrived from the South!) at my throat; and feeling also not a little delighted at my newly acquired accomplishment of catching a high ball on the run.

We went to the Temperance Meeting together and with Mama and Robin, and didn't leave there till ten oclock.

I don't feel like telling you how it all came about but I'll remember it as long as I live. He kissed me over and over and was inexpressibly happy—but its queer as long as I didn't love him he was wretched and soon as I did, he grew nearly as wretched and said he was not worthy—indeed I believe he wanted to institute an immediate search for a perfect man for me.

I laughed at his wrinkled brow and hushed him up in a minute. We were both so bubbling over with youthfulness and joy that every trifling little incident caused us both to laugh merrily, and the next minute we were as sober as Quakers and half sad.

He can't think of waiting till I'm 25. "Why little love that is eight long years. If you love me how can you bear to wait so long?"

He says he's jealous of the little garnet ring on my third finger. It was at Mr Parsons that Eva wished it on and she said, "Shall it be for a year?" "No *no* not so long," I replied and Elmer looked so delighted for he knew that when my love for him was *the* love of my life, his diamond was to rest upon that finger (think of me—only a girl too—being able to keep that pretty solitaire which he gave me, locked up in my desk all these weeks without showing it to a soul or telling anyone about it) and my answer to Eva told him plainly that the happy time was not a year distant. The garnet comes off the day Eva leaves town.

I was so happy I wanted to crown him with laurels and cry "Eureka! I have found him—my ideal". For last night my ideal changed. Once it was founded in beauty of feature and charm of tongue with little regard for truth and high moral worth.

That was why for so long a time I saw only my good boy's defects, and because he was not graceful as a fawn, and handsome as Apollo, failed to recognize inward nobility in him.

There have been times in my life when with red eyes and heavy heart after hearing some fresh scandal I would declare, "Man, from the mightiest king to the humblest laborer is impure throughout—more animal than true man or honest love." Just as fast as I'd find some gentlemanly chivalrous pure and high-minded man on the globe and try to say, "Surely here there is no corruption" somebody older and wiser (?) than I would say I was wrong again and I'd be compelled to pull down the pedestal; I don't mean feeling in love and thinking I'd fallen in love with perfection—but *any* man, from the youngest and most innocent looking to the old gray haired ones which one should love to reverence.

Do you blame me for being wonderfully light-hearted and happy when I *know* Elmer to be one entirely free from such coarse dissipation of any sort.

All mankind is not depraved. When I think of Papa, Mr Spear, Mr George Fisher, and Elmer, I feel always that they ought somehow to stand way up above the rest of mankind. Of course, you wise old Journal, you're smiling sarcastically and saying, "She thinks she's in love with an angel." But indeed I don't think any-thing of the sort. I know he has faults—dozens of them; all people have. He's abrupt in manners and very outspoken, often hurting people's feelings by too strict adherence to the truth. He's not polished or what you call handsome, and he used to say "cuss-words" when I first knew him, though of-course never before me.

But he's always been pointed out to me as a model, "a boy who doesn't smoke, drink or chew, who is business-like, energetic and bound to make his way in the world"; and I would call him a "goody-goody boy" and he hated it awfully, but oh! just *am* I not glad he *is* a goody-goody boy! ! !

Corinne was down Friday and while here she said that one day when Elmer was at Villa Ridge her mother said "I think Maud is the smartest girl in Cairo" and that Elmer with an air of calm conviction replied simply "She *is*." "Oh Maud" Corinne continued "when Elmer is away from you he is silent and abstracted and answers at random with his mind seemingly miles away, but soon as you appear upon the scene he's all eyes and ears and happiness. You are the making of that boy."

The other day Elmer started to speak to Papa of me, tell him his hopes and all that, and find out his feelings on the subject, but he decided to wait till my answer was a more decisive one.

Yesterday while Mama and I were sewing together I told her all about it. She seems to doubt my love for Elmer, and persists in asking me if I love him as well as I did Robert three years ago, and such questions as that. She says I must make myself a fine artist and musician before I think of being married; and must also be a good house-keeper, and must have time to grow from a delicate nervous girl to a strong healthy woman. Sensible Mama!

We had a long talk about it.

Harry Robbins is twenty to-day—I painted him a china plaque with cat-tails and pond-lilies.

Noon June 21, 1882 (Papa's birthday)

Mamie is to be married! Mamie Foote I mean of course. Mama just received a letter from Mrs F. and the time is set for July 5. I'm heartily sorry I must say. Don't know the gentleman's name but he is 23, they've been engaged a year, he went to a college East, studied so hard that he nearly made himself blind and had to leave on that account in his senior year. Next he went into business and is now making plenty of money. He doesn't drink or smoke, is a member of the church and is very ambitious. But I don't want anybody but an upright down-right angel to marry dear sweet pretty "Maimee". I am beginning to agree with Shelly in thinking matrimony an outrageous institution. I wish girls wouldn't get married.

They taught me at the Convent, men were very wicked things
And that Young-ladies were but angels without wings.

So sang Olivette—so I sometimes think. I'm dying to know his name. It can't be the *Jim,* Maimee used to talk about, for Jim lived in Evansville.

Elmer tried to teach me chess last night, but I had a very severe head-ache, and felt that my stupidity was my distinguishing point. I beat, but as he played both hands, I didn't feel particularly inclined to crow over the matter.

I told him my new resolution viz: "I'm not to attend any place of amusement with the same gentleman more than twice in succession."

To put it in a few words Elmer did not like it, but I was firm and we parted good friends. I don't think it a good plan for a child of seventeen, to go exclusively with one person. I don't want people to say "She's engaged to Elmer Comings" and they are already saying it.

If I were to be married in a year I could stand it, but it would grow tiresome lasting through eight times one year.

25 (Yes thats right)
17
—
8

Not that my feelings toward my boy have changed in the least, but of-course the more he takes me, the less the other boys will. Eugene even dared to say he hadn't been around much lately 'cause he felt he hadn't exactly the right. I looked at him in open-eyed amazement, and innocently asked "Won't Edith let you come do you mean?" He shook his head, and said merely "Elmer doesn't like it." I settled him on the spot. The idea!

Thursday June 22, 1882 4 P.M.

Yesterday at five oclock I went down to Jennie's and presently it began to rain. Elmer came with an umbrella and took me home. (He had been here to see Mama about a dictionary he had telegraphed for, and so found out where I was). I noticed he was very grave but didn't guess why till he told me Lena's [his sister's] little baby had died. He wanted to tell me of course he could not attend the reception but that Will Wright would call for me.

After supper while I was toying with the piano he came to see if I could sit up there and Mabel also. Mama said yes and we both went down to Mabel's. She said yes, also, and at nine or so Elmer called for me to go. My slippers and book were all ready. Mabel was ready by this time, too, so we all went over. Mrs Poore, and Ida, and Mr Comings were there. Mrs. Poore is the "Aunt Lou" of whom Elmer talks so much. I was awfully glad to meet her and she is sweet and sensible and intelligent and seemed glad to know me.

Before we went Elmer told me that I would find Lena's home very small and mean as they were very poor, but that she loved her husband and for the rest it didn't so much matter, Mr. Intz doesn't even make as much as Elmer who is only a boy.

It seemed queer in Elmer to mention it, but then he knew I've always been used to an elegant home and he is very particular about such things himself. I had my mind all made up for a bare floor with a rug or two on it, and some wooden backed chairs, and was agreeably surprised at finding a neat brown carpet on the floor, pretty brown white and gold wall-paper on the wall, three or four easy chairs etc. It wasn't at all poorly furnished though not handsome at all.

Mrs Intz looked completely worn out. The baby was a wee scrap of a baby to be eleven months old, and very pretty. I think I never saw a prettier baby but it looked so white and still.

Elmer took books and paper and about a peck of lemons (I don't mean he took them, but had them sent over before us). We didn't get a bit hungry in the night, but Elmer made some lemonade and that kept us awake (we didn't want coffee). There was no lounge in the room, so when there was any resting to be done, we did it on the floor. Mabel and I each tried first to sleep a minute but gave it up. After that Elmer laid down awhile and we told him we'd give him ten minutes. We read meanwhile and fanned mosquitoes and changed the cloth on the baby's face, but Elmer couldn't sleep either. The stars were so bright out of the windows, and there was a crescent moon. We read most of the time, though now and then somebody would say something. I was reading one of the books Elmer gave me the other night—Longfellow's *Hyperion*. It is much on the order of *Pilgrims on the Rhine*.

At three oclock Mabel and I laid down with our heads together on a little brown cushion, and silk handkerchiefs over our faces to keep the mosquitoes from biting. Elmer sat in the middle where the two brown heads met and fanned patiently. I was almost asleep when he softly took one of my hands and held it a minute, and then raising it to his lips kissed it over and over. I think he thought me asleep and I let him think it.

Once he lifted the handkerchief from my face and seeing me apparently wrapped in sweetest dreams actually lifted me in his arms and kissed my forehead and lips and then gently laid me down again. I had been drowsing, just wide awake enough to have a dreamy idea of what he was doing, and that was all. But of course that woke me up, and I tried to open my eyes, but they drooped shut again. He held my hand and fanned us still. Then I opened my eyes again and this time they stayed open. By slight effort I managed to stand up steadily but I was very sleepy. Mabel was still sleeping.

I had been resting 45 minutes and it was beginning to grow dawn and the early birds were singing a perfect concert in the maple-trees. While Elmer still fanned Mabel I drank some lemonade, tied my curls back again and went to the window till the fresh morning air revived me. Frequently I lifted the sheet over the baby's cradle and wet the cloths on its hands and face. Elmer came over and stood near. "This is the time," he said, "when I feel that it can't be God. I can believe it when the old and world-weary people die, but not when these little innocents do." I heard Lena crying in the other room after she left us. Poor thing—how her empty arms must have ached for their burden.

Mabel woke up about five, and at half past we left the house.

Came upstairs (everybody was asleep) went to my room and laid down feeling that sleep was far from me. Mama woke me up at *three oclock this afternoon*. Sallie grinned all over when I went down to the dining room and called for breakfast.

It does not seem half an hour since I left Mrs Intz's. It did me good to see how kind Elmer was to his sister, and how he kissed her when we left.

Monday June 26, 1882

I've never talked to you at any of the times when I do not feel good about the subject of a formal engagement to Elmer. There are times when it makes me very happy and at only such times have I ever written to you. But bless me it is not always so I'm sorry to say. There are mornings when I wake up with that unpleasant sensation of a great burden weighing upon my mind. Elmer is good and noble and pure and I love him—of course I love him, and he does understand me too. But last night in my discontented mood I was glad he didn't get a chance to be alone with me or kiss me good-night. I was *so* glad. He did kiss me once in the parlor when I was rushing around trying to find a fan before we went to Saup's though.

Wed. June 28, 1882

Jennie and I were out all morning soliciting for the Temperance dinner.

I do *despise* such a job, but what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and if I do say it mysel' as shouldn't, I'm about as good a hand at the business as ever you saw. The most of the time Jennie opened and shut the gates, did the banging and said "good morning", but I went in for the business. Mama nearly fainted when I read her the list of contributions. The wives of brewers and saloon-keepers themselves gave. But it requires tact. One must look one's cutest and freshest (so I wore a fresh lawn, sun-hat and scarlet verbenas) must have just enough quiet dignity not too appear too wretchedly humble and all that, must be interested in the people's babies and the flowers, must talk square smack to the point, and if they say, "Oh—I don't know—its so hot to bake", answer—"I do not blame anyone for disliking to bake this dreadfully warm weather. It *is* too great a trial. It will be much easier to just send over a can of corned beef, or some milk, if you've a cow. Can you?" Put the question point-blank, you know.

I asked Jennie to take one side of Ninth street and I took the other to save time, when it grew late. I didn't know everybody of course or who lived everywhere.

So I stumbled into a regular whiskey-nest. The lady was very nice—said under her breath she'd be glad to give but—they were "not Temperance" (Little temperance lecture from Maud followed). Finally she said, "My husband keeps a saloon." * I nearly fell over backwards but only replied, "Oh! I'm sorry he does." She said she'd be glad to give, only 't wouldn't be quite right to go against her husband's business. Then a very muchly frowning gentleman stepped from another door and began, "Dese Cherman vomen—dey gets no time to run around town like dis—dey sthays do home und vork." Perfectly dauntless, serene and smiling, I gave him a little quiet talk and left him smiling like the sun on an April day! A big yellow dog crawled from under one house ready to eat me, parasol, lace and all, but I merely smiled (one of my cherub-like smiles) remarked, "Poor doggie", with great compassion, and he licked my glove and wagged his tail. It was a regular picnic, only a frightfully hot one.

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* A Cairo directory a few years later lists forty-eight saloons in the small town.

Mama said our list in itself would be nearly enough dinner, and we'd only been over half of our ward.

Friday night June 30, 1882

Here I sit in my night-dress feeling not exactly cross, but crossed. I didn't want to see Elmer tonight and yet I felt an intuition that he would come; so I decided to go to bed soon as I'd swallowed my supper. But the porch was so cool and the air so fresh just after the shower that I sat there with *Hyperion* thinking, "He seldom comes before dark, and soon as I get to the end of this chapter I'll leave."

But before it was dark, or before I reached the end of the chapter he came. I had told Mama I wanted to go to bed right after supper but not why. So she went off to the Temperance Meeting saying "Soon as you undress give Robin his bath and put him to bed."

So Rob—he's clean and kicking on the bed and I sit in bed-array about three hours before the usual time.

Elmer had to go back and work for the auditors are here. *His* books are balanced and done but he's got to help some other fellows on back work. He might have said good-night when he went away *at least.* He didn't even turn around from the gate—

(Will you listen to Robin from his couch—"Maud, are you goin' to marry?" *"No I ain't!"* "Neither am I". Silence)

Guiteau hung today! ! ! ! ! ! Great event of the year.

Jennie and I finished soliciting yesterday morning and were so glad to be through that we got behind the door and hugged each other. Edith didn't go and didn't send word till too late; has thrown everything behind and gotten the ladies mad at her. Jennie and I got more than all the rest heaped together. Guess I'll go lie down. (I won't say *sleep.* It's only 9:30 yet and soon Mr. and Mrs. M. will be home, perhaps with company, and Mama ditto. Darn it!)—A full moon—a June night, and I'm missing it *all!!!*

Sunday July 2 (before breakfast)

Had a jolly time at the "Commerce" party last night. Its the worst game you ever heard of. The object is to cheat as much as possible, by exchanging cards under the table or any other way. After the first round the two lowest withdraw but if they can make one of the playing members answer a question or talk to them they get that member's hand. The person who beats gets a forfeit. Elmer didn't like the game and talked rather angrily to Ned. I thought it rather rude of him. It's allowed to cheat as long as one is not caught and there is no use getting mad about it. The rest of us had a lovely time.

Yesterday I had a bad day of it. While making up the boy's bed my "silly drawer" in there tempted me, and I read a lot of old letters in it. Then I cried. Sometimes those days will come to me—days when I seem to live and act in the past. Oh! happy past! Every violet will bring those times so vividly to my mind and yesterday I kissed my little faded violets. Oh! I'm a fool! My one wish now is never to get married.

I feel convinced now as I never did before that I never loved but one person with the real *lover* love, and that person I would not marry for worlds. Still knowing that I do not love Elmer with the love I gave my "bright, beautiful one—bonny Rob" I would not dare marry him.

For years I have prayed night and morning, "God make me love Elmer." Yesterday after reading those dear old letters, smelling the sweet violets and drinking in greedily every line and feature of the poor little cracked picture so long tied up in black, I cried so bitterly, and then dared to pray, "Oh heavenly Father if I can't love Elmer, bring my boy back to me, make him noble and pure and upright." Then I felt wicked, *wicked,* and said over and over, "I wouldn't see him for worlds." Oh, what shall I do, shall I do! If I tell Elmer it will break my heart to see his disappointment and grief, if I don't tell him I shall feel a base hypocrite. Hearts are the most unmanageable things! I wish I hadn't any. Wish I'd never seen a boy. And Elmer is so good.

Thursday July 6th, 1882

Had the jolliest time yesterday. I sallied to the garden to make a little fence around our sweet-alyssum beds to keep the puppies from rolling therein. Surrounded by puppies and bantams and hard at work chopping up strawberry boxes I was all unconscious of aught else till hearing someone laughing at the gate I looked up and saw Mr Blauvelt. With a puppy in each arm I started to the gate where we laughed and talked till, when he left, he arranged to call with a carriage at seven and take me to see the tournament at the park.

Wore black-velvet skirt, fawn-colored polenaise, big white cross fichu, tea-rose and white bonnet. Drove directly to the park. Dick Vaughn came out champion in the tournament. I took the reins and we made several lively dashes around the park racetrack. Blauvelt complimented me highly upon the ease and dash of my management of the reins. Leaving the park we went up the Washington road. We went in sipe-water up to the hubs of the wheels and I thought we were goners but we reached the Mississippi Levee drive in safety. We drove to Seventh, then back to the park and round the track several times. I wish you could have seen WmSn look at me. After leaving St Mary's Park we drove to King's and had cream and cake in the garden, where a string-band and grotesque lanterns enlivened the scene. Coming home met Elmer and Jim.

Mr Blauvelt stayed till 11 and I was mad as a hornet before he left. Coming home he was over-solicitous about the arrangement of my dolman to keep me from catching cold and took my hand (gloved of course) gently. Yea, *took*, but didn't *keep*. My bonnet you know, I was afraid would fly off so I had to hold it on with both hands. I thought that would stop him, but in the parlor at every chance he would touch or hold my hand till I got angry. He was brightly describing Long Branch by gaslight and watching my hands (clinging rather nervously to one another) furtively till finally I said—"That? Oh yes, its a mole. I couldn't imagine what you were curious about. Its been there always and nearly covered my hand when I was a baby." He laughed and gently tapped my cheek with my fan. I took a chair a little farther off. If that is the Eastern manner at a first call, I do not favor it.

I'm to go horseback riding with him Saturday night and if he repeats any of last night's performances shall tell him in plain words and few, what I think of it.

July 9, 1882

Last evening Mr Blauvelt and I went horseback and I had a gay time. We went thrice like the wind around the Park race course, and got home just as it was beginning to get dark. I didn't much want him to come in but of course had to ask him. It seemed he needed no pressing but came right in. I excused myself, ran up to change my blue habit for my white lawn. I gave him a deal of temperance in our conversation. He's too spoony; I can't abide it; I frowned for all I was worth at the front door when he squeezed my hand into jelly (tart-jelly, rather) and told him that was enough of that. I don't know whether he's smitten or pretending to be but it made me mad to have him sitting so close, as fast as I'd move away from him.

The afternoon that Edith was down she told me what WmSn said to Eva after seeing me buggy-riding with Mr Blauvelt. It was that he didn't think it right for me to encourage "such a fellow as Will Blauvelt because it wasn't just to the other boys" (meaning, I suppose, himself). How *dare* he speak of injustice done to him; WmSn has broken his pledge, stopped coming to the temperance-meetings, and is "going to the bad" generally since that stormy scene on the front porch when he told me he loved me and made a fool of himself generally; because I told him frankly and as kindly as possible what I thought of him.

They tell me that Blauvelt drank champagne at that reception on the *City of Cairo*. Last night I began, "Did you go to the Temperance Meeting Friday night?" "Yes, and I was about the only person there." "You've not been going lately?" "No." "Why not?" "Well, I'd a reason." "I'll warrant it was not a good one." "I considered it so." Finally he said it was because Jennie Wilson was running the thing and he disliked her so. Then I *gave* it to him. The very idea of his leaving so good a cause as the temperance work in Cairo (where it is so much needed) for such a trifling and selfish reason.

Friday July 14, 1882.

There is a big Republican convention being held at the Opera House and there are 186 delegates besides innumerable visitors from the ten surrounding counties in attendance. Yesterday at 2:30 we went down. Blauvelt came and sat next me and walked home with me. Coming home I remarked quietly "Why didn't you tell me, that night, that you had broken the pledge?" "Didn't want to." "I was trying to find out in a round-about way, but when you remained noncommittal thought I must have been mistaken. You did break it?"

"Yes, I did, I don't try to deny that."

"I've a pledge at home which a number of the young folks have signed. You shall see it tonight."

Finis—he *saw* and *signed.*

Dinner.

Sunday, July 16, 1882.

In spite of all the little despicable tricks, the bold cheating, the dishonesty and bribery of the Damron party, right triumphed, and the Hon J. R. Thomas was nominated as candidate for Congress. Even people who went to that convention as Damronites were so disgusted at the unfairness displayed that they favored Thomas instead.

Finally on the last ballot, when the vote of Pulaski county was called for, the chairman rose with "Pulaski County casts two votes for J. N. Damron, and twelve votes for the Honorable John R. Thomas." The building rang with cheer upon cheer. Hats, fans, gloves were tossed up, and the Damron men were left with the votes of a small fraction, and with consciences that must have hurt even corrupt politicians like them.

Thomas was brought forth in triumph. When he appeared upon the stage, the audience rose and cheered lustily. He stepped forward, looking so large and good and happy (he is very fine looking, by the way) and made the nicest talk, straight from his heart, and therefore touching and good. I wanted to hug him he looked so noble and pure. He was the only one of the five who did not enter a "ring" and pool money to scheme with.

[Note: On July 18 Maud records that she has been sick "since yesterday noon: Cholera Morbis light attack". But three days later she is visiting the recently married Slacks at Anna, Illinois, apparently in the best of health. On her return she records:]

Late Saturday night July 29.

Nearly hurt myself I was so glad to see Mama, Papa, the children and Mr Menager. Dinner struck me as superb! The large table, with the china and silver sparkling on it, the crisp fried chicken, delicious bread and butter, variety of tastily cooked and arranged vegetables, the ice-cream and cake, were all such a contrast to the table at Anna, and though Alice is going to make a *good* cook some day, her cooking now is rather much of a same-ness.

At supper the spiced sardines, the quivering jellies, the hot muffins, the mealy potatoes etc seemed almost the height of extravagance, yet it is only the sort of "table" we have always set. I'm going to be an enthusiast on the subject of cooking: took my first lesson in bread-making to-day—salt-rising this time.

After supper Elmer and I took the parlor as the others occupied the front porch. As I passed Elmer to get my fancy-work from the piano he took me in his arms, smoothed my hair and kissed me. That was the spark, but the explosion consisted of Master Freddie's crawling out from under the piano looking about as sheepish as a-a-a—*sheep*.

We knew Fred would tell it all over the neighborhood unless stopped, for when Harry came in he whispered and giggled to him in the sitting room. And we heard Harry say,

"You tell Mama and I'll smack you side the head."

When Elmer left he told her about it and kissed me good-night right before Mama. I'm glad. When Mama sees it I feel that it cannot but be right.

I had a very quiet visit at Anna. Tuesday night Alice and I had a particular talk and I couldn't help contrasting it with the talk Eva and I had on the same subject. Eva seems to have no natural delicacy and I cried straight through a week I think *after* her talk. Alice could not change the inevitable to be sure, but she talked in such a delicate and sweet, womanly way with me, and showed me things in such a different light that although I cried some I didn't feel utterly wounded to the heart's core as I had after Eva's shocks. After she left me I lay awake till way into the night crying some and praying lots and trying to be brave enough to face what seemed horrible realities. But enough—this is Greek to you, but I write it because it helped me and I want to remember it.

Tuesday Aug 1, 1882

Jim and Elmer called. Jim has at last broken that awful habit of his [morphine] which has caused Elmer and indeed *all* his friends so much pain; though since stopping he has been unable to sleep a single night. That however will wear off I think. I was *so* glad when he told me.

Wed Aug 9, 1882

There is no use trying to make myself believe anything else—I *don't* love Elmer. This morning I feel that I shouldn't mind it, never to see him again *ever*. He treats Williamson shamefully,—is scarcely civil to him. Don't care if WmSn is bad, he isn't the only sinner in the world and I do not think it is for that reason Elmer dislikes him. I do believe he can never forgive him for making love to me, and I think so long as he (Elmer) has come off victor he might show at least magnanimity sufficient to treat Will pleasantly. Last night Jim, Elmer, Alice and I went up to Edith's where we had an engagement to spend the evening. WmSn was there and I supposed did not know we had an engagement with Edith. Even if he did know it, what then? He leaves for Dixon Springs and only went up to tell Edith goodbye so there was nothing wrong on his part. Still I feel sure Elmer was angered at finding him there.

Then there came up in the conversation the proneness of Episcopal ministers to drink. Will thought there never had been an E. minister in Cairo who was a temperance man. I mentioned Mr Bonnar and asked if he were not so? Elmer, glad to be on the other side from Will thought he *was* a Temperance man. I was not at all sure. WmSn said from conversations he had held with that gentleman upon the subject he felt sure he was not a Temperance man. Elmer spoke very harshly then. Said anyway Mr Bonnar did not drink and *he* went more by a man's action than his speech. It was not so much the speech, as the tone of its delivery which disgusted me with Elmer.

I laughed and said, "What difference anyway?" and changed the subject. There Will sat smiling and perfectly good-humored while Elmer's eye flashed and his face looked white and passionate. His voice is harsh naturally, and it is not improved by his flying into a passion. Just then the contrast between the two boys was most unfavorable. I mean to tell Elmer so too, and say to him that in spite of his moral superiority over Will, Will acted the gentleman where he lost his temper. When he kissed me goodnight I felt it an insult almost, I was so vexed at him. Coming home I was very silent because I was tired, having been in the kitchen all day as the cook was off on an excursion, and Elmer was moody, too. He gave as an excuse his anxiety about the state of Jim's health.

Tuesday August 15, 1882.

Sunday afternoon Blauvelt (who has grown almost religious since I joined the choir) came into our S.S. class. I told Elmer and he laughed rather forcedly and said he was fond of Sunday school and of

Mr George's instructions but he couldn't stand going into a class of *girls*. "Why not?" and he said something about not his style, or not the style. Of course I know he's only sorry Mr Blauvelt gets to walk home with me Sundays, but I don't know what makes him so impolite.

Sunday night Mabel (who only came two or three times to singing school) joined our class at the church, and *roared* alto. I can think of no other word to describe it. I suppose she meant the alto to be heard and it certainly was though I thought she'd split her lungs in the attempt. Amie and I felt so utterly tiny that we wanted to crawl into the contribution-boxes. Poor Mab! And she didn't read the notes right, either.

Thursday Aug 17, 1882.

Every morning now from eleven to twelve I study and write German and from twelve to dinner-time read some standard work. Just now it is *Kenilworth* which strange to say I have never read, though I've heard all my life about sweet Amy Robsart and the Earl of Leicester. Then right after dinner I read the mail or papers, and then practice till about three or so, when I wash and dress Robin and myself and then do mostly what I please from then till bed-time.

Sat. Aug. 19, 1882

Mama and I have been working full tilt all day. Marmee is putting up peaches and quinces and we had company right after breakfast so I didn't get to begin work till nine. Made all the beds, doing the Saturday changing, and finished all the upstairs work including washing oil-cloths and door-stones by ten. Then I pared peaches till eleven, and sewed till dinner time. (Forgot to say I got up at five and darned stockings till breakfast time.) After dinner, darned till three, washed and dressed Robin and self and sewed till 6:25 P.M. Have made 87 tucks since eleven oC. You ought to have heard the old machine buzz. At noon a darkey came to the front door, with a charming flower basket. I caught sight of a card resting in snowy relief upon a bed of moss, "From Dixon Springs, Miss Maud Rittenhouse"—in WmSn's hand (not quite such a scrawl as I've made here). Its a lovely basket of graceful, curling ferns, and mosses. Wrote thanking him, this eve.

Last night I went with E. to the Temperance Meeting. As we were leaving the hall, Jim came up. He was under the influence of morphine, I knew in a minute. Well, he started out home with us. He swore off Mon. and Elmer was so disappointed at his breaking his promise; he said, "Jim, you've been taking that vile drug again." At first he denied it, but I told him there wasn't a bit of use, we could tell it as plainly as if he had it burnt in fiery letters across his forehead.

Then he said he had been so blue he took it for comfort. Coming home from our private picnic he took some of it some way. Edith and I both noticed how strangely he talked. He thought he'd lost Edith's respect (he's in love with her you know) so took another dose. "Well Jim," I said, "there's consistency in that sort of philosophy I must say. You feel you have lost Edith's respect by doing a cowardly thing so you go and do it over again. Of course she'd naturally respect you again were she to hear that! Thats no way to kill your blues or gain respect either. Let the accursed thing alone. You are not only disgracing but killing yourself inch by inch. Your constitution won't bear any more of this sort of thing."

I told him how utterly selfish it was for a boy with his advantages in life to sit down despondently, be "blue" and eat morphine. What on earth has he to be blue about. A good-hearted mother who worships him, a good home, kind father, loving little brother, hosts of friends, pleasing address and manners, and business offers, good ones being constantly made him. I told him it was not only selfish but sinful and wicked. He is killing himself, disgracing his family and breaking his mother's heart. Elmer and I talked to him for hours. He promised to try again with all the strength of his nature, but I must admit I'm not in the least hopeful. His will-power seems to have entirely deserted him.

Oh! this devilish drug! How many homes it is ruining. I see examples of it all around me. There are more opium drunkards than liquor-drunkards this minute. How I hated it, when I sat there, talking to, pleading with, lecturing poor Jim, and saw that unearthly light in his eyes, and heard his wild incoherent sentences, and saw his eyes grow heavier and heavier.

And poor Elmer works with him night and day trying to help him fight the fiend.

Wednesday August 23, 1882

Last night Clara and I went down town shopping together and had a delightful time. Lovely moonlight night. Elmer here when I came back. Then Messrs Blauvelt and Wenger came. I don't know why it should be harder to entertain two or three gentlemen than one, but it nearly always *is* so. We had nevertheless a gay time last night. Jim left for Saratoga Monday.

Saturday night August 26, 1882

Mr Davenport's mellow "Haw-haw-haw-he-e-eeeeee" rises musically up in the lily-scented air and I have donned my gown and slippers in order to escape the parlor for my head is aching as though bent upon gaining the first prize in that direction.*

Election of officers this afternoon resulted in—President—Maud Rittenhouse; Vice president—Fannie Barclay; Secretary—Aimee Wilson; Fin. Sect.—Nellie L. McGahey; Cor. Sec.—Minnie Breiback; Treasurer—Eva M Shepard; Organist—Emma James.

I am trying to work up a Kate Greenaway Concert, entertainments which have made a tremendous success East. The girls this afternoon were quite enthusiastic after I'd talked it into them.

Just came from Choir Practice. Splendid practice but my head ached *so* severely. Wish it didn't that I might give you a good idea of the glorious time I had last night, but its past ten and I've been up so late last few nights, so I'll tell you some other time. Goodnight dear love! I'se so seep-y. (Am writing for the first time with a quill-pen.)

Thursday Aug 31, 1882

Mrs Bradley (nee Clara Dietrich) has lowered many degrees in my estimation today. I'll tell you how.

We have to have 500 members of the W.C.T.U. in order to get a representative from this district, and I went down to get Mrs Dietrich to sign the enrolling tablet. The pledge upon it reads—

"I here-by declare my resolution, God helping me, to abstain from all Distilled, Fermented, and Malt Liquors, as a beverage, including Wine, Beer, and Cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of, and traffic in the same."

After great hesitation, and with the tears almost in her eyes, Mrs D. said she couldn't conscientiously sign it, because "Clara" had been recommended by her physician to drink beer, and that she had it on the table every day. It is to make her strong while she has her little nursing baby. Mrs D. said it would be a lie to pledge herself to discourage it, and then to have it on her table, but as soon as Clara went home to Madison she'd sign it.

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* Maud describes many headaches. Now, and especially later on she was undoubtedly suffering from eye strain; but oculists were few, and young people rarely wore glasses.

Think of Mrs Bradley drinking *beer,* for her little, innocent girl-baby to inherit a taste for,—actually giving it to the child in its milk. I should think she of all others would want to keep it a thousand miles away. I can remember when her father drank like a beast, fairly drank body and soul away, till they were destitute of fortune and friends. Then the Reform Club was organized, Mr Dietrich signed the pledge and now all is well with them. Then to think of it on their table, and with all those little boys.

I'm afraid she'll repent it, most bitterly, some day.

Sunday Sept 3, 1882

After the Temperance meeting Mrs Riley came up, patted me on the back and exclaimed, "You are your mother's own daughter." Decided to give the Greenaway concert in about two weeks.

Eugene came and took De-de [Edith] home and Elmer and I went up with Alice. Coming back down that side street from Alice's I was humming "Hieland Lassie" and dancing along to it, when Elmer made some remark showing his disapproval. I can not now for the life of me think what it was he said. Anyway, I drew up like a porcupine bristling all over with quills. Made my formidable 5 ft 2 as nearly 5 ft 8 as possible, and with a slow, dignified step, and solemnly silent, went on. Elmer stood it bravely for two blocks, and then said, "Well." No answer. "Why so silent? Why don't you talk?" "Nothing to talk about," I answered gravely and on we went.

Everytime we drew near a lamp post I looked as solemn as an owl, and soon as we got to the dark again the solemnity would relax. This scheme worked for about five lamp-posts, but at the sixth the gravity wouldn't come back and I just gave it up and laughed outright, and Elmer said he didn't know I was dancing just because I was happy, he thought I was mincing. "I don't *mince,* thank you." Then he laughed and we were all right again.

Saturday Sept 9, 1882

Yesterday I was on the wing all day over this Greenaway Concert. The frame is being built in our double parlor. Goodness only knows how it will be gotten out again.* Have been issuing orders, writing notes, receiving and sending messages, tickets, money. Once out of this, catch me ever again getting up a big concert. Perhaps I can get young Lockridge to sing the "Gobble Song" with Alice Bell McKee.

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* Children's figures in the style of Kate Greenaway's popular drawings were painted on a frame with holes left through which performers thrust their heads.

At the party I'd a glorious time and a little wee bit of romance—

—My fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance.

A certain Mr Vaughn, a young Southerner, whom I ranted about a year or so ago. He is quite handsome and refined-looking, with the tender eyes and mouth characteristic of the South, but Elmer says he drinks.

He watched me closely through several dances, and at last in a waltz-quadrille we were thrown together. He began conversation and we talked quite pleasantly for a few minutes. He called my partner a minute and spoke to him. In a few minutes we were introduced. Kate Howard is his particular just now. During the evening we had several little talks, and when I went to the dressing room to take off my dancing slippers, he was lounging in the entry. As Elmer and I started off, he stepped in front of me, looked up with a grave merriment in his eyes and said, "Goodnight."

Dinner is ready. I'm nearly tired to death. A thousand things yet to do.

Tues—

Mr Lockridge said he'd take the Gobble Song with Allie Bell McKee and would do anything else he could to help me.

Thursday Sept 14, 1882.

I'm half dead! Put on my gown after a feeble attempt to eat supper, but I couldn't sleep, so I came to talk to you till its time to dress for the Opera.

Jno. Horne couldn't sing—sudden rush of business. Frank Metcalf can't sing—has to get a lot of checking done and be out on the road by ten tomorrow night.

Cousin Tom can't sing—he's sick.

And I rush, and rear, and tear, and get up rehearsals, and paint, and sell tickets, and worry, worry, worry.

Pretty good luck with tickets—put a 20 dollar bill in the safe to-day, but we worked for it. Eva, my best man—she's worked like a trooper—

sold 19 tickets today, Mrs Menager and I sold tickets from 10 to 12. Sold about seven or eight besides numerous promises. Previous to that time I painted Greenaway figures on advertising cards; after 12 I painted the screen and finished it. Had to miss my music—sang my solo well yesterday.

Big rehearsal here last night—lots of fun, lots of worry. More worry! I can scarcely eat or sleep. Mr Lansden will act as stage manager. Mr Lockridge very willing but can't sing Gobble Song.

Tonight Elmer takes Katie and myself to the Opera House—season opens tonight. Comic opera—*Jolly Bachelors.*

Sunday, Sept 17, 1882.

The concert is a thing of the past. We took in nearly fifty-five dollars.

Just after I'd stopped talking to you, Mr Parsons came and said he couldn't sing. So my last hope of a good tenor was blasted. I reached the landing on the stairs and unable to go further, laid down on the little upper flight, and had one good old cry. When Elmer came to take me to the Opera, I looked a model scare-crow.

Friday morning I coaxed Clara into singing a solo in the Greenaway part. Mr Lockridge reported at noon—would do all he could. He, Clara, Hattie, Fannie and self all held consultation here at noon. Sold four tickets after dinner. Then dressed and went to Hall.

Jim Cannon worked like a trooper with Wood, getting scenes and curtains fixed.

The rehearsal went off tolerably, and I came home at 6:30 with a dozen things yet to do.

Ate about this much supper—O; painted Allie Bell's hat, rearranged the programmes, interviewed three ticket-sellers and the quintette-ists (who went back on me at the last minute) copied choruses for Mr McKee, engaged a curtain manipulator, scrambled into a white dress and flew back.

Rose G. thought she could venture to make the changes in the music, so I gave her minute instructions.

Note from Lockridge—"another train in; Seers off some place, prospect gloomy—feared he couldn't come". Before I had time to cry though, he came.

The duet by Messrs Metcalf and Crowell was given such a ringing stormy encore as you never heard before.

When Mr Crowell stepped through the curtain, he dashed his hand characteristically to one side and exposed half of the "red-pina-fore young-man" and half of the little fellow fishing from the bridge. Of course that brought down the house.

Such a babel of, "Maud—come here," "Maud do this," "Maud, pull my stupid ear through this hole," "Where do we come Maud?" "Say Maud, does my solo come before or after Mamie's?" "Going to repeat the *Patience* chorus, Maud"—till I was flying back and forth like a chicken with its head off.

At last I drummed the program into their heads; got all the heads perched at the right angle, the curtains flew apart and they struck up the first chorus—

"Conceive us if you can
An elaborate Greenaway plan,
An ultra-poetical
Super-aesthetical
High art and Greenaway Clan."

When Mamie Corliss was singing, "Down upon the Swanee River", Mr Crowell gave three of those ridiculous sneezes of his, and the audience encored it.

They were in a maze of laughter from beginning to end, and the few accidents in the stage management only increased the fun.

On the whole, it was a most decided success, and I received congratulations from all hands.

Lovely time last night. Mrs Menager went by [to her new home], and stopped to see my roses. She said, "I don't dare tell you, the overwhelming compliments I heard paid you last night. One lady said, "She looked so lovely at the party Friday night. You ought to have seen her. I fell in love with her over again."

And she told me another (left-handed) compliment from a gentleman (Dean Davenport, I know). He said—

"I do think Miss Maud has the cunnin'est little grin. Its so different from everybody's, and it really isn't a smile; its just the sweetest, cutest, little grin that ever was seen." And Mrs M. added, "I could just see your little turned-up nose and merry face."

Then Mr. Menager must needs add his share to praise my grace in raqueting. Said he never had thought it a pretty dance till he saw me dance it and then he went off and inquired immediately my name.

After I'd dressed and sat down at the piano to drum— *What do you think!!!* Our Harry was struck by lightning just now.

It had been pouring rain, and we thought it had cleared up. Harry strolled out to the barn, and was standing near the water spout with his hand in the water. I heard a sharp sudden crash like a hundred pistols going off together, and said to Maria, the housegirl, "Goodness—that was frightfully close." Presently Mama came upstairs to tell me about it. Harry didn't realize what it was. He thought Wood had hit him in the head with a brick, and kicked him at the same time. He staggered in as white as a sheet, and couldn't speak or stand up for some time.

Thursday, Sept 21, 1882

The great day has come, and the rain has been pouring for two days and nights. Chilly, damp, disagreeable. My throat is sore and I'm hoarser than I ever have been in my life. It hurts me to talk at all, and I'll play the very mischief singing.

Went to rehearsal at 9 and came back at 12. We were all huddled under each others circulars and sacques and trying to work up a little enthusiasm over the frog-like singing. Frogs! Put me out in the sipe-water at 7:30 on a June evening and I'll wager you couldn't tell my croaking from the frogs.

I'm taking Spongia tost, Belladonna, Gelseminum, lemons, troches, tar drops, and still I croak. Horrors! I'll bring down the house. And I could have had such a sweet solo, for the thing suits my voice admirably. Being unable to obtain Camellia Japonicas, either here or South, I've taken "Geraniums" instead. Have already arranged a spray for my hair, for the looping of my over-dress, and a cluster for throat and corsage, besides a wee hand bouquet.*

Friday Sept 22, 1882

The Cantata went off nicely. Mama came into my bed early this morning and said, "Aren't you relieved now the cantata and concert are both over and you can rest?"

I sighed a sigh that shook the furniture and replied,

"That I am! Now I can fix my pretty red sacque, and paint, and do such lots of things here at home."

That was at 7 oclock. At 11, Mrs Lansden called to ask how I'd like

* The concert was a Flower Cantata, with the performers dressed as flowers.

to combine "The Flower Queen" and Greenaway Concert in a united entertainment at the Opera House Thursday night.

Anything for the good of the cause. I said, "Yes". So now I'm on the grand fly hither and thither, and tumble and turn again.

After the performance last night Mr Blauvelt took charge of me,—yes, and came in, stayed till eleven, and wanted a lock of my hair (which he did not get though I thoughtfully offered him a piece of Mama's new switch.) Painted a white satin perfume-satchet this morning: "Heliotrope", done in pansies and ivy-leaves.

Friday 29, 1882

All day yesterday I kept dreading the reception which I was to attend in the evening, but Mama said, "Prepare yourself for a good time, you always have one when you don't expect it."

Yesterday Blauvelt called at nine-thirty for the wedding reception at the Halliday.

On our way from the dressing rooms to the "colossal" dining room I passed Mr Vaughn. He smiled impressively and I vouchsafed him one of those "cunning little grins", in return.

After a double-promenade around the dining hall we were stood around the *long* table. So long that Will R. Halliday down at the head of the table looked so little that I kept feeling I was looking at him through the big end of an opera-glass.

And such a table! Cold ham, tongue, turkey, salads arranged in pyramids, in pond-lilies; jellies quivering in queer pretty shapes. One stand of lobster salad near us was decorated with grapes, icing and greens. Then there were puffs and creams and cake and coffee.

After supper we'd another promenade and then the band (the Opera House one) struck up a waltz. Blauvelt and I danced it, first with the "waltz straight" and then with the military.

After that there was a quadrille, which Blauv and I also danced.

The racquet began. Mr. Vaughn appeared. "Miss Maud, may I have a waltz to this?" A waltz to *racquet* time took my breath away, but, "I'll try," I replied. We began. I thought we were near the great doors opening into the office, but I opened my eyes and we were at the other end of the room; no—back again. Breath of Cyclone! I never flew as I did then. I want to laugh and laugh and *laugh* when I think of the way we turned and spun and whizzed! Of course it wore us out in a few minutes. Then we took a turn at the promenade and then waltzed again. I had danced dashy dances before, but never quite such a one as then, and I thought inwardly, "How disgusted the poor martyr must be with me." Well, if he was he showed it queerly. He took me up to the parlors, rang for ice-water and introduced me to "Mr Ruffan—my friend." Then we talked to Eva and Mr. Crowell. Then went down again. When we reached the hall they were waltzing to real waltz time. "The racquet was too fast but we managed it well. Now lets go slow to this waltz time." So we waltzed till the music stopped. Then he seated me, ordered water again and then we talked. I was telling him about our horse-back ride on the previous evening. "I'm very fond of it," quoth he. "Some day allow me to attend you Miss Maud?" "Shall be most happy," I replied, almost without a thought. Then Elmer came to have a quadrille with me. As I excused myself to go with Elmer, Mr Vaughn said "Now don't forget." Elmer drew me out of hearing, and said, "I hate to see you with that fellow, Maud." He said he'd seen him one Sunday afternoon so beastly drunk that he was amusing himself in the street with a lot of little darkies. We had a quadrille together and then waltzed the "Home Sweet Home." Blauvelt came for me and all clad in rubber (for it was pouring rain) we reached the door.

Mr Vaughn took my hand and pressed it a little too significantly saying "Miss Maud—don't forget your partial engagement." Elmer and Kate stood in front of us and I think he heard. Mr Blauvelt had gone off for the carriage. Elmer and Kate left. Mr Vaughn stepped a little nearer and engaged in lively conversation. Mr V. murmured "Good-night" when Mr. B. appeared, and Charlie held the horse, B lifted me into the carriage, and home we drove. Oh, I do want to write, but time is up.

Have painted my third plate of a set which Mother will have burned in Chicago.

Sunday, Sept 30 [Oct. 1], 1882

All the next day I thought of little save that reception. It will glow in my memory always. Out of every event particular pictures are sure to remain fixed in my mind—

Gay figures with forms mistily outlined under enveloping wraps, tripping over the stone floor, through the lighted passage, rain splashing, hackmen wild, Mr Vaughn talking nonsense on my left, Will Halliday tucking my hair under my rubber hood on my right, Blauvelt and Charlie lowering carriage curtains in the dim distance, merry "goodnights" sounding all round! I should love to live it over.

But you don't know about the concert or anything, do you?

Saturday Tom came over and stayed about an hour. It was in the morning. He said Montie couldn't play, Crowell couldn't sing. I didn't cry. My tears had been used up in the previous concerts, so with Tom I proceeded to Mrs L's.

She said Mr. Crowell had found he could sing, so 't would be all right. Then I got Edith to play in Montie's place and I sang in Edith's place.

Tuesday came. In the afternoon Mrs. Gilbert sent me a basket of geraniums—enough to spray my dress elaborately and to make a fan with. I arranged Clara's roses into sprays with fine wire.

David Lansden met me at the Opera House entrance, and took my boxes and me around to the greenroom door around the corner.

Mrs Stansbury helped me don my white kid boots and when I ran up from the dressing rooms, the other flowers exclaimed, "How lovely!" a compliment I could most heartily return. We were a pretty group. When the curtain rang up and we all tripped out I felt as jolly and composed—couldn't even scare myself into nervousness. When I stood in front of the rest for my solo, the footlights formed a sort of screen, and I sang with all the ease I would at home.

The Cantata went off smoothly. Then down with the curtain, the Greenaway screen was lowered from among the mazes of ropes and pulleys, canvas and beams up above, and the janitor and assistant flew around getting boxes, steps and boards, that we might all comfortably reach the holes through which we were to thrust our faces. All ready, the curtain flew up again. The audience was in a roar with laughter and applause, from beginning to end, and a furious array of opera glasses headed toward us. From the concert Mrs Lansden and I each made over ten dollars after paying our bills, amounting to $49.00 So for our Y.P.T.A., I, president Maud, brought forth from nowhere $38.60.

Blauvelt waited at the Greenroom door for me. He admired me duly, stayed too late and asked for my company to the reception. I "yaed" (Artemus Ward).

Monday, Oct 2nd, 1882.

Perhaps you think it was not hard for me when the school bell rang this morning. The first tap brought the tears to my eyes.

One year ago today! I can picture it all. How proud and happy were Eva, Edith, Maud, Jennie, Sadie, etc., over their new dignity as seniors. Merry "good mornings" resounded through halls and rooms, all was bustle and bright activity over new books. I can see the sunshine throwing shadows of maple leaves on the floor behind our back seats, and "little Fordie" in her airy dress, languidly swaying her fan to and fro.

And here today I can only cry and envy the happy little toddlers who trudged by before eight oclock with their books and satchels. Fordie gone, and forgotten me besides, and the "Busy B's" occupying our dear old seats, and monopolizing our sacred green-room, as though they had never been part and parcel of our very lives.

Thursday Oct 12. 11 P.M.

Mama says she does wish some gentleman or other would pay me a little attention. Eugene and Mr Taylor called, and before Mr Taylor left he had made an engagement with me for Friday night. Tuesday night I thought, "This evening I *will* be alone," and got my sewing and went to work. I was making me a suit of chemiloons and was doing so well and had the dearest little puffed front piece when the machine got to acting and I was compelled to stop. Mr. Blauvelt soon came and while I was showing him a wonderful trick with the cards, Elmer came. (Elmer has at last accepted that position in The New York Store, at a salary of 1000 a year.)* Well, before Blauvelt left (at *11*) he had asked to escort me to the sociable, and also to take me to hear Maddern, Monday night. Then this afternoon Scott White came around to know if I'd go driving, and with Captain Will Hunter and Clara, we drove to the woods, had a jolly time and returned at 6 P.M. laden with wild-grapes and scarlet berries.

I declare, I'll *hate* Blauvelt pretty soon. He makes me SICK, squeezing my arm when he walks with me, stroking my hair, pinching my cheeks as though I were two months' old. I've just had enough of it, and having said gently everything I could, I mean to speak pretty plainly Monday night. To-night he nauseated me and I told him "No Sir," when he asked to take me driving Sunday. I don't want to miss Sunday School anyway.

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* One of Cairo's largest general stores; C. O. Patier, president and manager; capitalized for about $65,000. Elmer may have invested some of his "Golden Grotto" proceeds in this store.

Elmer came last night. I was embroidering him a hat-band and he thanked me muchly. I wonder if I do love that dear good old Elmer. It doesn't seem revolting when Elmer smoothes my hair, or even kisses my cheek and chin, and whenever I'm in trouble (even if I do think there is a "lost chord" between us) Elmer can always comfort me, and his dear, warm hand clasp does me more good than I can tell you. He calls me "dearest", "darling" and "love" and "little one" and it all seems right, natural and proper; if Blauvelt calls me "Maudie" my eyes snap and I fairly detest him.

Friday, Oct 13, 1882. 3:30 P.M.

Just received a note from Mr Blauvelt saying he'd told Charlie I wouldn't go Sunday. So rather than go without me they'd wait till next Sunday. Then, since he'd be deprived of that pleasure, he wanted to ask me the favor of being allowed to call upon Sunday eve. It did me more good to tell him of my standing engagement with Elmer for that eve. Guess he thought I'd just throw Elmer over for him. He's called once, taken me out once, and made two engagements ahead, and ought to be satisfied without wanting to come Sunday, too. I'm just disgusted enough with him to give it to him well. I could write till mid-night I'm so full of things, but I want to put fresh roses on my white bonnet, and rig up an artistic throat-arrangement. Mrs Menager glanced at my chemiloons hanging unfinished over a chair and said to Mama, "You are making something mighty pretty. That tucking is beautiful." R-r-r-ra-uh! and *I* made them.

While straightening up laces, ribbons and clothes in my room today, I heard Archie call "Elmer", and looking out saw Elmer waving his hand at Robin. He looked so cunning and sweet and bright that I (all safe out of sight) threw kisses at him till he passed. Poor fellow! He's working like a beaver.

Sunday, Oct 22nd, 1882.

Last Sunday night Elmer and I went to the Episcopal church (we had no service) to hear "Dominie" Davenport lecture on the Apostolic Succession. The lecture was quite good, but Elmer and I were in one of our stiff moods and had a horrid time.

When he left, I went upstairs and cried, and my head ached, and a big fire woke me up at 4:30 in the morning and I had a terrible headache, and I was late to breakfast and despondent, and everything went wrong. My lessons gave me something else to think about, and reproaching myself for my sinful despondency I went to work with a vim. I take painting on Mondays and Thursdays, from 8 to 10, music from 10 to 11, and German, with Mrs Menager, from 11 to 12.

Began a note to Elmer in the afternoon, but after stringing out about a yard of it, I stopped, because I hadn't time to finish. While I was dressing up for the theater a note came from him, such a dear, noble note.

Wrote him a hasty reply. Told him I should wear his diamond that night under my gloves and let it burn a warm glow to my uncertain heart.

And I kept Blauvelt at arm's length all evening. The play was very, very, *very* good, and I wanted to hug dear little Minnie Maddern all to pieces.

Wednesday morning a note came from Blauvelt asking me to attend a suddenly arranged party that night with him. I told him I'd another engagement (Elmer was coming over).

Thursday, Oct 26, 1882.

I like Mr Blauvelt much better than I did Sunday morning. During our ride Sunday afternoon he was really very sensible and pleasant. I'm afraid he thinks he's in love with me. Don't look shocked. Perhaps it isn't so—but during our ride he complimented me so ridiculously, was so humbly penitent in his apology.

The other night WmSn said to Clara, "Maud does not speak to me when we meet. I do not understand her. She told me she never would go with a man who drinks yet she goes with Will Blauvelt when she *saw* him take champagne at the reception on the *City of Cairo*."

I said to Clara "He doesn't drink. He did take wine that night. But Mr Blauvelt signed the pledge before I'd gone with him twice."

Mama said 'twas a burning shame to think I'd not made him a hat-band. The sweethearts of all the other young fellows worked them hatbands. I had made four, and poor Blauvelt had none, and no other girl would be apt to give him one, as he takes me every place, and has entirely ceased taking anyone else. So today I'm embroidering him a beauty. Its stamped with the very prettiest letters, on rich wine-color, and I'm working it with shell-pink. I can embroider very nicely.

Robin's birthday comes just one week after mine. He will be six. He has carefully directed each member of the family as to what he wanted for his birthday presents. He's the sweetest, brightest, prettiest little fellow!

Sunday, Oct 29, 1882

Allow me to present myself—*Miss* Rittenhouse, aged 18, a full-fledged young lady. Last night I cried but today I'm happy. I'd be an ungrateful wretch, not to be happy. Such lovely, lovely things. Its delicious to feel that I've so many kind good friends.

Little Robin marched up to the breakfast table with all the importance imaginable and presented a little silver glove-buttoner. Then Fred gave me a lovely pack of daintily tinted calling cards, Harry a beautiful pearl pen-knife and Wood a bottle of perfume. But the crowning glory followed. Papa handed me a little package and when I opened it, I actually cried with delight, for there lay the dearest, lovliest little watch, in the brightest satin-case. Such a darling watch, stem-winder, with the dear little black cord to suspend it by. And on the inner case is engraved

Maud
from
Mama & Papa
Oct. 29, 1882.

Papa said I acted like a boy in his first top boots.

Monday Oct 30, 1882

Just guess! While Clara, Mama and I sat in the sitting room a few minutes ago eating oranges for our lives, an errand boy came. I answered the door, told him to wait, and read a note—a very friendly note, not a bit lovering, asking me to accept "this chain as a token of friendship" and also as a remembrance of my eighteenth birthday. Then it ended with all sorts of wishes for happy returns andsoforth.

I nearly fainted. Opening the box I found just the dearest, daintiest little watch-chain for my new watch. The most tasteful, girlish thing I ever saw, 18 k, just the richest color and so fine, with a slide of a golden shell with a wee pearl in it, and "R" on the back.

I nearly cried, for of course I will not keep it. I don't accept jewelry from gentlemen, and I know it'll hurt his feelings awfully. I sent the boy off saying the note needed no answer, for of course I'd not send the thing back to the office, for all the gentlemen down there to tease him about. I'll write him a nice little note, tell him how things are and ask him to call for it.

Eugene sent me a great basket of Southern fruits and California grapes. Edith gave me a soft white fascinator. Elmer gave me the very finest and loveliest of irridescent pearl (the most *chic* now) and gold opera-glasses. Mrs Menager sent to New York for one of those pretty lamp-shades for me, and yesterday received reply that they were out of them. More anon.

Later. 7 P.M.

While writing a note to "Blauvy" to tell him I must return his beautiful gift, there came a gift from Tom. An elegant case of rich plush, lined with pale blue satin, gilt clasp, and filled with acres of finest freshest French candies.

I've told Mr. B. that I'll keep the slide containing my initial, with his permission, and thank him as heartily as for a dozen dainty chains. Of course the slide is the merest trifle compared with the long, lovely chain. Oh! the goose. Papa says so too. He's paid 50 dollars if he's paid a cent for it, and it was dreadful of him. And did I tell you he kissed my hand when he left Thursday night. He called after I'd finished writing to you, and then Elmer came too, but soon left.

It was ridiculous! When he kissed my lily (?) hand I said *"Don't do that!"* "Why not?" "It isn't good for your health." And that was all we said, and I hope it has ended the matter.

I'm so sorry I showed him that hat-band last evening. I said to Mama when I first began it "I'll not give him this till after my birthday, for fear he'll feel obliged to give me a birthday present." But last night my birthday was done, and as I'd no thought of his sending anything *to-day,* I showed him the hat-band. He pretended to nearly faint over it and seemed highly pleased.

Wed. Nov 1, 1882

Such a time as I had about that chain. Whew! I wrote him that "nice little note" and sent Freddie with it. Fred *lost* it (!!!) but told Mr. B I wanted to see him. Up he came and we had it hot and heavy. After I'd told him my reasons for declining to accept it, about forty times, he still persisted in asking, "Why?—*why* can't you wear it?" "Didn't I just tell you. You might have known when you got it that you were going a little too far." When I told him I was sorry about the hat-band, he smiled rather bitterly and said I needn't be uneasy thinking the hat-band had influenced him. He had gotten me opera-glasses first, sometime before my birthday, but learning that I was to receive another pair, he returned them and got the chain.

He is a *mule* with every mulish characteristic. He *wouldn't* take the chain.

I said, "Send it to your sister."

"She has one."

"Take it back to the jeweler."

"Never!!"

"I won't wear it."

"Give it away then."

"I'll give it to the cook."

"All right, give it to the cook. I don't care. You may pitch it out the back window, do anything you will with it, but *I* won't have it."

"You were outrageously extravagant."

"Money's cheap."

"Indeed I will not have it."

"Please wear it to Metropolis."

"What good will that do you? Have you been betting about it?" (I was awfully sorry the minute I'd said that.)

"I don't do such things. It isn't my style, but if you'll wear it to Metropolis, it'll do some little good in the world. Otherwise none."

"I'd rather not wear it."

"You *must* take it."

"I won't."

"You can't help yourself." (I laid it on his knee.)

"It'll fall when I rise."

—And it did fall, and he wouldn't take it.

I got mad finally and said he was disagreeable and obstinate— "And I'm mad at you beside."

"Don't care if you are."

So the conversation ran till *eleven*.

At the door he said "Goodnight" and then very low either "darling" or "darn it" I couldn't tell which. I didn't pay any attention only said, "You may as well take it. You'll get it in the mail tomorrow anyway."

On the porch he broke all his matches lighting his cigar. As he started down the steps I said, "It'll be smashed in the mail."

"Let her *smash*", came back from the darkness. I banged the door, and then laughed and then went to bed.

Today I've done it up in a package with this note—

Mr Blauvelt:

I retained this package yesterday in the vain hope that you would grow penitent and call for it. I am sorry to send it to you. If it had been the opera-glasses I should have said, 'Thank you sir,' with the docility of a lamb, but I feel that it would be highly improper for me to accept this as a gift from you.

Your friend—

He said a watch-chain isn't jewelry, its something useful; he wouldn't have given me jewelry as a ring or bracelet.

Edith and I are going to Metropolis today. I'd nearly forgotten it. Perhaps I'd better get ready.

Friday night at Temperance Meeting I talked to WmSn about taking part in a charade. He trembled like a leaf and tried to laugh and weakly refuse but he wasn't a success. He can't refuse me anything. I'm so sorry for WmSn. I should love to have a long talk with him. I can't stay mad at him long. "Your influence only has sustained me thus far", he said. I fear his words were prophetic. I want to talk to him. I *must* hush.

Sunday, Nov. 12, 1882

Back from a nice visit, with Edith, at Cousin Sallie's in Metropolis and found the loveliest surprise—my old own little red room was all fixed up with long "plush" red curtains with pretty cretonne stripe; there were glorious roses in the little vases and in my thin, reformed wine-glass. The furniture had all new handles, darling rings, so nice to catch hold of; my perfume bottles, handkerchief boxes, toilet rack and everything in place. Before supper time Elmer was here to see me.

I was too happy to breathe, nearly, when I snuggled up in bed here at home. I was almost too happy to sleep, and when Mama came in and looked down at me, thinking me asleep, I kissed her and kissed her and she said she couldn't live without her little girl. Oh! my precious Mama!

Friday Nov 17, 1882 Harry's birthday

I'm in one of my wild moods again—and such a great lump is in my throat and such a dull pain in my heart.

I've been restless today anyway, and Mama went down town and left me painting passion flowers on the birthday gift I'm making Elmer. For a time I painted away peaceably enough, when all suddenly, the feeling grew upon me that Robert was standing on the porch. I seemed to see him so plainly, every line of his face, and I looked eagerly up. Only the frosted wood-bine vines were swaying in the wind, and little Henny-penny hopping up the steps, but after that I could not rid myself of old memories.

Mama came presently and said she'd tell me something if I'd not tell. A certain Mr Smith is building a railroad from Kansas (the great grain country) to southern points and eastern connections and Papa thinks Cairo's great grain trade will fly before this cheaper opening. Business is dull now and (of course its all vague in the extreme) we shall have to move. We'll have to go west—to Kansas City, 'tis likely.

For awhile I couldn't speak. I thought I must scream or choke. Go away from Cairo, I do believe it would kill me. I have lived here all my life long—18 bright, careless years, every citizen seems my friend, every old house, tree, side-walk, store, building seems to be a very part of me. Oh, I could not stand it! To go away to a strange, bustling city, where each fellow looks out for no. 1, and you can die, without your next door neighbor caring a cent. Away from Edith, Clara, the dear old church, from Grandma, Auntie, Elmer, the school building and everything.

But I can't even think of it.

Tuesday. November 21, 1882.

Mr Blauvelt was here last night and stayed till the hands were creeping round to *twelve*. He was very spoony, but I'd prefer telling you about it after he's cured.

I'm fixing up a stand-cover for Elmer's birthday. It is of three strips of satin, the outer two myrtle green, and the inner one wine-color, all briar-stitched together with old-gold silk. It is lined with green silk. In the first corner I painted passion-flowers, in the second pink roses, one in full blossom, the other half blown, in the third corner oats, and tomorrow I hope to complete the painting. On the four corners I have nickle rings, suspended from which are wine colored silk and chenille tassels. The stand itself I had a hard time getting—walked and walked. Finally got one to suit. It is of walnut with a tiny top of polished granite or syemite or something.

His birthday is Saturday. He'll be 21 and able to vote. Mr. Blauvelt is 24.

I've been in Elmer's room!!! I wanted to know if he had a table for me to make a cover to so I skipped over there and asked Mrs Comings (Elmer's step-mother). She said, "Yes, there is a cardtable there—please come up and look at it yourself." So I went. Poor, darling Elmer, he would have been in convulsions if he'd known, because hes so neat and particular. Well, it was Monday (week before yesterday). Mrs Comings had torn the bed up to put the sheets in the wash, and the bed contained only mattresses, or feather beds or something, with everything else on the floor. The table was covered with pictures and books; the telegraph instruments and five or six batteries were on the floor (where they are waiting to gain the strength necessary for operation).* Mr Comings' big white hat was perched on the top of the large stove. I was careful not to look around much. I caught a hasty glimpse of a French dresser, and something blue about it, with a student lamp on one side.

It makes me laugh to know how Elmer would feel if he knew it. I made Mrs Comings promise not to breathe it, and Sunday night innocently asked Elmer if he had a big or little stove in his room. Saturday Clara was 18. I gave her two blue satin toilet bottles painted with oats and buttercups.

Had an elegant time at the party Thursday night. Went with Elmer though Mr. Blauvelt asked me also, Mama though Mr. Blauvelt angry about the chain affair. She surmised that we'd seen the last of him. I got back from Metropolis late on Saturday, and on Sunday afternoon he came—to *beg my forgiveness* for his conduct. Even a mule can conquer its mulishness.

Wed 6:45 P.M. Nov 29, 1882

If you could step into our kitchen you'd find Mary chopping suet, Mama seeding raisins, Fred cutting celery, and Robin poking fingers into everything. For its the night before Thanksgiving and our poor turkeys wept over their death warrant this afternoon. Scalloped oysters, cranberry-sauce, currants, cake, plum pudding, chicken sauce, and various other modern messes fill the basement with their several odors.

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* Maud's friends were setting up telegraph lines between homes. Telegraphy was regularly taught in the high school.

Last night Elmer, Mama and I went to the theater. *My Partner* was on the boards. 'T was excellent. Used my new opera-glasses and wore my mile-around wine-colored hat with its multitude of plumes. When we came out we encountered the first snow-flakes of the season. This morning the house-tops were white, and I exclaimed, "Es schneit!"

Thursday Nov 30, 1882

I'm so excited I can scarcely sit still long enough to write. Two adventures, one enough to last a year, the other enough to have made one's blood run cold. First the company all came to dinner. Everything was lovely. Eugene and Elmer left at about three. Edith and I were sitting in the sitting room and Robin, Archie and Fred were playing marbles on the floor. Through the window I suddenly caught sight of a familiar figure—a form clad in dark green. In a maze the thought dawned upon me, "It is Robert." I didn't dare display my emotion before the children. "What a dashing dandy," I exclaimed merrily looking quickly through the other window. Sure enough 'twas he. He wears whiskers but I knew him in spite of them. Edith looked, but not in time to see. I went to the boys' room, mounted a chair near the window and fixed my eyes upon Mrs Halliday's house, to confirm my belief. They have an iron gate at the foot of the front steps and upon tapping a bell there, somebody comes from the house and admits you.

I watched a few minutes and then saw little Edie in her white apron run down the steps. Soon she went back followed by a tall gentleman in green.

I wanted to scream and get into the air, but I only went to my own room, and with face buried in my soft curtains prayed the dear Father, who has always spared me pain, to let not the sight of this man on this Thanksgiving Day or anything following, bring me any sorrow, anything to regret instead of to be thankful for, next Thanksgiving.

Then the folks all started home. My one wish was to walk. I felt that if I could get in a cold snowy field, away from everybody, I could walk for miles. I started to go part way home with Edith and Auntie. I talked with no intermission. WmSn drove by me in a carriage (as I came back) and asked to drive me down. I consented gladly. He sprang from the buggy to turn it. The horse started forward; he called "whoa!" but the animal pranced around and started running. Will held on and was dragged a long distance—knocked down and *run over*. I thought he must be cut in two. People ran out of their houses. When I reached him he had jumped up from the mud and asked "Is my face dirty?"

I can laugh *now,* but I didn't see the funny side then. His ulster was thickly coated, his watch-chain broken, his hat spattered, face also and pants, and his new gloves bursted, yet he cooly lifted me, told the people he wasn't hurt, and drove me home laughing and in high spirits. I asked if he'd be at the German tonight. He smiled brightly and said he would if he could get the mud off in time.

"I seem to be your evil fate," I said thoughtlessly, and could have bitten my tongue off.

I wonder how long he will stay. 'T will be best for me not to see him.—

I attend the party with Elmer. Oh! Elmer!!

Friday

In the grate at my right, burns brightly a huge pack of letters, large and small, hasty notes on margins of books—a little bunch of bananas all withered up, and a tiny picture, a picture that for five years has been alternately kissed and cried over.* And that ends the romance. Why? Robert is married—his wife is with him. He married Blanche Merriwether's sister—the Blanche of whom he used to speak to me. Oh fool that I was! I squeezed out a few tears. You see I went by Clara's this morning, and she told me. I behaved beautifully as if I'd heard that any other half stranger was married. And on the way down town I couldn't keep from laughing to think of it. Poor little wife! I do not envy her. Now I'm so glad I rejected him, that I have learned his fickleness.

Three years ago only, he left Cairo with words of passionate love upon his lips for me, and now he brings his young wife home.

I don't care, and yet it makes me feel like I can never marry. But I shall outgrow that feeling. *Five years!* Five years has he been completely wrapped about my heart. I must not think of him now. This morning I prayed that he might be married, and my prayer is answered.

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* It was apparently at this time that Maud burned an earlier volume of her Journal telling of her attachment for Robert Witherspoon, younger brother of Mrs. Edwin W. Halliday. Lost with the volume, unfortunately, was Maud's account of how she joined in a "promenade" with General Grant at his reception in Cairo in 1880.

Of course my heart is sore but it shall heal quickly and no one shall know.

—The "German" was jolly. I danced with every gentleman there save two, one of whom I knew not.

Allowed Blauvelt once again to bask in my sunshine, and he quickly gobbled up an engagement for Monday night. Met Mr. Pennewill. Home at one.

Christmas 1882. 6 P.M.

One month since Robert married—one month which might have been a year so long it seems. I feel like many, many years of experience have come to me since then. On Elmer's birthday they were married. I remember the wild dissatisfied mood that night after Elmer and I had come home from Edith's and I wonder if that event happening so many miles away threw any dark shadow over me here.

I hope some day to be able to forget the dull stupor, the frantic longings of those few days surrounding Thanksgiving. On that day he had been married five days, yet I remember that on Thanksgiving Eve, with my big apron on, and my heart overflowing with unaccountable happiness, I stole into the parlor, where the dim twilight was only broken by the subdued firelight, and rocking quietly in a little chair, gave my whole mind up for a few minutes to thoughts of him—the one boy whom I had loved with all the passionate tenderness of a fresh young heart. I sang the dear little song, "In the gloaming, oh my darling" which always makes me think of him, and then repeated softly to myself the little poem,

Oh to be back in the cool summer shadow . . .
Pulses above may beat calmly and even
We have been fashioned for earth and not Heaven
Angels are perfect, I am but a woman.

I felt somehow those few days that I should soon see him. And on Thanksgiving Day I did. I remember the wild excitement of that evening, during my week with Auntie, my drive with Will, and the German; how on the street my eye wandered eagerly up and down looking for him, how at the dance, every foot-step on the stair made my heart flutter tremulously and the quick blood mount to my cheek.

Then the next day—I cannot forget a single detail. How Clara looked when she said "his wife", how in a sort of dream I was conscious of laughing and talking with her, of running to the milliner's smiling and nodding at every acquaintance, of kissing little Agnes, just down from Metropolis, of looking at the feathers for my hat and hearing far away the regrets of the clerks that they were not a shade darker. Then I remember coming home and mentioning to Mama in a casual way that "Mr W. had his wife with him," of going to my room, laying the satin I had purchased down, mechanically taking out his letters and picture, and all his little tokens, and burning them up. I did not cry—I kissed the picture for the last time, read once more the hollow words,

> *Years and actions will prove Little One that*
> *I am sincere—that is all I ask;*

and then turned away, wrote to you a minute and went down stairs.

I know how I took my German book into the parlor and read "erzählen—To tell". I thought I was studying but now I remember that I merely read over and over unceasingly, "erzählen—To tell."

Mama said something about whether I should shake hands with him or not. To me he was dead. I said pettishly, "Well *I* say—let's don't talk about him."

"Very well, you may go and confide in Edith or Clara or some one more worthy your confidence."

I could hardly feel pained, even by that, though I wondered dimly how she could imagine I could talk to the girls about it. I went slowly out to her and begged her pardon. It was a chilly day though sunny, and I took my book out on the porch—the house seemed to smother me. There I sat again, reading "Erzählen—to tell." I didn't think of what I was reading—yet I thought of nothing else—my mind seemed asleep. I knew that the sun was shining, that the chilling wind was cutting through and through me—I knew that the letters, all the little black letters got tangled up in the sun's glare on the page, but beyond that I knew little.

At dinner I ate nothing but talked and laughed so no one noticed. That night there was to be a play at the Opera House. Clara was going and begged me to go shopping with her. Glad to be out in the air I did so. I laughed with Clara, and told funny stories. When we reached Goldstine's, dear Tom exclaimed, "Have you seen your old sweetheart?" I looked at him inquiringly, and he continued, "Bob Witherspoon?" "He passed our house yesterday,"—and then Tom walked to the corner with us, telling us all about him and what he said, and did, and so forth till I thought I should scream but I didn't. I kept up my ceaseless chatter and laugh, till "the gloaming" came on, then though all the time my heart felt the same dulness, my external composure began to give way—not that I did any weeping or anything of that sort, only I felt a tired feeling all over me and I couldn't feign unusual merriment longer. I told Clara the walking had made my head ache, and then went down to bring my little cousin up to tea. I remember half an hour later we sat in the parlor, the children, Papa, Eva and I, and while Eva talked, I sitting at her feet rested my tired head on her knee. Papa said, "Here's a note for Mama." I saw on the envelope Robert's well known characters.

At supper Papa told us, "Mr Witherspoon called at my office today—says he's married and wanted to spend a part of his honeymoon with his friends here."

"Did you recognize him?" asked Mama.

"Oh yes—the boyish face was under the beard."

The note to Mama told of his arrival, said he hoped she'd not forgotten him, asked her to call, ditto Miss Maud, and also hoped to have her meet his wife who felt that she knew us already because he'd talked so much of us.

I read it cooly, though my fingers tightened over the sheet when I read those two words "my wife"; then I pinned the plush to my bonnet frame and started to take Agnes back to Mrs Brace with whom she meant to attend the opera. It was very dark, Mama wanted me to have company, but I told her I wasn't afraid. Entertained Agnes on the way down with discriptions of the Opera House. On the way back I tried to think, but I only repeated "his wife—his wife—his wife." Then I gave Harry the music-lesson, corrected his mistakes as I would do it in sleep, and finally the long hours pulled through and I could go to my own room and to bed. I didn't want to go to bed early, for fear they'd think I was giving way and I had, through all the numbed feeling, sufficient pride left to keep a bright face and a light step.

But once tucked up in the covers with the light burning faintly in my little room, it all rushed over me in one overwhelming thought—the five years, the brightest years of my life, when my thoughts were purest and sweetest, when my love was eager and strong, when my heart was honest, and true to him as the stars to the night. I thought then, oh! the thoughts, wild, eager, rushed so rapidly through my mind that my very soul seemed afire with them, I thought of her, a little though not much, wondered if she were beautiful, if he had called her all the dear names he had called me. I hoped that if we met he might feel a wild thrill of pain, and find more in me to love and admire than in her whom he called "wife." Then, shocked at my own guilty thought, I resolved to look as uninteresting and be as stupid as possible, that he might rejoice and love yet more deeply the little wife. I always thought I should feel jealous at such a time, but I didn't, a bit. If they had been not married, but engaged, I might have been, but once married it would be a thing impossible for me to entertain a jealous thought.

Worn out with sobbing I was almost asleep when through my memory came floating the song I had once heard which so strongly associated itself in my mind with him.

"He kissed his bonny hand to me". Bonny always described him to me. "Bonnie blue eyes, and bonnie brown hair."

Half asleep I still seemed singing, "Laid at my feet a burden sweet, with smile as if he slept." And then I dreamed that way off on the shore of the great Pacific I stood; that he was washed up on the sand at my feet, dead, dead. And somehow all the next morning I felt that the dream was really true, that he really had never left California but there had died, loving *me.*

The delusion lasted till that afternoon, when as I sat alone dreamily painting, I glanced up and saw him pass. With one long sob I cried, "God, how can I bear it. Help me," and bending my head let the tears fall, unrestrained.

I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered those days, how I hoped, yet dreaded to see him, how everything I touched, saw or heard brought him to my mind. If I picked up a book I found a poem which I had once read, applying every word to him; if I heard a piece of music it was one I had sung for him; I looked at the old lace curtains in the parlor, and remembered how I had buried myself in them and cried for joy over the first word from him after he'd gone west; if I walked on the street, I remembered in which spot I had talked to him. Every word he had ever said came back to me, there was not an hour or a minute I had ever spent with him that did not rise up before me. When the moon shone I remembered the moonlight nights when

I had walked with him; if the wood-bine leaves waved in the wind I remembered the times he had stood near them on the porch, and I had looked into his grave, sweet eyes,

> And read into their clear depths my life-long dream.

When I sat in the seats at church, I remembered long ago, when in the dim Episcopal church at night, when the organ pealed gloriously, I had dreamed at my own sweet will, dear dreams of his returning.

Monday night I was with Mr. Blauvelt at the singing. Every night was taken up.

Monday afternoon I decided to call at Mrs. Halliday's. The servant girl left me in the parlor, ran upstairs, came back saying, "Mrs. Witherspoon will be down," and then she and the baby entertained me. So he was not home. I felt glad. I heard a step on the stair, and supposed it to be her.

I raised my eyes, and Robert was advancing toward me, with the firm boyish step I remembered so well.

He extended his hand—I was glad mine was gloved that he might not feel its icy coldness.

He talked with the old frank, winning manner, the conversation drifted into an easy channel. There was not a break in its flow. She came soon with an apology for delay, and was introduced to me. I found her charming—not pretty, but sweet, womanly and gentle. I talked brightly and they did too. It was not as hard for me as I feared it would be. When I rose to leave after a call of perhaps 45 minutes, Robert asked his wife something about an intended walk, and asking permission to accompany me home. She ran up for her hat and gloves. He began to ask something about "Mr. Comings"—he'd heard that—"well, is it true, Miss Maud—or am I over-inquisitive?" I was glad that she returned before I had time to reply.

On the way over he remarked that I had the old failing; explaining —"pretty bonnets". If he had known where *my* thoughts were during the construction of that bonnet, and how little I cared whether it was pretty or not!

He is more handsome, if possible, than he was three years ago. He said, "Verna is satiated with Louisville, so if Brother Ed succeeds in getting me a position here, I shall resign my present one in Louisville."

On the following night, I think it was, the Madison Square Troupe played *Esmeralda* at the Opera House. I knew that Mr and Mrs Witherspoon would be there. I overflowed with merriment; I felt equal to entertaining the Queen of England. We were jesting, laughing continually—my opera-glass was in constant use—everybody seemed to nod at me from all over the house. Finally they came with Major Halliday and wife, and sat directly opposite us in the parquet circle. I felt the very spirit of excitement thrilling my whole body. I teased Eugene behind me, discussed school with Wintie and Will in front of me, whispered with Tom and Clara behind Mrs. Moore, was telegraphed to by Mr and Mrs Menager from across the parquet; oh! I felt almost too wildly happy to contain myself, yet my heart was like lead, and when, in the play, Esmeralda and her lover meet after a weary separation, I found myself leaning forward eagerly with every nerve strained to its highest pitch, till Elmer, watching me curiously, brought me to myself again, and back from the stage and the life there, to the dull pain off of it.

If by chance I gazed to where Robert sat I found his eyes fastened on me, but I did not often look in that direction. Often after that he passed the house, on Sunday morning he and Sam galloped by on horses—and he, with his athletic bearing very well suited the powerful animal he rode.

The following Monday they called here in the afternoon. Other callers came when they'd been here half an hour or so, and then, in about fifteen minutes they left.

That night I attended the theatre with Mr Blauvelt, the next night with WmSn; Wednesday noon, the wedding of Mr Parsons and Miss Scarritt, and at three oclock Clara, Edith and I started to Betties, shopping on the way. We turned a corner abruptly and met Robert. He tipped his hat, we bowed, and passed. That night at Betties' Edith played "Hazel Dell," and from habit I sat dreaming romances in which Robert was hero, noble, earnest, grave, a man as far above men as the moon above earth. Somebody said, "A penny for your thoughts, Maud," and I remembered then that Robert was no more to me. The next Thursday night (I *think* it was Thursday) Mrs. Menager told me to come over with my work. I went early at her request, work-basket and zephyrs accompanying. Mrs. Robbins was there and as soon as Mr. Menager had departed, said,

"Have you heard about Rob Witherspoon?"

"What?" I asked with not much interest.

"Oh, they've been having an awful time at Brother Ed's. Witherspoon went all over town buying elegant things for his wife (who needed some clothing, theirs having been a run-a-way marriage) and charged them up to Brother Ed, and when Bro. Ed told him he'd have to leave, he telephoned to the Halliday, ordered nice rooms, well heated, went down there, coolly called on the Proprietor for money, saying Brother Ed would make it alright, wrote an impudent note to Mrs Wm Halliday (who had said something about his wife) and told her if she had any remarks to make, to walk down to No 19 and he'd settle with her. Sister Emma wanted them to go to Louisville but they wouldn't so she brought them tickets for Chicago, and they leave tomorrow."

She said things about his wife which I can't and won't believe, though Mama, too, is inclined to think it true. She seemed so sweet, so gentle, so like a perfect little lady! I think that piece of news was the "straw that broke the camel's back." I might love a noble, high-minded man, though he were untrue to me, but love a creature, who would act like a sneaking, contemptible *sponge,* and exhibit such *littleness* of character, NEVER!

I feel like it must have been some other girl who worshiped some other "ideal and crown of her life"—I feel that I must have read it, as I do read some stories feeling myself almost a part of them, yet I know that the story so engrossing has taken up five years of my girlhood; still, 'tis a story with a moral and therefore not quite profitless.

But in the month of silence other things have happened. I've had a "time" with Mr. Blauvelt.

On Saturday night, Dec. 16, Papa's old friend Mr Whitney of Brooklyn, N.Y. called. Papa and I were with him in the parlor. The bell rang, Mr Blauvelt appeared, and I went to choir-practice with him. We finished early, and when we came back the parlor was vacant. I pitched into some Christmas work, and for a time he was very pleasant and entertaining. Then he took a "spoony" streak, and began edging his chair a little closer—I gently edged away, and would have been edging yet, I guess, only the wall stopped me. He would stroke my hair, pull the braid, rub his hand over my cheek or chin, imprison my hands, or rest his arm on my chair.

First I said "Please don't." Then I said "Don't," very sharply; then "Mr. Blauvelt, will you desist—!" And *then* I began to get angry. He caught my hand, and I twisted my face up into an expression of mortal agony and said "Oh-h-h—they're so chapped—you hurt me awfully then." I told him to put his hand on his own chair. I was getting more angry, and it was getting late, and I was sleepy and wanted him to go anyway. I got mad, worried and nervous, and then began to tremble violently. I think I must have had a nervous chill and there he sat with his eyes fastened on me, while I shook till my teeth most chattered, and asked if he could do anything to help me. Oh! I did want to say "Yes, you can go home."

Finally (perhaps divining my thought) he started. He said, "I want my overcoat, please," and I replied, amiably, "Please go and get it then." I knew he only wanted me to start across the room to the chair on which it was thrown, that he might snatch a half chance to place his arm about my waist. If he *had* dared, he'd have been scorched before he left (I mean, worse scorched than he was). Well, he got his old overcoat, and then picking up my feather turban, put it on (looking awful) and then started playfully to put it on my head. I was so angry I didn't want him to touch me. "Don't put that on my head." He laughed as though there were a good joke and cooly raised the hat, when I stepped aside and said "You'll *please* not do it." (I guess I looked like I meant it, for he stopped, but only for a minute (he's awfully mulish) and when he tried it again, I drew myself to my full height (you can imagine how I towered) stepped back with the air of an empress, and with eyes fairly snapping said slowly and emphatically, "Don't you DARE put that on my head." He didn't know quite whether to laugh or cry, and he said, "Well, you're a fly kind of a girl." It was a beautiful expression, but he was slightly stunned.

At the door he asked when he might call again. I said, "Never, unless he could treat me with a little more respect—that I didn't know what *he* considered me, but I considered myself a lady."

"May I come again?"

"You know the conditions."

Just as the door shut he said, "We'll think about it."

I didn't for a minute realize what he'd said, but when I did realize it, I was furious. As if he dared consider that he had any choice in the matter—as though my command were of so little importance that he could assume to "think about it" before deciding to obey.

My wrath was mighty. Early Sunday morning I penned the following note:

Home—Dec 17, 1882.

Mr Blauvelt:

Upon consideration I've decided that you needn't mind coming to see me any more.

Your undue familiarity has been a constant source of annoyance to me, and you have known it. Out of consideration for your feelings, I said nothing for a while, hoping you would understand and desist.

Your *feelings have been regarded to the distress of mine quite long enough.*

I supposed a mere mention of it would be sufficient: after that an apology from you would have set matters straight.

Now *an apology would be too late, for at the door you were uncourteous enough to say "you'd think about it." The request I made ought require no second thought. No true gentleman would have hesitated a moment to promise to refrain from doing what he had no earthly right to do in the first place.*

The more I think of it, the more I wonder how you dared treat me so. Since you cannot come without annoying me, you needn't come.

Yours truly,
etc.

Told Mama and read it to her. She said not to send it just yet, he might show it or something. So I didn't.

I have not seen him since that. Monday night, just before tea-time a note came from him. I couldn't believe my eyes when I read:

Dec 17/82

Dear Maude,

You may be surprised at my thus addressing you, but Maude, I love you; how much I did not know myself until last evening, when you reproved me for my seeming ungentlemanly conduct. You have been a complete puzzle to me; at times I thought you did like me a little, and then at other times you would seem to be cold and distant. Maude, may I hope that you do love me a little, and that you will become my dear little wife? I have been on the point of asking you the same question a dozen times at least, but when I thought of the pleasant evenings I had spent in your society, I could not make up my mind to ask you, for fear it would end them all.

But Maude, you opened my eyes last night, to see myself in all my selfishness. Maude, will you forgive me for acting in such a selfish manner.

Please answer this note at once, as I am all impatience to receive your answer.

Ever yours,
Will.

I only told Mama and Papa of it. Papa smiled and said "You'd better take him—it may be your last chance."

I replied:

Home. Dec 18/82

Mr Blauvelt:

When you left me Saturday night, I was so angry at you, so indignant and hurt, that I was strongly tempted to write at once, telling you that we could be friends no longer. Not then knowing what I now *know, it was but natural that I should feel as I did, for in my eyes your conduct had no excuse.*

I am sorry that you love me, and cannot help thinking that somehow you have mistaken your own feelings, and that this is but a momentary impulse. I do hope it is so, for I should hate to cause you pain.

I do *like you "a little bit"—even* more *than a little bit but I do not* love *you, and I* cannot.

It would not be best if I did, because, Mr Blauvelt, though we make excellent friends, *I cannot think of any two mortals, who as husband and wife would be less congenial. When you think the matter over calmly, I honestly believe that your own good sense will force you to agree with me.*

It has all been very sudden to me, and I hardly know what I am writing, but I hope I have at least made clear the fact that, much as I like you, deeply honored as I feel by your preference, and sorry as I am to give you pain, I can never, never *be your "little wife".*

your sincere friend etc.

The more I pondered, the sorrier I got for him. Its a pretty serious thing, when a man as old as he asks a girl to marry him.*

As I said, that was nearly two weeks ago, and I've neither seen, nor heard of him since. He hasn't been to theatre or party since.

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*Mr. Blauvelt was twenty-five.

CHAPTER FIVE

I'd Rather He Were Not Quite So Good and a Little More Attractive

New Years, 1883

Another unrecorded week has flown.

About every night and afternoon is taken up at the Opera House.

Wednesday evening about nine went with Elmer to Bettie's. Wore my green satin and velvet, red sash and roses, red ribbons on hair, and locket at throat tied with red ribbons, loops and streamers falling over shoulders, black slippers and stockings, and musquetaire kid gloves (cream-colored). There was a full string band (Prof. Storer's, the finest here and truly fine) and melting refreshments. Three rooms were stretched with canvas for dancing. Two rooms remained for conversation and cards. The house was decorated with festoons of evergreens, and mistletoe boughs hung under the arches.

Next was the grand party at Mary Baker's in honor of that young lady's debut.

Elmer and I engaged the hack ('twas raining) but failing to get it took a car and afterwards learned that those fortunate enough to get the hack had it break down in a sea of mud. The driver had to carry them to the walk.

I wore my graduating dress, with a Byron collar of mull low cut in front and deeply edged with lace.

Next night was to be the big party by the Myths at the Halliday.

All day I wondered if Mr Blauvelt would not end his recluse's life of grief by coming out at this party.

Well, I emerged from the dressing-room in my charming new toilet, Mama's Christmas gift, of pale lemon taffeta, overdress and fancy plait of satin same shade, and cream colored Spanish lace. The jacket is tight fitting with tiny, pearl bullet-buttons, neck cut V-shape with turned-over-and-stand-up Spanish lace, and blood-red roses. Elmer looked somewhat amazed when he saw my new dress, white slippers and gloves etc. for I had come gowned in cloak and gossamer. I stepped into the elevator, Elmer just behind me, and felt my face grow hot when I looked up and encountered Mr Blauvelt's eyes. A merry party was in the elevator. I remarked very originally, "Good evening." He said the same thing at the same time and shook hands with me. He did not appear at all embarrassed and I was inwardly chagrined that I felt so.

Once only he looked like he was making an effort to control himself, and that was in the "grand right-and-left" in a quadrille where he took my hand (had to you know). But shortly after in the same quadrille I had to promenade with him. He looked down upon me and asked smiling, "Are you having a pleasant time?" "Quite, I thank you,"—and that was all.

He didn't come near me to ask me to dance and I felt so much like crying, inside, that I couldn't be as bright as usual outside. I was half sick, couldn't eat supper, and the floor was not waxed. Mr. Vaughn late in the evening waxed my slippers for me—then it was easier. I can't stand dancing on an un-waxed floor; it tires me out.

I had lots of compliments on my looks and I danced the entire evening, but I felt horrid all because of Mr Blauvelt. He needn't treat me like a naughty child who ought to be punished. Goodness knows I didn't want him to fall in love with me. I saw his object in a minute; he only wanted to let me see that he wasn't hurt by the blow (?) but it would have showed less hurt, if he hadn't gone to quite such an extreme. He generally tries to monopolize all my dances, and then suddenly, not to dance once with me. 'Twas most too plain.

Coming home Elmer said, "Mr Blauvelt didn't dance once with you?"

"Let me see—no he didn't."

"I don't like it. 'Twas unkind."

"Not to me; if there were any injury done it was to himself."

On Friday Clara and I visited school; my first visit since I graduated. It made me feel a decidedly choky sensation in my throat. We sang one of our dear old songs,

Our hearts are light, our skies are sunny,
Our pathway lies through fairyland.

And in a twinkling I could feel myself sitting back again in the shaded green room window, with my closed geology in my lap and my eyes fastened dreamily on the maple leaves fluttering in the sun, humming that song, listening drowsily to the sound of "Fordie's" voice in the next room, and building sunny castles in the air, of the day when "my bright, beautiful boy, my bonny Rob, my noble whole-souled, worshiped Robert, should come back and tell me that for my sake he had conquered self, made a great name for himself, and now with a heart full of tenderness for the little sister who had guided him to purer things, had come back to lay the wealth of his love, the crown of his life, at her feet." How I used to picture him as I imagined he would stand with those deep, restful eyes fastened on my face.

What dreams those used to be. When I compare them with his coming as it was—

I've made some new resolutions. The main one is to lose sight of *self,* to strive toward unselfishness, to take more of dear Marmee's care off her hands, to do less light reading, more serious thought and study, to practice two hours a day, and NOT to allow party-going to make me frivolous.

The doorbell, Elmer here, Goodnight.

Tuesday.

I have not told you about my Christmas presents.

Mama	Lemon colored dress and nearly 6 yards satin, to go with it.
Papa	Morocco music-case and embroidered hdk
Elmer	Daintily exquisite book of paintings and poems entitled "Heart's Ease and Happy Days". Also a pretty table with a drawer in it on which was a costly and sweet-toned telegraph instrument—a beauty. Also four or five beautiful fringed Christmas cards. (P.S. I'd made him promise to get something simple.)
Aunt Amarala	Wine-colored plush hand-bag.
Aunt Mattie	Green ink-stand

Papa gave Mama a set of garnets. I gave her a banjo covered with pale pink satin, hand-painted rose and lilacs, morning glories under silver strings on handle, pale blue velvet round the bowl. Its nearly eight, must dress.

Wednesday

Sometime ago WmSn invited me to the Opera House. He brought with him my long desired memento: a small oar cut from the larger oar of the *Isabella*.

Well, Will had made up his mind that to please his mother he'd go to St Louis. He was to leave Saturday so he wanted to spend the Friday night preceding—his last night in Cairo—with me. I of course let him.

First we went to Temperance Hall, and then came back here. I asked Will to re-sign the pledge, he refused, and first denied having broken it, but when I talked to him in a forgiving and motherly way, he finally confessed it all. After a pretty serious talk he promised never again to touch drink and I cut off a piece of my red hair-ribbon and tied to his button-hole.

Poor boy! I felt so, *so* sorry for him; he told me how hard he had tried to conquer his love for me, and how miserable he had been. He said that long ago he'd declared he'd take no girl to the theatre till he could take me. So he went evening after evening taking seats opposite where I sat, that he might watch me, until ashamed for people to see his weakness he finally sat way back in the *dress-circle,* though still opposite. How once he had mustered courage to sit across the isle from me and then was rewarded by my disdaining to speak to him. So many nights, he said, when he would have given a kingdom to have come to see me,—knowing he *couldn't,* he'd go off on any wild tour the "boys" might propose. I know I used often to treat him cooly. I'm always so to people whom I like best. I delight in tormenting them and then weep my heart out over it afterward.

We talked over all the dear old days, when dashing waves, glancing sunshine, the *Isabella* and the beds of sweet violet at the end of the lake made up our happiness. Then Will, looking at his watch, said—"Sit in the great armchair—I like to see you in it, and let me talk to you just ten minutes; then I must leave for it grows late."

He told me how earnestly he should try, for *my* sake, his dearest friend, to be good and true, and to make me proud of him if I couldn't love him.

At the door he cried; he did hate to leave this dear, ugly, darling town, to which all its inhabitants become so warmly attached. I expect he felt much as I did when Mama mentioned the possibility of our removing. Only his was certainty and harder to bear. I wanted to kiss him goodbye, but of course I didn't. That is one reason why I particularly like Will. He never was rudely familiar as Mr. Blauvelt was, but treated me with the greatest respect even after telling me he loved me.

Next morning, when the train went by, I waved from the back window, and then came back to Mama's room to fill the scent-satchet I was making Harry Robbins. First thing I knew my head was buried in the bed, and I was having one good old cry. The last link joining me to the bright sunny school-life seemed broken when Will left.

Will, though not a fellow-student was as intimately connected with my school-life as if he had been. He generally carried my basket and books up, visited on Fridays, rowed me there in "high water days", wrote up our notices in the paper, walked home with me in the evening, and on sunny days, when we proud and happy seniors reclined on the Green-room benches and table, he would walk by, a smiling target for all the Geological specimens aimed at him.

And Will gone, I could hardly believe it! It makes my heart hurt yet.

On Wednesday I received a letter from him part of which I quote.

1521 Clark Ave.,

Friend Maude:

I have resisted the temptation to write to you so long and can do so no longer. You once told me that the next time you left Cairo you would correspond with me and so I take this liberty.

The last thing I saw as I came out of Cairo, was you waving, and it made me glad to think that somebody thought enough of me to wave me a farewell.

It is now long past 12 P.M. *and I have been sitting before the grate, in my own room, dreaming. The flames shoot higher and higher and in their red luster I see pictures of my past life and of my many dear friends. They glitter before my dreaming eyes in blazing embers, and chief among these pictures is the one of yourself, sitting, as I saw you, not quite a week ago, in the large arm-chair; how I wish that picture might remain there before me for ever.*

Sunday my first visit was by myself to Lafayette Park. I stood beneath the statue [note by Maud: "Bentons—about which I had told him"] *and thought that you had once stood there, and that that great piece of stone had looked down upon you as it did upon me. I went and stood upon the rustic bridge where perhaps you had stood; I took your picture from my pocket, and wondered how long it would be before I would see you again. Who can tell what changes may take place before I do.*

St Louis is very large; and as you said, there are a great many temptations for young men, but that little ribbon is always before me, and when I look at it, I think I can hear you saying, "Will don't drink any-more", and I shall ever try to keep it, for the sake of the one I promised.

Maude, I am trying to think of you as my dearest friend and I think there would be nothing wrong in your corresponding with me, so I send my address, and if you answer this, you will make me very happy, and help me to be the man I am trying to be.

I answered with a ten-pager that night.

Sunday night. Jan 14, 1883

I am in a hurry. Instead of telling you again, I for once give you a second-handed dose in the shape of a letter just hurriedly written to Will:

Friend Will:

Though I wanted to write to you this afternoon I refrained because I've written twice to you since I've written Mamie, so I wrote to her; though it is now after six oclock, I'll scribble awhile, for a little, you know, is better than nothing.

Our town had such a tremendous shaking up, Thursday morning, as it never had before. The washbowls and pitchers played "Yankee Doodle" and the windows danced to the same tune. My little banjo sprang from the wall and bounced upon the floor, the beds rocked and the grate in the tower-room crashed to the floor. And through all the terrible time I slept as gently as though mother earth were sleeping also. So you see it takes more than an earthquake to awaken me.

I'm glad you are at work, Will, I think it will be good for you. Pitch right into it with your whole soul and show your employers what sort of stuff our Cairo boys are made of.

We're going to have a taffy pull at our Y.P.T.A. Friday night.

Don't be a goose, please. You talk like you'd nothing to live for under the sun. I'm ashamed of you. Of course it is not always pleasant to look back upon a wasted year but if we didn't have to stop, now and then and look back upon such years, would we ever try to make coming ones any better?

I want to see you, my friend, grow up into a steady, reliable business man, and also a whole-souled genial man, with your face full of cheer, and your heart full of kindness, and a helping hand always ready for a friend or brother. Why, St Louis is a missionary field big enough for a ten-acre lot full of young men of your spirit.

The world has enough real *misery in it without our (both of us) brooding over imaginary woes. I want you to stop being blue on the instant; if you can't be a joy to yourself be a joy to others, and above all Will,* don't *drink and don't spend your money recklessly and foolishly.*

I know that money is such an unromantic subject that I ought not to mention it, but I'm your Grandmother now, and I tell you, money, despised as it may be by high minds, etc is a very useful and convenient article, and though I hate a miser worse than poison and love a generous man, it grieves me to see boys growing into men without a thought or care for that very necessary part of their future lives.

Blessed be Pope's if its 'kinder' like our *Opera House, but I'd rather you cut the Professors out and fell in love with the Daisy Browns than to spend your time in looking for the Mauds and making yourself feel bad.*

You have heard my teeth chatter, so you know I can sympathize with the freezing of your southern blood.

Your friend, I mean Grandmother,

Maud.

Tuesday Jan 16, 1883

I have a class in Sunday school, quite by accident you might say as I am, as you know, not a member of the church.

The Sunday before Christmas, I think it was, Mr George stopped me and after a few remarks about my boys, as I was leaving called me back, half hesitating, and said for a long time he'd been wanting to ask me what my views of religion are. I told him quite frankly I hadn't any settled views though I rather inclined to the Unitarian doctrine. That the more I tried to settle my faith the more everlastingly stirred up it became. Told him I never had been quite able to believe in the divinity of Christ—that I never could feel the need of a reconciliation between the most loving and kind of Fathers and his children. Said as I never could believe the dear God an enemy of man, so I never could believe it necessary to make a sacrifice of a son of that God, to break down the enmity.

He said instead of enmity it was the highest benevolence of the Father, and then he said something about the necessity of law or something, that I have never since been able to make intelligible to myself or others. (Not that it was not so, but I can't word it to make sense of it, therefore I could only have dimly comprehended it.) He said he'd get me a book by Dr. Bushnell which I would find readable and which acted as a sort of medium between Unitarianism and the full faith.

Haven't received the book yet.

Of all puzzling things religion takes the lead. I know there is a God above us, I feel that instinctively, and I believe him infinitely wise, glorious, kind and loving. I have a faith able to believe in the loving-kindness through pain and sorrow.

I think the Bible contradictory; in fact I find places which in any book but the Bible I would call *lies*.

Saturday Jan 20, 1883

Last night was the "German" to which I had been so long looking forward, yet I missed it. Why? One night Mr George in a sermon said that the Christian religion provided for every need of the Christian—when we needed recreation and amusement it was good for us to take it but not in such excess that it ruined the health and kept the mind continually in that channel when it should at times be devoted to graver meditations. He said also that many a woman had by such gayeties in such excess, at a time when she most needed to take care of herself, ruined her after life by absolutely breaking down her health.

I love parties and dancing—they rest me in many ways, they animate me—I can do more work and more energetic cheerful work in anticipation of a jolly evening than otherwise. It brings me into contact with many truly lovely, truly refined people whom I would otherwise not meet. So I say parties are good for me. Still I know that not always have I been benefitted, that I have often gone when my health was in such a condition that it might have killed me. So, when I heard that sermon, I resolved then and there that I should not allow even fun to impair my health and make me a useless woman.

Well, Thursday afternoon Eva and I went way up to call on Ella Armstrong and Ada Thornton. It was dark when we hailed a street car for home, but we'd have gotten here all right, only the unthoughtful thing ran off the track in a sea of mud way up at 20th St. I got home way after supper, didn't walk you know, but was so much delayed getting car on track again, and sick besides.

Mama, Papa and I were going to a lecture; forgetting my resolution about not dancing during illness I thought—"I must go to the lecture for if I stay home I'll have to tell Mama and then she'll think I'd best not go to that lovely German."

So I went to the lecture: but that night as I lay in bed going through my nightly task of self-examination the sermon all came back to me.

Um-m, but I had one little tussle with self. I thought that I just couldn't stay away—here the arrangements were all made, it was going to be a jollier one than usual owing to the near departure of the leader and would be perhaps the last one for a long time. I almost thought I'd go anyway and bear the consequences, however hard. But the best of me triumphed. Next morning I wrote telling Elsie [i.e. Elmer Comings] I couldn't go and asking him to please take Bettie. Knowing the note would be late reaching him I went to Mrs Robbins' and telephoned, but like a goose, instead of telling him I was sick, only said I couldn't go and then spoke of Bettie. I thought he answered curtly, and after ringing the little bell again, I went over to spend the morning with my sick Grandma, feeling quite a little martyr.

Our Y.P.T.A. meeting was also that night. The plan was that Jim should escort me there and back, and that then Elmer should take me to the German.

Jim didn't come for me early enough so I went alone.

Came home with Jim and met Ed Halliday going for his fair partner to the German. I wanted to cry but I didn't. Elmer like a dutiful boy had asked Bettie, gotten left because she already had company, and then came over here with a clear conscience to say, "Little Love, I'd rather spend one evening with you than go to a whole season of Germans."

And we had a perfectly delightful evening here at home.

Elmer was just lovely last night. Letter from Will to-day. N.G. He makes me disgusted continually harping the everlasting strain, "No object in life." If he were half a man he'd make an object.

Tuesday night Jan 23/83

To-night I'm going to hear the celebrated Signor Balganza the Italian robusto tenor. Am all arrayed in my green satin and velvet with pond lilies at my throat.

Our piano is the greatest trial of my life just now. It brings tears of anguish to my eyes as I practice on it: 26 notes are out of order I believe.

The snow is deep on the ground.

Saturday Feb 3rd, 1883

The Episcopalians' aesthetic concert (like our Greenaway only with flowers on the screen) was a success. I went with Elmer. Mr Blauvelt was there and devoted himself in a praiseworthy style to Ada Thornton. I did not deign to notice him. Since his rejection he has chosen to ignore me instead of acting like a man and a gentleman and I mean to let people see now that it is I, not he. I have shown every consideration for his feelings in answering his abrupt note in as kindly a fashion as possible, and by hinting the affair to no one, and by carefully treating him as though nothing had happened. But if he chooses to be resentfully unkind, he will find an equal match in me.

While Elmer and I were eating oysters Mrs Henderson whispered to me "Your hat is lovely." 'Tis the same hat which Mr Witherspoon called "a pretty bonnet" and is an immense thing of wine-colored velvet, with ostrich tips curling over the front and sides, and plumes in the back. Clara says its the most becoming thing I ever wore. Had a long talk with Mr Davenport at Hartman's Hall. During it Mr Blauvelt came back there for his overcoat and looked a long time at me but I did not once look at him.

Last Thursday night saw *Sam'l of Posen* at the Opera House. Whither I was escorted by R. Harry Robbins. As Harry and I came up Seventh Street, Mr Blauvelt passed us. He was alone and said, "How do." "Good evening," I replied, and when we reached the corner he was looking in the back of a car waiting there and somebody yelled out "There's a 'hallf a dozen' of us in here now."

At Bettie's "crush" party Eugene said meditatively, "If you marry Elmer he will love you to death." Then—"But he does not suit you, Maud—you want a *man*." And he framed a long unexpressed thought of mine.

That is just the trouble. I know how dearly he loves me, but he's such a boy. I feel more like a mother than a sweetheart to him. He's three years' older than I to be sure, but somehow he isn't manly, he impresses one with undeveloped, unpolished boyishness, yet not the robust jolly boyhood to which we are irresistably attracted.

To me there is something infinitely pathetic in Elmer's love for me. I remember when Blauvelt suddenly stopped coming here, Elmer, half-suspecting the cause, exclaimed in puzzled indignation, "Did he think *I* was no-where,—what did he suppose *I* was doing?" etc.

When I'm in my pettish, coquettish, childish light-hearted moods I get along beautifully with him; but when I aspire to anything nobler, days when I long to be great, and noble, to devote my whole soul to art and to studies, when the more womanly part of my nature is uppermost, then I do not feel like going to Elmer for sympathy. If I love him it is not a love stimulating me mentally. When I loved Mr Witherspoon it was different. Then I wanted to study, to expand mind and heart, to practice—I felt that every nerve must be strained to make me worthy of him (I say I *felt*—I *now* feel that every nerve would need to be strained in the opposite direction to bring me down to his low level).

I look into the very depths of my nature, I analyze every thought and feeling, and still, I *cannot* find whether I truly love him or not. I wish I did. I don't often dare unburden my mind about him even to you, but after I've said here, what I honestly think I grow remorseful right away, and like him better for having disliked him. No wonder he thinks me an enigma.

Poor boy: He tries hard to be an "affinity". He brings me all the new English Literatures, the best periodicals and new books, and new songs, yet inwardly I don't think he understands or appreciates the one or is particularly pleased with the other. He says he loves poetry but from all I can find out there is not a spark of poetic feeling about him. He reads volume after volume of literature, history, biography yet he never talks a word of it, never alludes to any celebrity or his works even in the most casual way, as it seems likely a person would who really loved their writings. I used to think that right there was the only cold distance between us so I began studying with him, but it hurts my eyes to read much by gas-light, and it makes him hoarse, and he'd rather sit and look at me than study anyway. I suppose I ought to be glad of it. I wish he were polished—sometimes I want to suggest a trip through Europe to him, but if he should die there I'd never forgive myself. All the time I am planning to bring him up to a standard where I *can* love him. He has no tact almost, and he lacks the genial warmth which will draw hosts of friends to even a tactless man. He can hardly speak nicely to any of the other boys—and can say things to others which fill me with resentment, yet which most people could say and still give no offense. He thinks it rather a virtue that he doesn't go much with other boys, but I'd rather he were not quite so good and a little more attractive.

I sometimes feel like I shall marry him, but in contemplating it think rather of it as an evil which must come and *since* it must and since Elmer is good and *loves* me, it had better be him. Is that too calculating a style for so tender a subject?

They say that in marriage *one* of the contracting parties must love harder than the other and it may as well be the *other* as *me.*

Oh goodness! I worry, worry, worry over it. I wish boys wouldn't begin to build castles of Eve in Paradise till they are 25 anyway.

Mon Feb 5, 1883

How hateful of me to say those things about Elmer. Last night he called. I was reading "Portia" to him. He spoke of a criticism on it he had read in the afternoon. I demanded its repetition. He said, "I'll give it to you—you may read it."

"Don't want to read it. Want you to tell it to me. What good does it do you to read if you can't repeat it?"

So he told it to me, and told it *well.* Now I'm convinced that the boy *is* smart and only needs bringing out.

Gave him the benefit of my above-mentioned views on marriage and asked if he thought I could love him much and yet not want to marry him. He said in a settled sort of way—

"If you love me no harder than that, you don't love me well enough to marry me." He told me that he could think of nothing but Maud, Maud, *Maud;* that three years ago he would have discredited the picture of himself as he is now. That then himself, his business pursuits and the boys filled his mind, but now only I am there. That even two or three days away from me seem an eternity. I said, "Well lets just be friends this way always and not get married. I don't think getting married's much fun." But he objected on the score of not being able to be with me always when we are just friends, and he was "consumed with desire to be near me."

Tonight, swell affair at Halliday. Don't know whether to wear white mull or cream satin. Thermometer 14 above zero—snow on ground.

I *had* made up my mind not to go to this party for many reasons—

1st. Hadn't had a good time at the last one 'cause I felt sick.

2nd. Wanted to disappoint Mr Blauvelt whom I knew would watch for me anxiously if I didn't go, and break his neck to slight or cut me if I did.

3rd. A praiseworthy resolution to stay home from everything, practice and study art and literature, and then appear suddenly, like a comet, all a maze of light and glory, electrify society, hear myself alluded to as "the celebrated landscape artist", "the girl who plays divinely and with the sweetest touch", and be followed by a rapt host of adoring middle-aged ladies, and dark-moustached, Apollo-like youths, and become the charming center of a high art, high-toned, high-priced ecstatic circle of literary, artistic, or musical celebrities.

So I penned a quick note to Elmer asking him please to find another partner, as I desired to remain home from this and all succeeding parties or public entertainments of any discription.

In about two hours I began to get hungry for that party. I read a charmingly written article on "The Pessimisms of Leopardi", but it did not quite solace me. Then Scott White began to break down the stronghold by saying 'twould probably be the last till after the Lenten season, and unusually jolly. He also wanted so much to dance the Newport with me, etc.

Began to feel not quite so stupid after all, and that instead of keeping Mr Blauvelt listening for my footstep in vain, I'd prefer having him listen to it pattering merrily with some other "dear gazelle" and altogether prefer going and letting him see that "hate is a game at which two can play" to staying at home in disappointment. As for practicing and art, my fun need not interfere with that; but *the* object, namely, appearing a star of the first magnitude, and dazzling the town, I think had better be relinquished (for the present any-way).

Now I must run and sew the buttons on my white kid gloves.

Wednesday Feb 7, 1883

The party at the Halliday was one of uninterrupted delight from beginning to end. I was so, so, *so* glad I went. I wore my "airy fairy" mull. There's a charm in a dress. I always have more fun in that mull than in any other dress. When I wear my lemon colored satin and taffeta, which is long and makes me look young-lady-fied, then I have to be dignified and in a state of semi-listlessness, to carry out the character of the dress. But my mull is quite short, all of a flutter with laces, and made still more of a flutter with long loops of narrow white satin ribbon from one shoulder, and in it I can dance, whirl, spin and show all the delight of a child (which I feel). I wore my elegant white satin sash at the left side almost in front, dotted tulle around my throat, with neck worn v-shaped, locket in the interval and a cluster of pink apple-blossoms and real Geranium-leaves, with loose falling spray of blossoms at side.

We were the least bit late and soon as we entered the ballroom started right off in a waltz. I danced straight through from beginning to end save once when I went up to the dressing-room and got back after a sett was formed and begun.

Mr Blauvelt was not there—so I missed the happy chance of showing him what a royally good time I could have even though deprived of the pleasure of waltzing with him. However I decided to let the horrid thing interfere with my pleasure not at all, whether by his presence or absence; so hereafter if any-body is to feel pained it may be him. I've had *my* share.

Feb 10, 1883

'Tis a city clad in ice. Every tree, vine and swinging wire is coated with crystal and hung with icicles. The walks are like polished glass.

Last night's play, the *Little Detective* with Katie Putnam, was nothing extra. I am being educated above Miss Putnam.

The rain still pours and clings in sparkling masses to everything it touches and our wretched roof is again leaking. We chopped away the ice, lifted the glass tops of the hot-bed and brought out some sweet alyssum, a scarlet Geranium, and two pots of sweet violets. I'm going to see if I can't make them bloom. I wash the leaves carefully in warm water mornings.

Wed. Feb 14. St Valentine's Day

Met Mrs Bates and little Erma at Mrs. Robbins. They are from down in Mississippi where the flowers bloom all winter. Little Mrs Bates fell in love with me for some unaccountable reason and urgently insists upon having Clara and me come down there to see her and spend a week. Mr Bates is a conductor on the road; it won't cost us a cent going or coming; she'll come up and take us down and he'll bring us back. She lives in Okolona, Chickasaw Co., Mississippi, and the road runs on down to Mobile. I never have been south, never have seen an orange grove, or swampy forests covered with Spanish moss or anything like it. 'Twill be strange and delightful.

You ought to have seen Clara trying to teach me to eat raw oysters Monday afternoon. She made me hold back my head, and open my mouth, and then she'd drop a big slimy thing the size of a young puppy down my throat. I choked and spluttered and finally had to throw the horrible thing over Mrs Bird's back fence.

Friday Feb 16, 1883

The water is rising again and all along the Ohio the floods are dreadful. Cincinnati has entirely suspended business, the water is in the gas works so that they are in darkness and the main business streets are traveled by boats. Papa thinks that it will become necessary to again beat the water out of Cairo with bulkheads. The continual rains increase the danger, though yesterday and a part of today have been bright, clear and sunny and though warm as June days, not depressingly moist as was Wednesday.

I sat down to tell you about the German. Good crowd out and I danced continually almost and chose at different times every gentleman there whom I knew save Mr Blauvelt. I think he began to realize that there were *two* of us beginning to play the little game of "cut me lots and cut me long", for when he found that I was cooly and persistently ignoring him, he began to wish I wouldn't and to try to show me attentions. I was all oblivion. In the figure where the four gents kneel and the ladies form baskets and pass around each gentleman in turn with the hand, when I came to Mr Blauvelt I barely took the tips of his fingers and consequently he clasped my whole hand vigorously. (If I had taken his hand warmly he'd have touched my finger tips only. Such is nature!)

The minute I could, I dropped the aforesaid fingers as though they had scorched me and passed on to Mr Shepard with a countenance as sunshiney, as he had seen it frigid. Once in a figure we had to waltz once around the room together and I didn't so much as say *boo* to him. All the time he kept wishing harder and harder that the exhibitions of cool, keep-away-thou-false-one disposition might have been on his side instead of mine. The more I cooled, the more he warmed. Finally there was to be one of the figures where scarfs are used. I was sitting, and he came toward me with his great white scarf and threw it quickly about me with a gesture drawing me from my seat and saying with a smile, "See. I take you forcibly." I longed to say, "You are very kind but I decline the honor," but he didn't give me a chance by not asking me to dance; you see he simply took me. I said nothing but fell into the "tour de valse" with him. If you will credit it I actually went through the entire figure like an icicle, perfectly unbending (to him at least) and without once speaking.

At its close he escorted me to my seat, and dropping me as though I had frozen or paralyzed him he turned upon his heel and left without a word.

Well last night I was invited up to the Armstrong's to spend the evening. Elmer came in a hack for me, and later the bell rang and in came the others, including Charlie Wenger and Mr. B.

Scott White and I were rather devoted to each other, danced the Newport together, Ada Thornton calling, and wound up with a lengthy tete-a-tete in the hall, which Mr Blauvelt glared at every time, in waltzing, he passed the back parlor door.

Cards were proposed. Mr Blauvelt rose in a flurry and said "Let Elmer take my hand in cribbage", tossed down his hand and flew to our table. So we began five handed cassino. Mr Blauvelt was so absent-minded that he caused a shower of wit to descend upon his head. He dealt five cards instead of four, would pick up a queen with a jack, call five and three, ten, take up fours with an ace, forget when his time came, till they all sang, "What's the matter with Mr. Blauvelt", *"Punch* Blauvelt," "Its your turn Mr. B", "Wake up Will" etc. etc and I smiled inwardly and hoped he began to feel as I felt when he snubbed me at the Halliday as though I'd committed an unpardonable crime.

Began this evening to paint the four panels of the dark walnut door leading from the sitting room to the sewing room.

It's raining steadily. Haven't been loving Elmer for a week. Last night he only kissed me once, awfully hard when he left and then *rushed* off fairly.

Sat. Feb 17, 1883

We're goners, I'm afraid. The Ohio is 9 inches higher than ever known before, even in the great flood year of 1832. But we did not fear it for the Mississippi was so very low that we thought it would level things up. But now one of the big ice gorges in the Mississippi has broken and unless the Missouri River empties before the gorge at Alton breaks ours is a sure case of an awful flood, panic and perhaps loss of life. At St Louis the Miss. is rising at the rate of 10 feet 9 inches in 12 hours. Auntie just left here; she came to discuss with Mama about getting Grandma, who is still in poor health, to Chicago, before the scare comes. Only one R.R. is now available. They have to have their piano put in the school building. Last night when I heard Mama say, "As the spare room is large we'd better use it for both kitchen and diningroom,"—

"Pots, pans and stovepipes in our dainty blue-room? Oh, *Mama!*"

It nearly broke my heart. But I've beds to make, stockings to darn, cake to beat, music to take and its nine oclock in the morning.

Yesterday morning it was warm and balmy, the windows were all open, the chickens were scratching around in the sun and everything was June-like. Today it is snowing, the ground is frozen and a cold wind whizzes around the corner. Last night it rained torrents but I waded in rubber to the Temperance meeting; Robert, the janitor, and I had it all to ourselves. Elmer came and brought me home.

I told him I was perfectly indifferent to him, that I wished he'd go less with me and more with his boy friends, turn all his thoughts into another channel, and let me devote mine to my music, books, and painting. Told him I didn't love him or any other, and didn't believe I ever could love again. All the young, passionate love of my nature was exhausted years ago, and I don't think I can ever feel such love again. I am indifferent utterly to the then object of my affections as well as indifferent to all others. I fear that whatever more intercourse I have with men will be the interest of a coquette who, if she once had a heart, knows not the name of it now.

Elmer longs for wealth to take me to all the beautiful places in the great world and in warm Italy, teach me to love him. "If he were only rich", he says; and I say, "Stuff and nonsense!' Good-bye.

Sunday, Feb 18, 1883

We are in danger sure enough. The rivers here are rising with alarming rapidity. A rise of 2 feet will bring the water above our levee and at the present rate, the two feet will be complete in 36 hours. So about tomorrow night we can expect a regular old orthodox ducking.

However, Cairo has the spunk of forty mules, to use an elegant expression, and in spite of the bitter cold they are hauling dirt by the carloads from Villa Ridge and guarding the circuit of the town like hawks.

We are getting everything we can conveniently up here on the third floor. Mama will lay in a stock of provisions to last us a month and men are putting coal in the barn-loft. Everything is excitement; the rivers are steaming with tugs.

Grandma, Aunt Belle and little Mary left for Chicago yesterday on the 3:50 train. Good-bye.

Tuesday Feb 20, 1883 8:30 A.M.

Last night the river marked 51 feet. The highest point during the flood last year was 51 feet 11 inches. It is above the top of the levee and still rising slowly, but the bulkheads will stand 52—11, I believe and we hope it will begin to fall before it gets there. The inhabitants are leaving town in scores. At my lesson yesterday we saw loads and loads of trunks go by, loads of furniture, pianos, bedding, chinaware, girls running with bandboxes and china and castors, darkeys carrying sewing-machines. Papa says the eleven oclock train was jammed full. Auntie, who was down yesterday afternoon, says she feels real lonesome as only two other families are left on their whole street. Elmer is left an orphan as his folks have left town.

6:30 P.M.

My room looks like a picture tonight. I stepped into it hurriedly and there, through the winey curtains at the open window streamed the mellow light from a glorious full moon, and it fell through the wicker-work of my dainty willow-chair in tangled beauty on the floor. There is the finest purple mist, and out over the ice-piled river, the trees are faintly blue and the water reflects the prettiest tints of pink and gold.

When you walk in the street, in spite of the would-be indifference and the laughter, there seems to be a settled and anxious expectancy. Unacknowledged, we are all waiting for something.

There is a leak up near Galligher's which has caused intense excitement, but 300 men are working like furies at it.

It looks like all the stoves, bedding and furniture in this state, and one or two others, had started out for a walk.

With Clara, Mrs Menager and Papa, I took in the Ohio levee from 8th street about, to the Narrow guage, and around a little on the Mississippi where the ice is slowly floating. The *cup* of the river is brimfull; in the warehouses where yesterday you could walk dry-shod, today you must wade. Supper is ready.

Sunday—Feb. [25]

The times are troublous. On Thursday the river came to a stand and everybody grew happy and began to hope. For about 48 hours I think 'twas standing but stubbornly refused to fall. Friday evening it began to rise again, and last night stood over 52 feet, or an inch higher than the highest flood point ever known in the history of Cairo. Something dreadful happened last night. Papa is commander, chairman and so forth of section 4, and went out to work at about 6:30 last night, saying he'd return at mid-night. He is stationed between "graveyard ridge" and the first stone-pile, and had called out quite a force of men. A furious wind blew all night and from our back hall window we could hear the waves wildly lashing the Mississippi bank. It is now half past seven in the morning and Papa not home yet. When Christie came this morning she said they told her there was a big slip last night.

Yesterday seemed about the bluest day in the history of poor Cairo: the moving operations had begun again, everybody, even the Mayor, looked gloomy, and to add to the general depression it rained till noon, and was densely cloudy from two oclock.

When we get up in the morning we do not know but what before night the Ohio and Mississippi will be flowing through our homes and devastating our town; when we retire at night everything is in waiting for alarms of bells and whistles and general hubbub. Oh, it is dreadful. The Alton gorge is really coming now—will be here this morning. It was so often reported as starting that it occasioned a good deal of fun. Tuesday a gentleman remarked on the street, "The Alton gorge has broken—this is the fifth time it has broken, passed St Louis, and gone back again."

Friday night I went up to spend the night with Edith but at about nine oclock Mama sent Elmer to bring me home as she was frightened about the levees and wanted me home. Auntie's clothes and Edith's are all in trunks at the Halliday, and Edith's toilet is limited to one dress, one collar and so forth.

Gene wrote an article to the St Louis *Republican* (for which he is correspondent) saying that business was quite stopped here which was really untrue, as every mill, factory and business house is running just as it was. It would give us a bad name abroad. The mayor wrote denying it. Friday night Papa appointed Eugene (who is in his section) to work on the levee, from 2 oclock. Everybody was glad. One gentleman said that if that didn't cool him off they'd be compelled to put him in a sandbag, and stop a chink in the levee with him. The levees by this time must be soaked through and through: hence we fear these slides. At Mound City they do not work as they do here, they sit on the corners "cussin' their fate."

Papa says where-ever he finds a man grumbling he puts him to work out there. Poor Papa, he was out till three oclock, Thursday.

So far I've taken all my lessons as usual. Its nearly breakfast time now and I must get some beds made up. If it comes today we are in a bad fix, Papa will be worn out, Mama's half sick, and the boys are all stiff from a silly hunting expedition yesterday.

1:30

Papa came at half past eight, gobbled his breakfast and went straight off to a committee meeting. If he's not half dead my judgment is at fault. He said there was a slip of fifty feet last night. We are moving some.

6:15

Scott White just left—came to offer his services and Dr. Benson's; he will stay up all night and Dr. Benson half the night. Scott has risen 40 degrees in my estimation. I am so utterly disgusted with the men who say, "Oh! they'll keep the water out all right," and don't make even the faintest attempt to be one of the "they". They'd a hard fight of it on Papa's beat last night, the force was small, the water washing in great white-capped waves quite over the embankment, wind blowing at forty miles an hour, and the mud knee-deep and in a semi-frozen condition. Everytime a bit of land would slide they'd have to throw in sandbags, and of course had to work furiously sewing, shovelling and filling bags.

Last year we thought the floods terrific and said such a deluge could not occur again in a century, and here it is worse still. The Mississippi and Ohio with all their tributaries—the Missouri, Wabash, Cumberland, Tennessee, Illinois, Little Wabash, Green, Miami, Muskingum, Okaw, White, Big Sandy, Licking, Kentucky etc, etc, etc all flooding at the same time, and here where the great "Father of Water" and one of its biggest children meet, we could not help but get a pretty free dose of water. Add to this the fact that Cairo is some twelve feet below the present level of these mighty rivers and you form some idea of the desperate struggle necessary to keep our homes in safety. O! I long to be a man and go out there and work.

Elmer took dinner with us and Mama asked him to come back to tea also. I feel dissatisfied with Elmer. I think he ought not to feel quite so safe without working more. He hasn't worked one bit on that levee this year that I know of. He went with Jim and Will Wright to Wickliffe this afternoon and I told him I thought he'd better be filling sacks on the levee. I don't want to be compelled to think that Scott White has more true heroism and manliness in him than Elmer has.

No Sunday school. We all went down there but the place was packed full of mattresses, tubs etc etc seen through the glass door and we couldn't even get in. So the Sunday School went home.

From here we can see the lanterns and the watchfires on the Mississippi Levee.

The suspense to us who must stay home is simply horrible. Cousin Tom watched on Papa's section last night. Everytime a whistle begins to blow or a bell to ring, we all catch breath and listen feverishly. In his sermon this morning Mr George said, "I don't object to work on Sunday at such a time. Go, work with your strength and *then* come and pray. Work and pray, and God's blessing be with you."

You'd have thought us fearful Sabbath-breakers if you could have seen the tacks flying from the carpets downstairs. Adieu!

Feb 25, 1883

The sun has shone all day bright and warm but a chill wind blows. There is a general sense of coming calamity. The river is 52 feet 3 inches on the gauge—four inches higher than last year. Another slip occurred today and in Papa's beat I think, as they say it was back of De Rucha's.

Poor old Papa has to go out again tonight on that chill, wet levee. Every night they say, "If we only manage to fight it out tonight the danger will be over." But the next night the danger will be increased instead of diminished. To-day, cool-headed businessmen are moving, and they are the very men who were most light-hearted a few days ago. It gives one a feeling amounting almost to horror to pass down our dear Seventh street and see bare floors and bare rooms and loads of furniture moving.

This afternoon Clara, Bettie and I walked up the levee as far as the Singer works. Saw a train of cars and locomotive run down the incline to a transfer with the water up to the hubs of the wheels. Such a broad, mad, rushing river as that Ohio is, and to see it roaring along above the heads of the city!—People in boats in the river say that Cairo looks like a little hollow birdnest dropped into a waste of waters. Saw a house in the water so deep that only the eaves could be seen and bands of iron keep it from floating. There is much sipe water in town: we shall probably have to move out of the basement tomorrow.

Now that the Wabash is behaving a little decently the Illinois has begun at an awful rate. Danger, danger, danger!

We could stand a day or two, but this constant suspense and dread is gradually wearing everybody out.

Our spare-room looks like an art gallery. All the pictures, vases, silver trinkets, velvet panels, placques, palettes and so on in the house have collected there.

Tuesday Feb 26, '83.

Last night at our meeting of the "Bells of Corneville" John Horne received a note, which during our recess he read aloud. It seems he was to watch on the levee that night and the note was from headquarters and ran, "Dear John: We are to stroll upon the beach at 10 instead of 12." Wasn't that right cute?

To-day we moved out of the basement. This afternoon in the heat of the work Edith and Kate came. I had just finished carrying up china and came up here to Mama's room to sew on my nightgown till time to tack the papers on the kitchen wall to protect the rich new wall-paper. They stayed quite a long time, Edith having brought her work with her and Mama was very much vexed. I had also, because they came, to miss the rehearsal at School with the girls. We have to give that farce Friday night and we've not had one rehearsal yet. River has fallen ¼ of an inch.* General rejoicing!! Bettie called for me last night and Elmer brought us both home. Wrote a letter to WmSn this morning before breakfast.

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* The quarter-inch drop marked the turn in the flood. Cairo was saved again. The city had its sipe-water as usual, but Maud makes no further note of the declining waters.

CHAPTER SIX

Cairo Would Not Be Cairo Without Some Excitement

March 1883

Cairo would not be Cairo without some excitement on hand. We've got done with yellow-fever, cyclones, smallpox, earth-quakes, and floods, so now we've an insurrection by the colored element (or a majority of that element).* They are the most impudent irrational, unruly race that ever walked the globe, I do believe. The white people have built them a nice commodious school-house, and employed the finest talent the country affords to instruct them. There are fewer of them than of the whites so they have only one building, centrally located, while the whites have two. Instigated by an ignorant, unreasonable "preachah", they burst in two mobs, men, women and children upon our two school buildings yesterday morning and demanded that their school children be entered right with the white ones. "We wants to *mix*", is the only earthly reason they can give, as their advantages are just as good as the white pupils'. One burly negro demanded of Miss Whittaker, "What's the diffunce between me 'n you?"

"In the sight of God your soul is as good as mine," she answered.

"Will you teach dese yere children?"

"I'll answer that question to the Board of Education, sir, not to you."

One threatened to strike her. They had to send for the board and for the police to quiet them. Most of the teachers were frightened almost senseless, though some of them, like Spartans, were cool and sensible.

Wednesday.

Of course you remember my friend Fannie, dear kindly little creature, with whom I fell in love at first sight, who was to be married after Easter. She has a brother Dick, a good-hearted but hard-drinking, dissipated boy. Friday noon imagine my horror at reading in the *Bulletin* that while under the influence of liquor he had shot and killed a man.

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* About one-third of the population was colored.

Oh! this accursed liquor! this red handed fiend that is ravishing our land, breaking hearts in thousands and ruining so many homes.

Mr Menager said Dick was drunk, was talking about another man and flourishing his pistol (a hair-lock) over his head as a drunken fool will, when it went off and shot a customer who was entering the store.

We had a good number at our Temperance meeting Friday night and a good programme. Elmer brought me home.

Friday March 2, 1883

WmSn's home!!! He came at four this morning. Could stay away no longer. I was talking with Hattie McKee at the gate, and saw him coming up the street. Could not believe my own eyes. He walked with me to Mrs Hudson's where I was going to practice and we swung on the gate for half an hour. Came home a bit after 12, made Mama guess who was coming to call tomorrow night and when I told her *Will* she looked intensely astonished and asked where I'd seen him. A few minutes later as I sat in the front parlor he came. Mama, the fraud, had not only seen him but asked him to dinner. After dinner we sat by the open window in the parlor and had a lovely long talk. He started, got as far as the front steps, and there we settled down for another talk.

Its a glorious sunny, warm day, every window open and all the flowers in the windows enjoying the sun and fresh air. This afternoon Clara and I are going up to School to a postponed celebration of dear Longfellow's birthday.

Saturday

I feel real happy tonight. It feels like last year. Alice Henderson, my school chum, has been here this afternoon and Eva too, and then WmSn is coming to-night just as he did in the old school-days. Then too, the water is up, as twas then, and looking down Walnut, the street-lamps are reflected riplingly.

Up at school Friday afternoon though I enjoyed it with my whole heart I felt very sad. They were singing that sweetly solemn song, "I stood on the bridge at midnight," and looking at every dear familiar object, I couldn't help thinking of the days, when with my face flushed with study, I used often to lean my restless head on the little ink-stained desk, and dream such dreams of the days when with bonny Rob to guide me upward, I could study and toil and learn in a yet higher school. 'Tis strange how my love influenced me to nobler things. Oh well, its all over, and I hear Will slamming the gate.

Thursday March 8, 1883

Elmer has been sick. He had a chill, and then a long fever, headache and other disagreeable accompaniments. So we missed the minstrels and the W.C.&L.A. entertainment and stayed quietly at home. Poor fellow. He managed to crawl over here Monday night and actually had quite a fever and a furious headache while here. Last night he was here. He had been over so many nights that I scarcely expected him, but I did think WmSn would come. I was banging on our discordant piano when Elmer came, and later on was prancing around showing Elmer and Papa my new green plush opera bonnet (Clara made me out of Mama's old one) when the bell rang and Wood came to tell me Will was at the door. I knew he *had* meant to call, but he only asked to take me to a little dance at the Temperance Hall Saturday night, and left.

The sipe water pond here on Walnut Street is frozen this morning. Its my lesson day and I must rush and do my work. Its before breakfast now.

Saturday—March 10, 1883

Stopped writing to go with Mama to see Elmer who was worse. He was lying on the lounge downstairs and looked pretty bad. His father had just gone for Dr Strong and they soon came. Dr S. says he'll be indoors three or four days anyway. Mama feared Elmer would have pneumonia but Dr Strong thinks perhaps not. Poor lad! I've been trying to find out with the aid of my opera glasses if that is him at the window this morning. He is better today.

The sipe water is so high here on Walnut and Seventh that we cross the crossings on rustic bridges. Yesterday morning Robin and I got in our flat boat and I rowed, till I cultivated two little rows of blisters in my palms for souvenirs. Then in afternoon Robin and I took another ride. I love the water. A man rowed a barrel of flour across to a house surrounded by water and in getting the flour up on the porch it fell in the water and was ruined. He also lost his oars, so I rowed up and got them for him.

Made a lovely light cornstarch cake yesterday. Painted a blue satin whiskbroom-holder for Miss Ella Robbins this morning. Put pink clovers and golden-rod on it.

Am cross because my day's plans are upset. I planned—to 9:30 up-stairs house-work; 9:30–10, painting; 10–11 sweep and dust parlors; 11–12 bath. Dinner. To 2 darning; 2–3 music; 3–3:15 library; 3:15–5 Clara's, after tea the party. Got all right up to 10 when Mama *would* take the broom and here it is 11 o'clock and my sweeping not done. I don't know where I can squeeze my bath in.

Sunday March 11, 1883

Yesterday was a sweet, bright, joyous gala day after all. To be sure after I left you and went to my sweeping I banged the doors too hard and dashed dusters and pans around with needless racket, but I soon grew miserably ashamed of my silly childish anger and came up to my bath at about 11:45 feeling quite happy.

After my oral music lesson we opened the door between the music room and the drawing room and found Mrs. Widmar, Mrs Goldstine and Tudie Meyers. On the table were glasses of wine; which so disgusted me with Mrs Widmar that I was scarcely civil to her.

I cannot feel that any true woman would drink the dreadful stuff, and they are always lowered in my opinion, when I find out that they do. These Germans seem to think nothing of it, yet how many of them right here die yearly from it. They boast of the health of their race while the great fat men (*beer*-fat, too) die continually of apoplexy and goodness knows what all else, which their fat does for them.

After the lesson Bettie and I went to Mrs Pink's. Their landscape gardener has a hot-house. I was anxious to buy some big, soft, wondering dark-eyed pansies for my sick boy. But he had not one, nor a violet, nor sweet alyssum, and I came away much disappointed. We went down to Raggio's and I got an orange and some California grapes, and sent to Elmer with some of his favorite-cake, a bunch of Chinese primroses and a note.

After tea, Clara and I came up here, and she fixed my hair for the dance. I took off my little white collar and put on a more elaborate neck-garniture of black lace, with dark-red roses. I told Clara I wanted to be a Spanish signorina. Its a strange thing, but I rarely dress without dressing an idea. I love things to be in harmony, each thing with each other thing, and generally all things with me or my mood. I don't believe I ever thought till just this minute how much inclined I am toward a representative attire. In the mornings sometime when I don that little Quakerish brown dress which hangs so full and plain, I always want a full-ruffled Mother Hubbard collar and small slippers with it. Then I feel like a demure Puritan of a century ago with plenty of merriment but all suppressed. If I'm sad I think of poor Mary Queen of Scots during her gloomy days, and wear mourning pins and dark ribbons. (The mourning pin days are rare though.) When I wear my new "taffeta-and-satin" with its creamy folds and soft rich lace, I want pearls and glorious dark-roses, and a queenly dignity (measuring 5 feet 2). But what under the sun branched me off on this road?

While we were yet here Will came and after gaining Mama's consent we three, with Wood, marched in gay procession down the front steps into the dark, around the house, past the wood-bine-vines, where hung above the clouds a baby moon, and out of the sidegate and down to the water. Clara and I tucked up our velvet petticoats, Will made me a cushion of his greatcoat, Wood took the oars and away we went.

What a kindly mantle the darkness is. All the ugliness of the street was hidden and all its beauties heightened. Every light above pierced down in long vertical dancing shafts into the water. We sang and made merry. After the ride Will and I went to the party. I danced the reverse Newport with George Corliss for the first time and got it to perfection. It is very graceful indeed.

The water looks lovely in the sunshine today.

Mama went to see Elsie [Elmer Comings] this morning. He is feeling pretty good though last night the doctor pronounced his fever higher. Mama intended having him spend the day here, if he could bear the moving, as he gets so lonesome at home, but when she found 't was his chill-day she said he must stay home till after the time for it, as coming might bring it on.

Monday March 12, 1883. Before breakfast

I wasn't feeling a bit good when I went to the Methodist Church last night for Elmer had come over in the afternoon at 1:30 or so and didn't seem to be glad to come and said his father didn't want him to, and he was missing his medicine, couldn't bring it over cause it was in glasses, and on the whole made me feel so outrageously uncomfortable that I wanted to cry. I know he didn't mean to and when I finally blurted out, "You didn't want to come, did you?" he said, with evident surprise, "Of course I did. Would I have come if I hadn't wanted to?" "Yes, perhaps, to keep from hurting our feelings by not coming." Then I left him and went to Sunday School and the boys were not so attentive as usual and three of them twisted up their papers into cornucopias and chewed the ends and then threw them into a spitoon.

Elmer might have enjoyed himself quite considerably after that, only Eugene came and as Elmer don't like him much anyway, and didn't like him at all then for breaking in, when he might have had a talk with me. Elmer had to leave before sun-set but Gene stayed and stayed, and Elmer had to start first. I felt like the very mischief when they left and came into the parlor, picked up my favorite "Shandon Bells" and said to myself, "I don't like boys anyway and I'm glad they've both gone."

Tuesday March 13, 1883.

Goodness I was cross inside of me yesterday. The more I thought of Elmer the madder I got at him though I ought to have been ashamed of myself when the poor fellow was sick. Somehow I felt that to himself he'd been making fun of that package I'd sent him and it made me boil. When I was sick he sent to St Louis or some place and got me an exquisite basket of flowers, and I compared his gift with mine—a poor half pound of grapes and some cake, yes, and in a shoe-box. When I fixed them in a dainty napkin and sent them I felt happy about it, and thought it would please him, and wrote him the lovingest little note I could. But now it makes my cheeks burn. What right has he anyway. My unworthy little gift was as much to me as his beautiful one to him. He draws over 80 dollars a month, while if I get half of *one* dollar in that time I am doing pretty well, and in sending him that I expect I really deprived myself of more than he would in sending me a five or ten dollar gift. He said not a word about the note and I vowed furiously to myself that I'd never call him anything again, only Dear Friend, and sign always Yours Truly; after awhile he'll get to know when I *am* good to him. But yesterday afternoon he came over and was very nice. I guess he's better. I was doing a fruit-piece with crayons and he sharpened them for me, and would have read *Belinda* only his throat hurt so he had to stop. Perhaps after all my wrath was quite senseless. How would I feel if I were real sick and Elmer would get awfully angry at me because I was not as pleasant and entertaining as usual?

Wed. March 14, 1883

I was placed in the most embarrassing position yesterday. Elmer came over in the afternoon just as Robin, Archie and I were going out in the flat. He came with us and we had a jolly time. The little fellows wanted to clear the "snags" (peach tree limbs) out of "Lake Shafto" so we called ourselves a U.S. Snag Boat, and worked like Trojans. Just as I was unloading the crew and was out in the water alone, Mama came down and I took her in. We rowed down to bridge 2 and around there when the children screamed that some-body was at the door-bell, so I rowed up to the side-gate, and just then the somebody came running down and it was WmSn. He had come to take me skiff-riding up on Lake Edwards with a merry party consisting of Edith, Eugene and Kate Harrel, besides ourselves. Elmer was not standing near when he first spoke to me and I said real easy, "Elmer has come to spend the afternoon, I think, and of course I can't leave him." I thought however that Elmer would guess in a minute why Will had come and would leave, and though I should have been sorry to have him go the prospect of a skiff ride, that bright, breezy day, up by the white church and the gardens, was a little too tempting. I didn't see why Will didn't ask Elmer too, but he didn't. Well, after pushing around in the mud and creating much fun, Mama and I landed. We all came in and lounged on the front steps. Nobody knew what to do, and I turned hot and cold. Finally Elmer asked, "Who else is going?" Will told him and ended with, "I just came to see if Maud would go." Then I thought of course Elmer would say, "If you're going right now I'll go as far as the corner with you," or something to indicate his near departure. But he didn't. He was standing with his back to me, when Will asked for the last time, "Can you go?" and I said, "Can't", just ready to cry. I thought it was downright selfish of Elmer, when we didn't know how soon there would be such another day and beside, as the sewers were already opened, the water would soon be gone and this perhaps my last chance and he knew how passionately fond of boating I am. He and I came into the parlors when Will had gone, I angry and ready to cry. Mama called that the stove needed fixing and I went out to get a bucket of coal. I thought of course Elmer would offer to go, but he didn't and when I came back I shoveled it out and put it in the stove, lump by lump, as the bucket is too heavy for me to lift up high. All the time I kept laughing and laughing at nothing; I knew it was that or cry. He said, "Will's getting thicker than ever."

"Thicker?" I echoed like a parrot.

"Yes, you were with him Saturday, will be tonight; he was here this afternoon and you'll be riding with him tomorrow afternoon."

"I won't."

"Why yes you will, won't you?"

"No."

"Didn't he make arrangements for tomorrow?"

"No."

"For when then?"

"Never mind."

"Not today!"

"You needn't mind, I say."

Today the water has fallen a great deal and it is cloudy so surely I have missed my last chance. You see last night Will *did* ask to take me today. Breakfast is ready.

Later 9:15 P.M.

Such a glorious day this has been, a real gala day!

Hadn't been in the house ten minutes this afternoon before Will came. Such a ride! Twas a great big boat, the wind was rather high and the sun very bright and we rocked on the jolly big waves up to the florist's (about a mile out) and the man exhibited his precious flowers and let me cuddle his dear little white guinea-pigs who were feasting on baby radishes. Will bought a great fragrant hyacinth, just the daintiest, freshest pink, and gave it to me as a memento of the occasion. Coming back I was so anxious to row that Will gave me the oars and sat in the stern reading to me while I splashed him all up and blistered my hands. He saw that it was tiring me and wouldn't let me pull long. "You weak little thing!" How he delighted in the thought of his Herculean strength. The sun was a great ball of fire just over the Missouri tree-tops as we landed and loitered home, I smelling my hyacinth all the way. Mama asked him to tea but he had to go to the office. Then Elmer came (to bring Mama a book—oh ye excuses) but stayed awhile, and we played cribbage. As he's sick yet or rather convalescent, he had to leave early, and in order to vary things I said I'd walk part way home with him. So I put on my Mama's great handsome, all-enveloping satin and fur cloak, and her garnet bonnet (in which if it wasn't me, I'd say it looked real saucy and sweet and walked to the corner in the moonlight with him, and now I must skip to bed and dream of it all.

Saturday

Our darling new piano came to town yester-morn and will be put up this afternoon.*

Wed

Clara White is here; she and I have been sewing all day. I have to have stacks of new underwear, a new calico, a Spring cashmere and a summer silk before my "sin-twister" [Clara Robbins] and I go South. Am giving Harry and Wood music lessons on our delicious *charming* new piano. It came while Alice Halliday, Wood and I were rowing up on Lake Edwards, and in the evening we had a regular reception. Dede stayed all night (first time in five months).

A new dramatic-literary society is formed, known as the "Ideal League". It is quite exclusive and they made me a charter member and I feel honored. Met last night at Mr. Parson's. I was not a bit well and it had turned chilly but Mama let me wear her Polar-bear-satin and so Will and I went up about 8. There was a good deal of wrangling (as is usually the case) over the constitution and by-laws. Drs. Benson and Strong were both there. Coming home Will and I devoured peanuts and fresh-figs, depositing some of the latter on Cousin Edith's porch as we came by. Jack [Will] was inclined to be mooney, but it got no farther than the inclination. They have given me a select reading for the next mtg.

Sunday afternoon, after S.S., Elmer took me to the hot-houses in a carriage. Mama, seeing the hyacinth Will gave me, remarked naively, "Now Elmer will have to buy out the hot-house to get ahead of Will." Sure enough, he got me a glorious double hyacinth, a heliotrope, fourteen cunning young crocuses all purple and white, a daisy loaded with blooms and a rare cyclamen. If I had shown the slightest preference for any other ten flowers there, he'd have gotten the ten immediately, but I was as stupid as possible and didn't in the least know "what's pretty and what's not." We got back a little before sunset and he stayed to tea.

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* The Rittenhouse business was apparently prospering. Maud's father in May, 1881, promised a new piano if his grain speculations succeeded.

While we were alone in the parlor, Elmer remarked absently, with his eyes fixed on our musical beauty, "When we've a home of our own we must have a twin to that."

Whereupon I laughed and said they'd have time to make another in seven years. He's getting so he can't bear the sound of 25, he hates so to wait till I'm that old before he can hope to become my ~~soul~~ sole proprietor. He says, "Oh darling I'd make you so happy," but I'm "so happy" already you see. I've the sweetest home in ten counties, but I smell hot rolls, and the tea-bell is ringing. Good-night.

Tues. March 27, 83

A week from to-day Clara and I start South. We, here, are all in a rush. My silk had to be made, and new underwear, and new cotton-dress. This last also for the calico-hop. It is a pretty thing of two kinds, one part a delicate brown, the other the same brown alternating with pale pink stripes the same width. I've made Elmer a neck-tie to match it.

I like to have a good many—well, friends. A month ago, when Elmer rec'd an invitation to a party he'd wait till he saw me next, and then ask me to go but when he got his last one he dashed over here on his way to supper (though he knew he'd see me that night) to engage me. He was awfully afraid Jack would see me first. Am going with Jack to the Dramatic meeting to-night. Shall read "The Ranger" from Whittier; have scarcely looked at it yet.

Thursday March 29, 1883.

Tonight is the great night of the calico-hop. It is right funny! out of every ten girls, nine seem to be going to wear pink. My calico is nearly done, and Miss Sharp is making my pretty new street suit, a soft yellow-green, dark and dainty.

Later.

I'm tickled most to death over my dress for tonight. The skirt is of pale brown, over that from the waist down comes the striped goods.

Under the brown skirt is the cutest tiny plait of pink and brown, and a shooting-jacket of the same with striped cuffs, collar and belt. Its just the jauntiest, daintiest suit. Mama is going to get me many yards of narrow satin ribbon pink to wear in long loops from the left shoulder and she has got wide, beautiful Pompadour lace for my throat in which I shall wear pink apple-blossoms. Now don't you think I'll be cute? Mr Carns says they'll have in a lot of beautiful silk Jersey gloves at 2 oclock and Mama will get me a pale brown pair. He says if they don't come he'll have to leave town to save his life, he's promised them to so many of the girls.

Friday March 30, 1883.

Wonder if I can begin to tell you what fun I had last night! Mama got me such sweet "accessories" down town—a dainty linen-cambric handkerchief with pink squares in the corner, a "Maud Muller" fan, a pair of musquetair gloves, and a lot of pale narrow ribbon. Wore apple blossoms at throat and in hair and on my feet pink hose and black slippers. Dress was short and I am always merry in a short dress. Had two checks to my pleasure: first, a note from Mr. Comings asking me to make Elmer come home as early as possible as he was terribly uneasy about his cough; second, Mr Blauvelt was not going and I couldn't torture him. I, too, am worried about Elmer's cough but oh Moses!! you don't know how hard it is for a girl like me to go home early from a party, and this was the last by the *Myths* and besides, as I was so soon going away, I wanted to see lots of the home folks. Got down there in pretty good time. Dosed Elmer (or rather made him dose himself) with Byronia every half-hour.

My toes were so full of spring that it bothered them to have to touch the floor at all, and I felt wildly gay. I don't know when I've enjoyed a dance so much.

Sunday April 1, 1883

I must finish the party before I go further. At about half past ten a gentleman entered the ball-room bearing a huge tray laden with roses, *real* roses, fresh, fragrant, creamy ones, pink ones, pure white ones, great Marshall Niels and every other variety. Mr. Vaughn came and asked to dance a waltz-quadrille with me and told me he had picked all those glorious roses that very morning in Mobile, his home.

I do like Mr. Vaughn he is so like the chivalrous Southerner of whom we read, and his mouth is so sweet, his hair so soft and dark, his eyes so dreamy yet withal vivacious.

Such a pretty looking lot of girls you never saw as there were at that party, and those great sweet roses on white throats added to their beauty. In the grand-right-and-left that horrid Dr Benson gave me one finger and I dropped it as though it had burned me. How he stares in at my window when he passes, but he never sees this child. Early in the week I had offered to make WmSn a calico-neck-tie if he'd go; he said he'd let me know on the way home from the Ideal League so at the door he said he guessed he'd not go. He thought I'd beg him but I didn't, so then he began to *invite* me to, in a round-a-bout way. "If I thought it would add one mite to your enjoyment I'd go in a minute". "Do not flatter yourself that it would; it doesn't make a particle of difference to me whether you go or not." When I entered the ball-room he was there. While we were dancing he said, "Well I'm here." "So I see; I was hoping you'd stay away, and was keenly disappointed when you entered. I hoped I should be rid of you for one evening." "You knew I would come." "I didn't! You said you wouldn't and I didn't know you could tell a story Jack" (this last, dear Journal, was pure irony, Jack is noted as the biggest story-teller in Southern-Illinois) "If you're sorry, I'll go." "All-right, I wish you would right after this quadrille." "Umph humph. My pocket is full of caramels for you, and if I go you can't have them." "Oh Jack leave the caramels when you go. I like them." I love to tease him. I insinuated all sorts of things about Mr Vaughn, remarked about his glorious eyes, his winning manner, his frank behavior, till old Will didn't know what to do. Finally in a burst of wrath he exclaimed "You must be in love with him," and I looking dreamily across the room murmured "You don't know how my heart thrills when he enters the room" and when I started to dance and Will offered to hold the flower he gave me, I screamed just the wee-est little scream and exclaimed, "Don't touch it; excuse me Jack but I can't bear to have anyone else handle it." Dear me, how I got him worked up. I believe I could go on the stage, I can simulate any character so quickly.

Mama told Papa how crazy I was for moist-water-colors and how I'd remarked that that only was lacking to make my happiness complete. It was too late to send to Chicago so I bought Emma James out. Have vermillion, Raw Umber, Sap Green, Chinese White, Cobalt blue, Neutral tint, Rose Madder and Aurelian, and was wild with delight over them. *How* I can sketch now! I have been so bubbling over with happiness all week, that I should fly but for that strange little thrill of pain mixing with it all when I think of leaving my sweet home. I'm an awful home baby and I'm afraid Mama'll be lonely without me. It isn't fair any-way for me to see the Gulf of Mexico before she does, and I would be honestly glad if she could take this pleasure trip in my place. I feel like Mamas as a class are abused anyway, and my darling mother particularly. Here am I with a watch and she has none, and I have ten times as much fun as she and she's always buying me things and planning new pleasures for me. To-day for instance she asked what I'd like for our lunch on the cars besides fried chicken, pickles, lemon-cake etc etc., when I had not once thought of her going to the trouble of fixing up a lunch. At the party, Mr Vaughn remarked, looking seriously at me, "They spoil you at home, don't they?" and I think him right.

Thursday—April 5./83. Okolona, Mississippi.

It was a delightful trip—the sun was just coming up as we crossed the river on the transfer [a train ferry]. Through most of Kentucky the land was very marshy, and when we got into Tennessee we found plum and peach trees in bloom. We had breakfast at Rives at 9:40 and at about ten oclock Mr Bates* put us on the locomotive and tucked us into high clean seats and introduced us to the rosy-cheeked German who was engineer. How it took away my breath at first and with what nervous apprehension I scanned the track ahead of us. However, that soon wore off and I discovered what a wide, good view my high seat gave me; I could see bluffs and prairies, marshes and forests, barefoot darkeys yelling from high fence rails, flocks of sheep scampering in wild haste away from the iron horse, rows of sleepy turtles sunning themselves in the marshes, and brazen drummers staring at the two creatures so comfortably seated in the locomotive. Clara blew the whistle; I could not reach it. We rode thus wildly past four stations and then went back to our seats in the passenger-car. Mr Bates neglected nothing conducive to our happiness. At Jackson he took us through the sleeper to the rear plat-form, where the porter brought us seats, and Mr B. pointed out the different buildings to us. At Corinth, Miss, we saw darkey girls whiter than I, selling lunches. We didn't fancy them—they were too bold, and since coming here I've found ample confirmation of my suspicions. At Bethel Springs Mr Bates got us some of the spring water, and when we got frouzled up he took us to the dressing-room in the sleeper, and the porter brought us towels. Saw breastworks and remains of forts from the war.

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* Mr. Bates was the friendly conductor who had invited Maud and Clara to travel with him—at the road's expense.

Saturday. April 7, 1883

Am getting over my homesickness—such lovely sunshine, such sweet flowers. We had our second serenade last night.

Going to Mobile tonight per Pullman Palace car and all sorts of style. Am having huge time.

En Route for Mobile April 8, 1883

Such a perfectly glorious time as we are having. Half the gentlemen in Okolona were down to see us off. That Mr Hodges is really almost handsome. He was assiduously pleasant and wants to bring "the boys over and do everything I can to give you a favorable impression of Okolona." Carrie Allen went with us. We all went out on the back platform and such cutting up you never saw. A bride and groom were on the train—he is very fine looking. They've been sitting across the aisle from each other to keep people from finding it out, but she wore a bright new diamond, and new clothes even including new shoes (which no one but a bride ever travels in). I am writing partly for the benefit of a cross young fellow in eye-glasses and traveling cap behind me.

Mobile—Battle House April 9th 1883, Monday

Clara, Erma and I slept in the same berth—which is to say we crawled into the same berth—we didn't sleep much. We were so crowded that even after I finally got to sleep somebody passing nearly took my head off and woke me up. I was just dozing at three or half past in the morning when the porter called, "Ladies—ladies—prepare for Mobile."

Such a time as we had trying to dress in that stuffy little place. We had only taken off our dresses and put on dressing-sacques, but how to get into my dress-skirt was most too much of a problem for me. Tried frantically to stand on the floor behind the curtain and creep into it, but the jovial bridegroom opposite had evidently been struck with the same bright idea, and as there was not room for both in the aisle I had to crawl in again and go through a sort of see-saw performance getting into it, every upward movement bringing my head into dire collision with the upper berth. Finally I got enough apparel on to creep to the dressing room and wash up and brush up. We were a sleepy looking crowd.

It was pouring rain but we got into a "bus" and were driven to the Battle House, the biggest hotel in Mobile. Our rooms are on the third floor and open in to each other.

Wed April 11, 1883

Have enjoyed this morning hugely. We generally breakfast at nine, dine about three and have supper at half past eight or so.

Monday evening Mr Morgan took Clara and me, in a car, down Government Street. Such a street! Lined with beautiful tall green trees—magnolias and china-berry in full bloom, or else by the pitch-pine tree, a perfect novelty to me. The residences are pictures to anyone artistically inclined. Let me describe the Government Street residence in the abstract. Soft in color, perhaps a pretty gray or brown, with innumerable porticos fancifully railed, and made glorious by great clambering rose-vines laden with blooms—the yards unbroken green, mossy and cool, bordered by gorgeous flowers. The lights were just beginning to glow in them when we returned.

Okolona, Miss, Thursday April 12, 1883

Here we are, back from Alabama and in Mississippi—just arrived.

Yesterday it cleared up beautifully in time for our drive. Mr Bates got a dashing rig with double team and we proceeded toward the Bay-road. I have seen beautiful drives but never one so beautiful as this; how I reveled in the glorious trees and flowers and the cool salt breeze. The magnolia trees were three or four feet in diameter with thousands of buds and tall as our great forest oaks further north.

Flying over a white shell road, behind a pair of dapple grays, can you imagine anything more entrancing? What is Mobile Bay but a bit of the Gulf of Mexico, what the Gulf but the Atlantic Ocean—*have* I not seen the Atlantic Ocean?

My goodness, such a time as we had trying to sleep, coming here on the train; so hot, and Mr Bates took the berth above us, and I dared not open the window and nearly suffocated. I got the cheek to take off my dress in the dressing-room, and then dash down the dim aisle to our berth all in flounced petticoats and dressing-sacque. It was easy enough to do that but I didn't think how hard it would be to get back in the morning; so I woke up before Clara did, and tried frantically to find a big shawl to wrap up in. None of the berths had been vacated yet, but I could see a few boot-heels appearing beneath curtains and I was almost frantic. At least six times I started, lost courage and crawled back. Finally I said to myself, "Well, the longer I wait the harder it'll grow" so without losing a minute I staggered down the aisle, satchel in hand. Several fat ladies were out and reading but I only passed one gentleman and as he was married I didn't so much care.

Monday night April 16—

We are having a lovely time here in Okolona, so much attention is shown us.

Tuesday night April 17, 1883.

Mama's letter was the dearest, sweetest, lovingest, kindest letter, Oh God bless my Mama: the world holds not such another. *How* I love her! ! ! Elmer's letter took me by storm. I must unblushingly confess I am loving him outrageously hard. He has at last called me the name which he has longed to apply to me since New Year's. How well I knew what it was, so well that in one of my letters a few days ago, I signed my name, "Your ——'s ——" just for mischief. I knew that would settle the question, and sure enough, the next letter came to "Thou little Heart's-ease." But in tonight's letter he makes a pretty bold venture. Just hear: "It seems to me there is no time so joyous and lovely as the Spring time to be married in," asking my opinion of Florida, Mexico, Cuba as a Spring-time bridal trip, wants me to think of it and let it be, too, not so *very* many Springs away. Dear Elmer. I've been building all sorts of air-castles on the moon-y porch this evening.

Thursday April 19, 1883

Last night I heard a piece of news which might have been expected to overwhelm me, and though I was astonished out of all reason, it didn't affect me as any news from the same quarter would have done a year ago. But for the news. It came through Miss Ella Robbins who came yesterday. We were sitting, Ella, Clara and I, on the porch, and

I ran in to put some flowers at my throat before the gentlemen came. As I returned, Miss Ella remarked, "Don't you think that is doing pretty well, Maud? Robert Witherspoon has a baby three weeks old." "A baby!" was all I could say, and a good many strange thoughts flashed over me, but I've grown so that anything concerning him is a matter of purest indifference to me. She says they have a flat in Chicago and that the young man is in business for himself, doing well, and has his mother-in-law with him. And "Verna" was such a sweet, refined-looking girl. Good heavens! Can I ever be too thankful that I dropped that correspondence with him, tacitly dropping our engagement. I cannot picture any more horrible future for myself than as his wife.

Wed April 25/83 Cairo

I can't begin to tell you all the adventures I had, besides having entertained dozens of little interested crowds with this recital. I'm tired of them. It hurt me worse than I thought it would to leave Okolona.

Such a lovely time as I had last night. Dressed in my greenery-yallery-blackery satin with embroidered collar and red roses and sailed down town at about five oclock on business. On 8th street met Dr Benson and Scott White riding. Dr Benson eyed me with considerable interest. My reading that night at the League surprised him; he thought I hadn't it in me. I believe he felt piqued at my indifference when the other girls were gushing over introductions to him. Then I am mean enough to believe that my going to Mobile made him want to meet me. But wait a minute.

After supper WmSn came for me and we went to the social musicale at Temperance Hall, where I turned Alice's music (it always *exalts* me so to turn music) and from whence at the conclusion of the program we went with Alice to her home where we left her and proceeded to Mr Parson's. Coming down from the dressing rooms the moment I entered the parlor, Mrs Parsons rushed up and kissed me and said, "Let me present Dr Benson." As he was standing quite across the room and as she was so dreadfully abrupt and picked him out to introduce alone among many whom I didn't know, I feel sure he had asked for the introduction. He was too far away for me to begin conversation with him (as all the etiquette-books say one *ought* after an introduction). I entered into a lively talk with Will Korsmeyer and Harry Hughes who were quite close by. Dr. B. kept a close watch from afar and later in the evening when I was raving in usual impetuous fashion over William Black's * works, he stepped into our group addressing me with "I hear you discussing a favorite point of mine." "What, books?" I asked. "Yes, but William Black in particular." So, as we'd found a single point upon which we were both enthusiastic, *at* it we went. The others fell away one by one, and he still talked, and oh! I looked very wise and dignified and said lots of big words, and when they played the racquet he asked me to dance with him and I did, and then the thing broke up and I bade him goodnight. He's so outrageously pompous and elegant.

Tuesday—May 8, 1883

While I was dressing last night in expectation of Mr Taylor's arrival, Mr Davenport called. He had been invited to the League meeting tonight and wanted to escort me. He has lately confided to me many things about his approaching wedding with dear little Fannie, and has invited me to go up with Mr. and Mrs M. to it, and I knew he wanted to tell me more of it and I did want to go dreadfully with him but I had an engagement with Will, and he said, "Isn't he far enough gone for you to be careless with him?"

I asked if we couldn't all go together but he didn't fancy the idea, and kept wishing I could go with him, till I was mean and little enough to say, "Well, I'll break the engagement with Will."

So he left, and Mr Taylor came, and took me driving and to the ice cream parlors and then we came back and sat on the porch. He took out a cigarette and asked if he might smoke. He knows I disapprove of it for I've often told him so, but I was unprincipled enough to give a reluctant consent. How I hated myself for it.

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* Books listed at the end of the second volume of the diary, include:
Hyperion, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow;
Marion Fay, Anthony Trollope;
Portia, by The Duchess;
Belinda, by Rhoda Broughton;
Hot Plowshares, by Albion W. Tourgée;
The Led-Horse Claim, by Mary Hallock Foote;
Stepping Heavenward, by Mrs. Prentiss;
The Freres, by Mrs. Alexander;
Shandon Bells, by William Black;
Marjorie, by Charlotte M. Braeme;
Romance of the Harem, by Mrs. Leonowens;
Louisiana, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett;
Joan, by Rhoda Broughton;
The Wooing o't, by Mrs. Alexander;
A Daughter of Heth, by William Black;
In Silk Attire, by William Black;
Maurine, a poem, by Ella Wheeler.

Before he smoked two-thirds of it Mama called me to the head of the stairs and gave me the round lecture I deserved and said I was a nice one to ignore Will's existence for two months because he dared smoke in my presence, and then to sanction it in Mr Taylor, and I went down feeling *so* mean and wanting to cry.

I think he thought Mama called me as a hint that it was getting late so I had to be bright to disembarrass him. Then I did another mean thing. He said his only night for calling upon me was Sunday and that it wasn't quite fair to the other fellows for me to keep it engaged and went on till I finally consented to allow him to call some Sunday night. Elmer'll have spasms when I tell him.

Well, this morning, right after breakfast I sent for Will and when he came told him I wanted to break the engagement with him and go with Mr. Davenport. Made a few miserably weak excuses about Mr. Davenport's being a stranger and hating to go alone. And Will was so good and said certainly, he was only too happy to please me in all things, and I told him to call the next night, gave him a red rose and set him a-drift. Then I went over and told the dean and he kept me sitting on the porch till Mama beckoned to me because it was so late and I ought to be painting, and when I got here she acted like I'd offended her awfully and now she's gone to market and I sit here and paint cards by the acre and feel miserable. And I *deserve* to feel so.

Mr Davenport talked a little strangely to me. To be sure he was discussing his marriage but all the time I felt that there was an undercurrent for my benefit. For instance he said that no girl must pretend to herself that she loved a man till she felt she *could* look up to him and be guided by him, and on weighty subjects yield in will to him, even if never called upon to do it; that whenever a girl felt herself the stronger or more intellectual of the two the match could not be a happy one. He said that the average marriage, the average home is a sarcasm, a place where man exhibits his selfishness, and where woman loses her respect often resulting from just that cause. So I sit here, knowing that he was talking squarely at me all the time. Does he think I'm going to marry Elmer and that my mind is stronger than Elmer's, my soul broader and that I shall be unhappy? Can he find some-one for me to marry who will pierce the depths of my soul, and command my respect for the length and breadth of his own?

Wednesday May 9, 1883

I felt vexed with myself and worried with insoluble problems yesterday and so worked harder than ever at my painting and sprained my back and used myself all up. At 4:30 I was nearer dead than alive and came up to take a nap. Felt too tired to move and taking off my clothes dropped utterly exhausted on the bed. Then the door-bell rang and Mama called—"Maud, Will wants to take you boat-riding, can you go?"

I didn't have the heart to refuse Will after his goodness to come and ask me after I'd treated him so shabbily in the morning. So I pulled myself up from the bed and dressed, and dragged myself off feeling like a last year's June bug.

Will was so nice but he saw that I felt badly and I told him yes I *did* both physically and mentally, and then told him how badly I felt about being so mean.

He peeped under my lace parasol and said, "You little saint, if you were as mean as I for a single day you'd think you'd been an angel instead of a sinner." The skiff ride really did me good though. We "cast anchor" up there and caught mussels and tad-poles and sea-weed and snails in it.

That night Mr Davenport and I took a car, and he told me the joke. "Auntie Robbins" is trying her best to find out this affair, and because they were not married right after Lent she's come to the conclusion that he's jilted, but is bravely trying to heal his wound in my society.

The program was first-rate but as the arch-deacon and I wanted to talk we left early and walked home very slowly discussing (or rather he lecturing, I questioning) the origin of the word "Ideal" its Platonic and Aristotelian meaning, its use by the realists, conceptionalists etc. It was very elevating. When we reached the gate he came up to the porch. He told me a great deal about his engagement. He told me their plans, not only their pleasure-plans but plans for study and work and mapped out the bridal tour to me.

He said, "Miss Maude, you did some thinking after you left me the other morning did you not?"

I admitted that I had.

"You felt that part of that discussion was meant for you, and you didn't quite like it?"

I ayed, and he was kind enough to change the subject. It was past midnight when he left.

So he does think I'm leading a half life, does think my heart and soul have never been wakened from their lethargy, consequently thinking that Elmer has not strength of mind to do it. Now why does he say all these things to me? Is it that he really takes such a warm friendly interest in me, and fears I shall be unhappy by marrying Elmer? Oh, Moses! the subject is perplexing.

Thursday May 10/83

WmSn called last night. While we were sitting in the parlor I heard Elmer's voice on the porch with Mama and then they came into the parlor. He talked a few minutes and then left. I went with him to the porch. Mama had told him how shockingly late Mr Davenport and I had sat on the porch and Mister Elmer at once remarked, shortly and sharply, that he didn't like it, and I said I didn't care whether he liked it or not and then out of pure perversity remarked,

"I was glad he had stayed for we had such a good talk."

"If *I* had stayed so late—"

"*You* are a different matter. If you could talk as Mr Davenport can I perhaps shouldn't have minded it."

I was awfully sorry I'd said it but I didn't say so. He said he didn't like to see me with that fellow, he wasn't a proper associate for me, and I said he was as nice as could be and that Elmer was very unjust and I was very pert, and he frowned and he left with a very cool handshake, and I returned to Will. Oh yes, and when I'd told him about the way Will happened to be there, about its being a sort of recompense for my breaking the other engagement with him, he snapped at me, "Do you think *that* was right?"

Will heaped coals of fire when he left by meekly asking if he could take me to the next League meeting and by giving me full permission to accept any other fellow who might ask after him. I felt like crying, but only said with dignity "I shall not break the engagement again."

Friday May 11/83

This morning when I came to breakfast, I found on my plate a note from Elmer:

Home 11:30 P.M. May 9th

Precious Hearts-ease:

I came home at once after leaving you, and went to bed but not to sleep;

I cannot sleep, and feel that I must talk with you. I am absolutely disgusted with myself—the idea of saying the things I did to you to-night. I was wrong and very unjust; I know Mr. D would not speak illy of me, and you are well aware that I have a very good opinion of him: in fact I have no right to say what kind of a man he is, I know so little of him and what little I know is that he is (with one exception) a very pleasant gentleman and a jolly good fellow.

I will tell you the secret of my crossness—it originated in me just after I entered the parlor and I let it get me into one of the worst possible humors; it is all a very small matter, and if you cannot guess it we will let it drop. I should have said good-night and run home, for in the mood I was in, no matter what you might have brought up, I'm sure I would have contradicted and been mulish about. Now I'm more sorry, and feel ten times worse about it, than you possibly can. You stood there if you remember, and said such cruel cutting things. I know you would have been kind enough not to have said them, had I not by my provoking words brought them out, but they hurt me just as much. One in particular that you would like to have me stay as late if I could have talked as he did; I am well aware that I cannot, but it hurt me more than you can imagine for you, my own darling, to say that to me.

You were right enough to break with Jack for Mr. D.—he is much more enjoyable company than Jack I am sure.

I am very sorry I was so hasty. Another word of explanation. I had something occur at the store that set me all awry and I was so sure I could talk it all over with you, and hurried down so hopeful and happy that I was smiling all the way, and my disappointment was great, and you said you was sorry I had come (no wonder). Well it was all wrong and we won't count it sweet. You said you would like to have me come over tomorrow eve; if sweet-heart, you love me and want me to call, I shall do so without fail, early if possible. Let me know by noon please, I do so want to know what you think of me for acting so. I do hope you want me to call.

I feel rested and easier now that I have talked with you sweet-heart—will go to sleep now I am sure. If it had not been for a very small matter that threw me off the calm, even track I was on, when I entered the parlor I should have left you loving me harder, instead of wishing I had not come near. "I'm sowwy".

Elmer

Good-morrow its Thursday. E.

More hot coals! ! ! I couldn't eat any breakfast after that but rushed off to my lesson after writing him a penitent note asking him to come by all means that night.

Monday May 14, 1883

I've cried and cried till I've nearly cried heart and eyes out. Edith is to be married Wednesday night, the 16th, day after tomorrow! This little cousin of mine, only eighteen, only nine days older than I am, without any worldly experience, to be *married.* Why marriage looms up in my eyes more terrible than death. 'Tis to rob Auntie and Uncle Jake of their only child whom they love so dearly, to make Edith, my sister-cousin, an old woman before her girl-hood is half done and heaven knows what else.

I'll declare it fell like a thunderbolt upon my head. I feel like Edith is a baby almost, and she isn't much more, and I didn't even dream of this thing. I thought as a matter of course Gene would marry Edith—some-day, but the some-day must be so far in the future that it be not even a *speck* on the horizon.

Auntie came down—Mama sat sewing, I painting cards, and after a while she remarked "I came down to ask you folks to a wedding." "Where?" "At our house, day after to-morrow." Even then it didn't once enter my head that it could be Edith. I thought of some of Auntie's neighbors who wanted a nicer wedding than they could afford at home, and when I asked, "Who?" and Auntie said, "Why, Edith", I felt like the world had stopped revolving. I just kept saying "Edith! Edith!" And pretty soon I sneaked off to the sewing-room closet and cried enough to relieve me a little.

I find to my astonishment that the object of Edith's trip to Cincinnati was her bridal trosseau. They wanted nothing done here as the matter is strictly private.

Auntie is grieved to the heart's core though she tries to be bright and cheerful. She likes Eugene but of course thinks Edith too young. Here when De-de ought to be cutting around having a good time and studying music she'll be keeping house and then heaven knows, tending to a baby perhaps. I'll go and help her nurse it. Oh dear, what made me think of such a horrid thing.

I remember how she looked when I first saw her after her return from Cincinnati, her cheeks so rosy, her brown hair dancing in the wind, her eyes bright and sparkling, with her pretty new hat on. If I had known! And I heard her graduating essay less than one year ago. Eight girls in our class. Two married inside of a year. Jennie is Jennie Kent instead of Jennie Wright—and Edith—oh can I ever teach my tongue to say Edith Ellis?

Tuesday—early morning May 15.

This is a week of shocks. This morning we learn that Mr. L shot and killed himself last night. He has been drinking, has lost the clerkship he ran for, and was discharged by his brother-in-law. He was a splendid man and they were as happy a family as you could possibly imagine, and now this utter desolation, all because of drink!

Later 6 P.M.

Indeed it is a week of shocks. This afternoon came a telegram to say that Cousin Ida's precious little Mabel is dead and that they will be down to Villa Ridge tomorrow morning. Of all the dreadful and singular coincidences that upon the same day we are to attend little Mabel's funeral and Cousin Dede's wedding. Mr George will officiate at both.

I'm going to draw my money from the bank and get Edith the prettiest locket in Cairo. It makes my heart ache to think of the old days when Edith and I were like sisters and often spent nights with each other; no more pillow-fights, no more ghostly wanderings in search of cards for serenaders.

I don't feel like I can bear going to the League meeting tonight and wouldn't, only that I have to open the discussion.

Friday May 18, 1883 7:30 P.M.

I was glad that I went to the League that night for, blue as I was, I had a good hearty laugh. The question was,

"Resolved: That the presence of sipe-water in Cairo is a public benefit, and that steps should be taken by our city fathers to secure its continuance."

Mrs McDowell and I debated; and then Mr Spear (my colleague) entered with his arms full of wise looking books and papers and a big fruit-bottle of water, followed by Mrs Parsons with three more fruit-bottles. All the things were set upon the table with roars of laughter. The bottles were filled with scum, crawfish, mud, mussels and the like. Mr Spear began by reading a letter purporting to be the views of the city health officer saying he considered sipe water invaluable in the maintenance of health in Cairo etc. Next he read a missive from a scientist saying that the water contained more medicinal properties than any he had analyzed. But *the* funniest of all was a letter from the secretary of the distilled water-ice manufacturing company saying "that having tried various kinds of water impartially they had given sipe water preference over all others as it made purer and finer ice." That was bad enough of itself but the cream of the joke was that the secretary (of the ice company) was Mr O'Hara, our opponent on the negative!

He said that though few people in Cairo suspected him of being a scientific man he was prepared to show us this water in all its stages. So he took up the first bottle which was full of craw-fishes and told us this was the February stage, and was noted for its medical properties, that it made a delicious beverage and contained some animal matter.

The second, mostly mud, he said they claimed medicinal good for, and in the third (full of fungus or scum) he said we might find by careful search a trace of the afore-mentioned vegetable matter. How we yelled. The fourth bottle (awfully black) he said was the *June* variety and very rare, and he had obtained it only through the kindness of the Ice Mfg Company. Mr O'Hara looked perfectly limp. Once during his talk the crawfish began clawing about and splashing water and some unruly member exclaimed, "He's encoring you." Then another, "He's applying for membership." "Tell him the list is full and many applicants prior to him," etc. till the president amidst a general laugh, had to call them to order.

I have a faint idea that coming home Will said sentimental things and tried to cry, but I was so preoccupied that I didn't in the least know what he was saying, nor can I remember now. Down about Tenth street I saw 'Gene driving home in his buggy. That is one of the pictures which I believe I shall always remember. Moonlight and that sort of slowness about the carriage that made me feel he had passed the strain of racing and the work, and was slacking up, tired but happy.

The first thing I noticed when I opened my eyes in the morning was that the sun was shining and making my red curtains look like wine and I said, "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," and went about slowly but a little happier for the cheery day. At eleven oclock we all went to Villa Ridge with Mr. George who was to officiate, strange to say, at both funeral and wedding. Another strange thing: when baby Mabel was born Mama sent a birthday gift of a beautiful hand-engraved spoon, and when she wanted a set of the same spoons for Edith's bridal-gift and the jeweler brought out the case there was one spoon missing—the identical one baby Mabel has, and he had to order another one to complete the sett. We all followed the little white coffin up the hill. We came back from Villa Ridge at 4.

Immediately after supper I went up to Edith's with Wood. The house looked perfectly dark but on going in I found it brilliantly lighted and decorated with flowers. I went at once up to Edith. She was all dressed but her dress, and as she didn't want to don that so soon anyway I chattered away about the League meeting to keep her feeling cheery, but she was so outrageously cheerful that it hardly required the chatter.

Edith wore artificial flowers on her dress for fear of staining it, but I put a rose with wood-bine in her hair, and she wore pearls around her throat. I could hardly keep from holding her close and crying my heart out on the pretty new dress but I managed to restrain myself. Gene came and put the diamond on her finger and with his arm around her, made fun of me, saying I was ten times more frightened than the little bride herself. I went down just before they did to tell Mr George how and where they would stand, and then they came, took their places under a bell of flowers in the bay window and I nervously watched through the ceremony. It was very short and at 9:27 they were pronounced man and wife.

Elmer and I left at about eleven oclock and I felt like I'd lost my little cousin and had only one white rose-bud to remember her by. Coming from so serious a scene it was but natural that Elmer and I should talk seriously. I told him that no matter how much I loved my husband, no matter how glad I felt to go with him as his wife, my heart would ache at leaving home and Mama and Papa, and he said bless my heart he knew it and could hardly love me if I didn't.

Thursday I'll be just the age Edith was when she married. I was too excited to sleep after the wedding so Elmer and I went to the "German" at the Temperance Hall where we were asked five thousand questions. Blauvelt was there and I cut him dead, and he acted like an idiot cutting up to show me he didn't care.

I *must* say Good-bye. To think how much has happened since I first touched my pen to you nearly a year ago. Then I was a school-girl, then Jennie and Edith had not married, then Fordie was here, precious Fordie, then I was dreaming away every spare minute thinking of Robert.

Now School and Fordie and the green-room, graduating essays, white fans and bouquets seem way past years and years, Jennie married, Edith off on her wedding-tour, and Robert more an object of indifference than even scorn.

But it always makes me sad to look back, and you've had to worry with me, through enough spells of blues already, so I'll stop right now and say Good-bye, my Journal, good-bye.

(END OF VOLUME II)

CHAPTER SEVEN

It *Isn't* Late, Is It?

May 26, 1883

I won't stop to introduce myself; its too cold up here and I'm in a hurry.

Our sociable last night was flawless, perfect. Mr Blauvelt was there and I didn't deign him a look.

Mr Prestwood devoted a good deal of time to me. He wants to run a telegraph line from his office to here. I wonder if there are not a few more gentlemen who would like to run a line here. He said he'd fix batteries and everything and admired my instrument very much. He says he has never tasted a drop of liquor and I replied that I was glad to hear it and that he was certainly on the safe side. He is tall and nice looking ("pretty" Papa calls him) and if he speaks truth is *good,* but the trouble with the good boys is that they are never attractive. I am growing almost to agree with arch-dean Davenport who says "I haven't any use for a boy who hasn't a spice of the Devil in him."

That is why I say I shall never marry, or if I do marry it will be with a respectful affection and not with a passionate *lover* love; I am never going to marry any but a good man, and every good man seems stupid in intellect.

Last night my conscience smote me when Elmer was here on the porch with me. He loves me so very dearly, but all the time (though I do love him with a love which must come with long association with a good person) I keep finding fault with him in my heart, because he is such a flat talker, because he seems to possess no personal magnetism, because he isn't tall and robust and rosy, because he isn't graceful and kingly in bearing.

Am *I* graceful? Am I robust and rosy? Am I a fine talker? Do I possess personal magnetism? Well but what if I don't, is it any less likely that I should crave it with an unquenchable idiotic craving in the man I'm to marry.

You see, don't you, how I disdain the subject of marriage? I disdain it so effectually that I talk of almost nothing else to you? But I don't want to marry; I only want to study Art and to associate with intellectual and refined people who will make me think and develop into something beside a frivolous child.

How nicely I talk about Elmer—my good faithful boy, who is breaking his neck even now, working to please me, studying to please me, getting lovely things to please me, reading poetry to please me, getting his hats to please me, and gracious knows what not to please me.

And even if I had my ideal lover, a lover tall and graceful with tact and refinement, with deep violet eyes and tender mouth, with chestnut hair and clear fair brow, with a voice rivaling the birds and with an intellect rivaling Webster's, a chivalrous nature rivaling Sidney's or Raleigh's, do you think I'd want to marry him? Not much! I'd simply want to love him, and to know that he loved me, to study and develop under his tender guidance, to grow better every minute from association with his kindly heart, and to paint him and to know that the thought of him urged me to all honest struggles for improvement in everything I attempted.

But what's the use of this School-girl's wild raving? I may as well say to myself "Maude—when you are twenty-five, you marry Elmer. He will have a nice home for you always, he will love you (till he gets tired of your foolishness and then he'll scold you and break your heart) and he'll want to stay in evenings and be quiet, and you'll have to stay, too, and he'll read out loud to you if his eyes don't hurt him too badly and you'll forget what a plaque or a palette is which will be a great disadvantage of course to mankind at large, and then married life will grow humdrum and you'll feel like your better nature has been choked up some place and thrown away." Oh, fool, fool, *fool!* here I am crying, when I only thought I'd ease my mind by pouring my rebellious thoughts out to you. But if I cry myself to death I'll finish anyway. Now the main point when I look at the thing practically seems to be this—which is the good part of me and which the bad. *Is* it my better nature which coldly sums up poor Elmer's faults or is it my unjust bad nature? Is it my better nature which hunts around vaguely in its own foolish realm for an ideal to worship or is it my romantic nature?

What am I and what am I good for? I'm a girl of eighteen, neither remarkably ugly nor pretty, I'm bright and I am told have a sunny disposition (as you may have noticed by my angelic remarks tonight). I'm rather quick in intellect, I've an unusual amount of tact and I have an—*ideal.* If I were anything but a lady-like little girl I should take much pleasure in saying "Darn the ideal."

I sat down to tell you about my day at Auntie's but you've not heard much of it yet, and now I must rush off to choir practice.

Your humble servant, in a muddle.

Sunday morning, May 27, 1883

Forgive me, dear Journal, I'm not always as wicked and crazy as I was last night. Its a lovely sunny Sabbath morning and I'm going to church, and then Elmer will be here to dinner, then Sunday School, then a buggy ride, and after tea, Elmer will spend the evening. What would he do if he could see into my heart sometimes I wonder.

Tuesday May 29, 1883

I got dinner—green peas, mashed potatoes, rolled steak with dressing and bread pudding and didn't spoil a thing. But then, Sallie made the sauce for the pudding and Mama put the steak in for me and Sallie made the dressing.

Papa's business is not prospering and so Mama and I are going to try to be more economical. I shall not get the pink chambray wrapper I intended getting, for I don't need it and we may as well begin to retrench right away.

Wednesday noon—May 30, 1883

Its been raining hard all day and now I have to go to the Opera House for another rehearsal of W. S. Gilbert's "Engaged." I feel awfully lonesome on that great stage. Clara will be home tomorrow—Hurrah, hurrah!

Later—4:30 P.M.

We'd a better rehearsal than the last one. I had a number of compliments and at the place where I peep up into Papa Symperson's face saying *"Don't* laugh at me dear Papa," they fairly yelled till I got the giggles too.

I'm perfectly determined to teach school next year and Mama won't have me do it and says it'll break my health and Papa is a fraud and says *I* couldn't teach and there isn't any vacancy and I couldn't go to parties and rehearsals and have company all the time.

If I were only a boy! Its down-right absurd. Here for the simple little gift I gave Edith I had to draw over half my money and probably all I've earned in five years ($14). I say I won't stand it! Other girls earn from 30 to 45 dollars a month and why shouldn't I? I'm not made of wax. Elmer thinks its awful for me to think of going to work any-place. I'll bet if he had to ask his father for every dime to put in the contribution box, for every nickle for a spool of floss and for every time he wanted to give any-body anything, he wouldn't stand it either. Supper's ready.

Sat June 9, 1883

This noon a colored man came with a box nearly as large as our front porch and a note for me. The note read—

Dear Heartsease:

In remembrance of June 9, 82, I send these because I know you love them.*

Elmer.

The box had a twisted handle by which it was carried. After a short and frantic struggle with the hatchet we got the handle off, and then cut the wire by which the inner article was secured to the sides of the box. A puff of fragrance and a mass of conglomerate colors showing through waxed paper next greeted us. Paper disposed of, we stood stunned at the sight. A huge flat rustic basket of rarest flowers so arranged as to be a veritable work of art. The main figure was a star of six rays with a pure white lily bordered with candy-tuft in the center; it was formed entirely of the "heartsease"; royal purple ones, lighter purple ones, and golden ones (two rays of each). The rays were outlined, one with white pinks, one with white rose-buds, one with Marshal Niel rose-buds, one with tube-roses, one with pink rose-buds, one with small cream-colored buds. Then the triangular pieces outside the rays were filled, two with a blue flower (un-known), one with gladiolas, one with pink and red fuchias, one with all red fuchias, one with scarlet geraniums. The entire basket was bordered with ferns and smylax. Its diameter measured 27 inches and a more glorious floral arrangement never met my view. Every one who saw it, said it surpassed everything they'd ever seen.

I was sick to think it would not last always and took it down town and had some cabinets made of it.

Now I must go to choir practice.

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* Anniversary of high-school graduation.

Mon. June 25, 1883

On Thursday morning Jack and I went riding at five oclock. I had Texas, my beautiful "blooded" Texas, and Jack told me he was sold and had only been kept over long enough for this engagement. It almost broke my heart.

Last night on the front porch Elmer said, "The Texas pony is *yours*." I only looked at him, and he said, "It was I who bought it, or rather Jim for me, as I knew Carle and I never could make a trade. While you were wishing you knew who bought it I had the bill of sale in my pocket." I was simply stunned. *Texas* all my own—swift dainty darling, mine, *mine*. I could almost feel myself flying through the cool air again! He is a blood-bay with a beautiful mane and tail and gentle and fast as a little racer. Oh but I know Papa won't let me have him, and what would folks say.* I told Elmer that I firmly believed if I expressed a wish for a crystal palace, he'd work night and day till he could present me with one. And he said he'd try to get me a *little* one anyway, he thought.

Sunday July 1, 1883

I wonder if I can ever sufficiently untangle the events of the past week to write of them. Tuesday we had company all day and we lengthened my wedding dress and I arranged the flowers for my costumes, and when Jack called for me at seven my boxes and flowers were packed and I was all ready. At the Opera House I collected the boxes, took possession of my dressing room and then ran up to the stage where the scenes were being arranged and everything was lively. I looked through the peep-hole when the outer doors were first opened and saw the people pouring in. Soon as Bettie came we went together to our joint room and dressed for our first appearance. Then we hurried up to get some position in the flies where we could see the first appearance. How my heart beat when the curtain rolled up and I saw Kathie spinning at her wheel and singing, "Fling all your gates open and let me gae free, for its up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee," then saw Carnes in his Scotch plaids clap his hands upon her eyes and say, "Wha is it?" We watched as long as we could and then we had to fly. Dr Strong held my train for me while I put on my gloves and Bettie arranged my flowers.

I'll tell you what I wore. Hair high on my head with a filigree ornament in it and little curls at the back of my neck. Dress was of white tarlatan puffed down the front, small plaits around the train and long plaits hanging from the waist to the bottom, Watteau style. Tight fitting white satin jacket, neck cut a low V-shape, and filled in with dotted tulle—Roman pearls around throat, spray of Marshal Neil roses, smylax and fern from the side of V around to waist, and roses from waist down, one side falling loosely to train (latter were artificial) white kid shoes and gloves, white fan etc. Oh yes, and cheeks and chin a beautiful pink, face and throat a beautiful white, eyebrows arched and dark (the happy results of rose-leaves, powder and burnt cork). What a flutter I was in while they were arranging the scenes, and how I kept the first word of my first speech in my head for fear the sudden shock would knock it away.

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* Mr. Rittenhouse insisted on buying Texas himself.

A snap for sudden shocks! When I touched my kid boot to that stage I felt it my "native heath" and fear, nervousness all forsook me. I was to sail in from double doors at rear Bettie holding my train, and sailing, sing out—"Take care Parker", then looking in great solicitude over my shoulder—"That's right—There! How *do* I look."

The house honored me with a jolly applause which started me off nicely. I felt ridiculously at ease, but once while kneeling at my Papa Symperson's side summing up the good points of Cheviot's character I completely forgot my part, and my wit rescued me bravely, for I went on in an extemporaneous chatter till I remembered my cue, and no-one was any the wiser. But prompter Will said, "Goodness Maud —what a fright you gave me—you are a sharp one."

The next time I entered was when Della and I were to do the "esmeralda *swinging* embrace". I was afraid about my train but they straightened it out for me and when she walked from the table eating a tart I stepped through the door, looked earnestly at her for a second and then, with a glad "Be-lin-da!!!" rushed to her arms and we did the swing perfectly train and all. They applauded like the mischief, and again where I sneak the tarts across behind the sofa and to the other table away from her hungri-ness, all the time modestly assenting to my own artlessness they laughed long and loud. But it would be tedious to tell you all the many parts which "took". I got through the second act on wings fairly and felt that I did well. Only one thing marred my pleasure. It struck me suddenly that while Kate and Della had both received flowers, I had not one. But though it was a disappointment I didn't mean to let it hurt me much. In the third act I wore my "Mother Hubbard" wrapper of pink, with pansies at my throat. There I made a good many hits, but I grew down-hearted as I prophesied I would toward the end of the performance. There were a good many reasons for this. First my part begins brightly and ends very insipidly. Second, I hadn't any flowers, but mostly I had been vain enough to think that I and I only would carry the house by storm. I had reasons for thinking it. People whom I considered Cairo's best critics had told me most emphatically that I was the star. You'll laugh no doubt at my conceit when I say that I *could* have been the star. I really and honestly believe myself more capable than Della. But a star must have a central point in the vault of heavens to show its magnitude, and unfortunately for me Della had that central point: that is, her part was more prominent and funnier. Again to my harm it had been spread all over the city that I surpassed the others completely and people expected a great deal from me and didn't get it because I could not leap beyond bounds. Of course I was restricted to my own part and while my conscience was at ease knowing that I had done my best in the part assigned me, I still felt disappointed. After the falling of the curtain on the last act, I ran down to gather up my things, and some gentlemen came down through the orchestra trap to congratulate us. Elmer took me home and raved about how beautiful I looked in my wedding-dress, how *much* lovelier I was than any of the others, how much more graceful I was, how self-possessed, how cute, how distinct my voice—etc. But I knew him to be partial. Mama avoided mentioning my part of the entertainment entirely. Next day I felt a dull pain over the whole thing though people were calling all morning with the most congratulatory messages. Gradually I felt a little better, and thanked Heaven for taking the conceit out of me.

We had a call to Paducah, and the folks here and along the river were most urgent in protesting that we must go, but their Opera House is so poor that we wouldn't, even though Paducah people acknowledged that we discounted Paducah amateurs. There were people here from all the surrounding towns.

Sat July 21, 1883

Jack [WmSn] and I have had—Well, Monday aft. I was told that Jack had broken his pledge. That night he dropped in and Mama had him (after much argument in which I took no part) re-sign. Afterwards as we sat down on our small lawn he broached the subject, I think expecting me to laud him for signing, but on the contrary I told him I was shocked and disappointed, that he had fallen many degrees in my estimation and that I no longer considered him a man of his word or honor. He was terribly used up over what I said, and tried to make me un-say my words, but I said that only his own irreproachable future conduct could ever alter my opinion and I treated him as though he had fallen beneath my level and wouldn't shake hands with him.

Always here-to-fore I've hurried over the fault of breaking a pledge in the determination of the good of re-signing. This time I meant him to feel my displeasure and I believe my present treatment to be salutary. (Excuse writing and wait till I turn on the gas.) He wanted to take me to a picnic the fourth. I declined rather cool-y. He asked if I wouldn't try to think better of him and I said thoughts came from facts and circumstances.

The last straw was the next night when he saw me out riding with Elmer. He really did look badly.

Last night Alex Taylor astonished me by asking if I wasn't rather cruel to Jack and by saying that the boy really was trying to do well, and that while he was out with the boys Friday night he refused everything but lemonade.

I've had a glorious old tear to-night with "Doc"—that holy terror Doc (as the girls call him). Mr Vaughn was certainly anxious for me to like Doc and I certainly do. When we rode down by the "Comique" the band was playing and Mr V. wanted me to look stunning. He told me to hold the reins pretty tight and cluck, and that Doc would step with the music. And so he did, pranced around and kept beautiful time.

Yesterday at tea-time Elmer ran in to ask if I'd go riding with him but dreadful clouds came up and the wind blew. While I was shutting shutters and pulling down windows I prayed for those children (who had left for Metropolis) on the *Fowler* in that fearful storm. Today we got word that the chicks were safe. The boat laid up two hours.

Thursday July 26, 1883.

Monday morning I did my usual work and gave little Mary her drawing lesson. In the afternoon I washed the dishes for Mama and then painted. That night I had donned my nightgown—the funny one I made myself which I like for that reason and because its so big and cool and trimingless,—had come to Mama's room to get a drink and going back past the stairs I heard the telegraph instrument clicking.

Just for fun I leaned over the rails and listened and this is what I heard "— .. —. — .. —. — .. —. — .. —."

That's my call, so I tip-toed down in the dark and answered ".. .. —..—." and found Elmer calling me. Papa had a cot in the sitting room to sleep on because he got too hot upstairs, but he was out on the porch then cooling off. Elmer wrote "Gene and Edith are going with us in the buggy" (we intended going to Mound City Tuesday night) then told me about Harry and Clara going, and that Prestwood couldn't because the W.U.T.C. had ordered him to Chicago —there's been a big telegraph-strike all over the country—and he had to leave early in the morning.* We have to carry on a very slow conversation over the wires because Elmer has had so little practice. Papa soon came in to go to bed and I wrote "Goodnight" and he replied "Pleasant dreams sweet-heart" and then I made a very very long dash, if you can imagine what that meant, and he immediately made three of them. The moon was shining brightly when I crept in between the sheets.

[Note: On Saturday August 4, Maud left for Mount Carmel, Illinois, about a hundred miles from Cairo, to visit her close friend Edith Wheeler. She found "a large lovely house, delicately and tastily furnished, running over with children."]

Aug 21/83 Home Again.

Its after ten, the light is dim, the mosquitoes buzzing and I've just a minute. We've had company all evening—I painted in my studio from three oclock, and when I reached the front yard (after dressing) I found Mr Carnes with Papa. He had been laid up on a sand-bar, or the boat had—people were getting worried about him. Right after supper Mr. Vaughn came and stayed till dark. Then Mr Wheeler came. Mama is going to Chicago and Lake Bluff soon as it gets cooler. Wrote to Edith Sunday. Was up at Bettie's with Elmer yesterday evening. Her mirror painting is lovely. Elmer gave us some lovely neckties for our silk quilts, and he has written asking Allen to spend his visit at his house and to extend it beyond a few days. Nice? Today I made beds, swept, fixed flowers, served, got dinner, washed dishes. Goodnight.

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* One of America's historic strikes, July 19 to Aug. 23. Its object was to modify the 7-day week and improve conditions. Local agents like Prestwood were summoned to big cities all over the country to replace strikers. Cost to company, $1,000,000; to employees, $300,000. The strikers lost.

Aug. 1883

Mama and Robin went to Chicago Thursday afternoon, and I am duly installed house-keeper. That night Edith and Allen [Moore] came. I didn't go to the train but after I'd gone to bed, I clicked a good-night over the wires as usual to Elmer and he told me Allen was there.* In the morning they called my call on the instrument at a little after six, and woke me up. Allen wrote, "How do you do?" and they arranged for him to spend the morning here.

I got up, dressed, arranged fresh flowers in all the vases etc, emptied the slops, made the beds, swept the sitting room and porch before breakfast and ordered marketing. Fannie Hopson couldn't come to sweep so I let the big sweeping go yesterday. After breakfast I practiced a while, gave little Mary her lesson, and then Allen came. We had a real pleasant morning—I crocheted and sewed the embroidery for the new dress I am making myself, and we played duets, and I gave him the hat-band he had so modestly requested me to paint for him. He is odd—he never flatters. Instead of raving over the hat-band, he said it suited him, and a few such mild remarks and I might have thought it hardly pleased him, only I noticed how often during the afternoon he flourished that hat around wrong side up, and Bettie and Edith heard a little raving which I did not.

I asked him to dinner and he ayed, so in half an hour I excused myself explaining my housekeepership, left him at the piano and ran down to see about dinner. I just "more than tore", fixed the table all up with fresh linen, cut glass, silver, and pink and green finger-bowls, sent Wood hopping for ice and lemons to make sherbet, and fortunately I had chickens here for Sunday, which I immediately ordered fried. I had made a lovely lemon-cake after supper the night before, and we had plenty of vegetables, so I was alright. Then I had a message telephoned to Elmer asking him and in 30 minutes was back in the parlor. We were both at the piano when Edith and Bettie came in. I was so glad to see Edith. I gave the girls their share of Elmer's neckties and tried to persuade them to stay for dinner but in vain. Then Papa came and then Elmer, and we had a lively time.

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* Maud was on two circuits. The first instrument, connecting eight or ten houses, was in the living room. Maud had her "sweet-toned" instrument for a private circuit to Elmer on a stand at the foot of her bed upstairs.

When we got back to Bettie's we found a handsome closed barouche with a couple of dark horses waiting for us and then we drove around for an hour. I was terribly mortified about one thing—my cheeks burn as I write it. We asked the driver to take us past the M. and O. depot and he did, and turned right into the office pretty near and drove right back the same way, smack up against the windows and those young men might have thought we did it just to attract attention.

I came in to dress for the theatre and Allen went on to Elmer's. Almost before I'd gotten to my room he called me over the wire and telegraphed me all the time I was dressing. Allen and Elmer brought me home after the theatre and Allen said good-bye. Then after I'd gone to bed they called me and talked awhile over the instrument, and then at three this morning they woke me up again to write good-bye.

Before breakfast, Saturday morning Sept 1.

The first day of Autumn has come—a lovely, dewy sunny morning just cool enough to call forth visions of winter fires and plans for winter work. I'm happy as the days are long with my house-keeping duties. I read but little and I fly around from morning till night cleaning, dusting, planning, sewing and Grandma says in her funny way, "You'll soon be smart enough to get married but don't do it." "I've seven or eight good long years to practice in before I think of marrying," I replied. I do accomplish wonders. Have made myself that pretty new white dress *all alone,* and I think I may be justly proud of it. Experienced people say its real pretty and neat and very stylish and I know its cool and dainty and makes me look taller and so I love it. It cost less than I ordinarily pay for having a dress made. Usually the price of making is 5.00 or more, while this entire dress cost exactly $2.65. Its a striped Nainsook made with an immensely full skirt hemmed and tucked. When I wear yards of narrow pink ribbon tied around my throat and a large pink rose at my belt it looks right pretty.

Papa says if Mama stays away two months he thinks my education will be complete. Have covered two pale blue satin bottles for a gift for Mama, and painted one with sweet-briar and the other with pink and purple morning-glories. Am going to paint a white satin satchet for Nellie to-day. Beside buying the barrel of flour this week I've saved $3.50 out of my allowance and Papa thinks its amazing. Yesterday

Fannie came and swept the entire house and I followed her broom with a wet towel and a dust brush till the whole house was clean, cool and dust-less. I have the chickens to tend to, house-work to do, bills-of-fare to plan, marketing to order and oh! I do enjoy it. I get done early and then sew or paint. Have written asking Bettie to spend the afternoon and night with me. Harry didn't want to take the note at first and Wood said, "You mind her Harry I tell you. She's mother now." So Harry went. Now I must fly to my work. Good-morning.

Thurs Sept 6, 1883.

Mama changed her mind about going to Columbus. She seems to be having a real good time and I am so glad. Nothing makes me quite so content as the thought that marmee is enjoying herself.

Am painting a red silk toilet-set for Lillie Phillips with pansies. Elmer is going to Indianapolis and the East on Monday next. I want to make him a black silk traveling-cap,* but can't get a pattern in town—Mr Goldstine offered to send for one but I'm afraid that would take too long. Bettie sent me Alex's as a model but its so terribly small—too little for either me or Woodie.

Bettie and Clara spent Monday night with me and we had a gay time. We sat in my sky-parlor tower room till tea-time with our fancy work. After tea we had a concert in the parlor which made Papa laugh and laugh. Told Papa good-night and came to my room, and sat down on bed or floor with our cool gowns on, to talk and sew. Bettie and I were working silk-quilts and Clara crocheting linen insertion for a fancy apron. Pretty soon the telegraph instrument clicked, which meant that Elmer had come home from work. Then those fiendish girls became possessed with brilliancy! They pretended of course to be me and wrote to Elmer such mush as the following sentences—

"I am heart-sick, darling, feel miserably all over and wish you were with me"; "I had a terrible fall down the tower-room stairs" etc and they called him sweet-heart and love and of course he felt compelled to write equally sweet things in return. How they yelled, and they wouldn't let me touch the key, to warn him or to interfere in any way. The last sentence he wrote (and they kept him at it till after eleven oclock) was "Goodnight little Hearts-ease," and I thought I should die with suppressed mirth, for I tried to be very dignified about it. The little demons got stuck on Hearts-ease; neither one of them could get it, which pleased me. We kept awake cutting up till after mid-night. W. C. Blauvelt is home, I see by the paper. Ah me! How my heart pulsates as I write the name of my dear "might-have-been".

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* Silk traveling caps were esteemed by stylish young men who wore them in trains, where they were perhaps useful in keeping out cinders. They were brimless skullcaps, with full crown, fitting over forehead.

Sunday Sept 9, 1883

On Thursday I had such a fearful head-ache all day till evening that I couldn't clean up a bit, and besides neglected telling Fannie to come and sweep Friday. So I intended upon Friday to send the word to come Saturday. Friday morning little Mary came before I had time to put fresh flowers in the house, and after she'd gone I sat darning a pile of hose when little Fannie Davenport came to spend the morning. I remarked to her that I felt restless, from pangs of conscience, that the house had not been so dirty since Mama left. In about an hour, if you'll believe my solemn word, Mama *came.* I was delighted to see her but I must say I should have been more delighted had it been some other day or had I known of her coming. I had intended having an elegant dinner the day she came, to have had the walks all shining, the yard neat as a pin, every speck of dust out of the house, the sewing-room thoroughly scrubbed and set to rights, the vases and marble saucers o'erflowing with roses and wood-bine, and to think of it! Owing to the terribly dry and dusty weather we'd been having, everything was dusty. Mama said nothing about it, though I felt like crying. Auntie sent me a beautiful pin. Mama had had a glorious time. She brought me four pairs of light kid gloves—three p's of three-button gloves are pearl white, pure white, and pale canary tints, the other pair is a 6-button one and is pale pink.

Monday Sept 10, 1883.

I don't think I shall ever forget last night! It was Elmer's last evening with me for a good time, and as he also had a head-ache we did not go to church. We all talked in the sitting-room where a comfortable fire burned, and Mama and Papa came up-stairs early but the children did *not.* Frank Torrey came in to see Wood, and I'll declare I thought he never *would* leave just because Elmer and I wanted to talk alone. Mama called the other children up-stairs at about half past nine, but of-course Wood stayed down with Frank; the latter sat till about ten, and then Wood, who kindly appreciated the situation said "Well Frank I guess I must go to bed" so in a few minutes Frank left. Wood talked with him awhile on the porch and then came in saying you had to talk plain to Frank.

Before he left I persuaded Elmer to lie down on the lounge where the light would not hurt his eyes, and after they'd gone and I sat in a rocker near him, talking and stroking his forehead and eyes it just seemed to rush over me in one over-whelming wave, the stupendous fact that I actually loved Elmer, that in spite of all obstacles his faithfulness had won the victory, that some-day, though of course far distant, we were to be man and wife.

And I wondered how he could lie so calmly when my whole nature was in such tumultuous restlessness. It seemed to me that Fate had snipped off the thread of my girlhood's life right that minute, and I saw myself not as the gay child cutting up with the girls, and waltzing, laughing, talking, driving with the gentlemen, but as a betrothed wife, bound to one and one only. I remembered as in a quick strange vision my old ideas of the tall handsome grave and tender-eyed ideal who was to be the "friend of my girl-hood, the lover of my womanhood, the joy and the crown of my life." How different was Elmer from all my old pictures, how different had been the *real* from the ideal romance of my life, and how *could* Elmer lie there still and calm and slowly rubbing my fingers as they lay on his head without one disturbing thought of the many that choked me and made me want to scream aloud with all the strength of my lungs.

It seemed not a matter of my own doing, but something that had been done for me, and which had yet wrapped me so closely about that I could only feel that wild fluttering at my heart, and my powerlessness to do aught but follow as Fate led.

If I told him that I loved him—what of that? I'd told him so a hundred times before, honestly believing what I said, but never before had I realized the full import of those words.

All this time we were talking, of course, about his coming trip, our correspondence and many things. It must have been half past ten when the student lamp suddenly flickered and went out and only the fire-light remained in the room. He had just started to go and stood with arms around me. It seemed to me somehow that all was ended, that we were just like man and wife, and I thought as I felt his arms warm around me and his hand gently patting my cheek or hair, "*Can* I be happy, with Mama and Papa and the boys gone, everything given up and just Elmer for my life companion in whom I must find what joy life contains for me," and then the first thing I knew the big tears were rolling down my cheeks, and that dreadful lump in my throat almost choked me.

I guess Elmer must have seen them by the firelight, for he said, "Why darling, I do believe you are crying", and I told him how very sad I felt and all about it, and he said, "If it makes you sad, little girl, to think about getting married don't think about it," which was very much to the point.

Elmer kissed me good-bye about seventy-five distinct times, said he never as long as he lived should forget the night of Sep 9, that he hated to see me sad at heart and wanted me to be my cheery self, that *our* love should be pure and true and ennobling. (You see he used to kiss me such long kisses that it made me unhappy, and I told him I didn't think he could respect me as much when he treated me so.)

And after he'd gone I bolted in here to Mama and said "Mama I do love Elmer but it makes me cry to think of marrying him," and strange to say Mama made the same reply Elmer did, "Then don't think of it," and when I told her what Elmer said about his longing for a pleasant little home with me, because his own home never had seemed like a home to him, Mama said, "Poor boy, he does seem out of place in his own home where I know things can not be arranged with the refinement and delicacy he seems to require—if you don't want to think of marrying him just tell him I'll adopt him."

Wouldn't it be a nice arrangement if we could adopt Elmer? Now *that* would be something *like*. He would have the advantages of my home and of Mama's society and mine, and yet I could be in my own home too, and have Mama and Papa and the kids just the same. I don't think I ever can reconcile my heart to leaving home. Then what if I should marry Elmer, and either he or Papa for some reason have to move. In heaven's name how long do you think I could live in a town my Mama did not live in?

Sometimes I can imagine myself in a warm brightly lit little library with Elmer's slippers before the fire, our favorite books on the table ready to be perused, and how glad and cosy and comfortable I'd feel when he came in out of the cold and I could warm him up and sing to him. And I think how good and thoughtful he'd be if I were sick, how tenderly he'd bathe my head, how carefully shade my eyes from the bright light. I can picture such scenes away in the future, but when I begin dating them at any particular now, then I think of Mama, and then I cry.

Some-day I suppose I must marry and then say as do all maidens, "Whither thou goest, there will I go; whither thou lodgest there will I lodge,—thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," but until that day I may as well put a sun-shiny face upon the matter, love Elmer and Mama both to my heart's content, and write him the sweetest little love-letters ever I can. I don't believe I ever wrote him a real bona fide love-letter and tomorrow if I have time I mean to do it.

After I'd gone to bed last night I clicked the instrument, and he clicked back, kisses and kisses and kisses.

Wed. Sep 12, 1883.

Finished Mrs Halliday's panel; have orders for ten dollars' worth more of those panels which'll be *four*. Lillie P. came for the toilet sett I painted her, and raved about them. Early in the morning there came the most deliciously fragrant, exquisitely lovely basket of hot-house flowers and ferns from Elmer—such sweet *sweet* ones. After dinner I had a nasty head-ache. I painted water-lilies and cat-tails on the hat-rack mirror in the hall down-stairs, got some sickening oil from a brush in my mouth and turned my stummuck.

Friday Sept 14, 1883

The other day Edith Wheeler and I somehow got to talking about Will Williamson and she said that *she* felt sorry for him, that he was perfectly miserable that day at the fishing-party and that he said from the first he would not go if Elmer went, and Bettie herself had to go for him, and he told "Papa Symperson" [Will Korsmeyer] it was no use talking, he had to get out of this town or his love for me would drive him mad. I never did get the time to tell you about that fishing party: Will WmSn and I had naught to do with one another.

Well, I've done with him forever. Jack shall be Jack to me no longer. For years I liked him heartily, he was my chum in many a frolic, if there was any fun on hand I could rely on Jack to find it and share it with me. I trusted him entirely. He was neither tall nor handsome, witty nor wise, but he was bubbling over with good humor and I thought him *good* which was the particular point in my eyes.

You know dear Journal when I gradually began to see differently.

Elmer, fearful that I might think he spoke from jealousy, never said much about Jack but had told me he was not the sort of person for an associate for me. Now that Edith and Eugene are married Edith knows things about the boys she never knew before and she told me that Will was just as immoral as could be. I firmly believe now, from the different reports I hear, that at the very time I had him here so much and thought him my faithful friend and a good temperance boy, he was drinking and carrying on dreadfully.

Last night we were coming home from Miss Armstrong's at midnight, Della Gordon and Will Butler walking just in front of Woodie and me. As we reached the saloon on the corner of 14th and Commercial, two half-drunken men came tumbling and reeling out of the side-door. We were in the crossing and stepped aside some-what alarmed for they were screaming and laughing and tumbling about so. As they passed, the moon shone full in the face of the foremost and there I beheld none other than my old friend, the good boy, Will Williamson. I feel sure that he recognized me—his hand flew to his head, whether to hide his face or to tip his hat with tipsy gallantry I know not. When we turned the corner Wood said, "Wasn't that Will Williamson?" "I thought he was in Arkansas," I replied, but when Ned Halliday caught up with us I asked him if Will Williamson had come home yet and he said yes—he'd seen him that day. Now I know that he'll pretend he plunged into drink to drown the pain of his hopeless love—I can hear now the pathetic tale, but it will not draw one particle of sympathy from me, I know well enough 'tis untrue.

But let me tell you about our evening at Miss Ella's. I spent at least two hours in the most interesting conversation with Mr Butler. Will B., by the way, I met in Anna that long ago when I visited Alice Wardner at the asylum.

I remember at the time writing to Robert Witherspoon and in the letter calling Will B. "the pink of perfection". He (Butler) is a young lawyer and may be here permanently. He talks well,—we discussed art and artists pro and con, he gave me accounts of his trip with an artist friend to the Adirondacks, describing in the choicest and most flowery rhetoric different scenes up in those cloud regions. If not an artist he has a keen appreciation of the beautiful. And then how *did* we begin to talk of Black and of *Shandon Bells*. I was ready to shout when I found in him as ardent admirer as warm an advocate of Black as I. He is going to send me a charming biography of Black which appeared in one of last year's *Harpers*. He hinted broadly about calling, and I invited him to.

I wish you could have seen Mr Blauvelt stare at us. Late in the evening he was going to take Miss Pitcher home, and passing my chair said in a low tone "Good night Maud." I looked up and in an indifferent but perfectly social tone remarked, "Good evening Mr. Blauvelt." I looked rather pretty for *me* last night. Wore my own-made white, a rather simple piece of tulle with real Valenciennes lace around my throat and ending in the sash at right side with a couple of pond lilies and bud, and my pretty new pin at throat.

I went with Wood. I am delighted that he is growing manly and is asked out places. I like to go with my brother.

Tuesday Sept 18, 1883

Tonight, to my great astonishment and delight, Mr Butler called, and how I did enjoy his visit. He read me two poems of his, and the last one lies here near you, Journal dear, and is called "Vallie—a vision of a day." I asked him to let me have the manuscript for awhile as I want to read it again. There runs through it a tender vein of sweet purity that wins me to it. Though I never have heard anything in particular of Mr Butler morally, I instinctively trust him as a thorough true man. He is 27 years old, with dark bright eyes, dark hair and moustache, a mouth red and well formed, with lines of refinement where too often we find marks denoting a sensual nature, and he is so manly that I am surprised each time I stand near him that he is no taller than I. He speaks of the help that we shall be to each other this winter, of the delight he finds in hearing me talk, and in feeling that I sympathize with what is best in his nature and understand him. And he says he was at first surprised to find with what a keenness I looked directly into the depths of things. I have oceans to tell you about him, about a letter from dearest Elmer, about my painting and the girls, but the clock strikes ten and I've reformed as to hours.

One word more. When I decided to *drop* WmSn and Mr Blauvelt entirely, I got to looking into things and thinking. Think of the hours and hours I have put in, entertaining men like those two, who were not mentally my equal, and who never could either by precept or example urge me on to anything calculated to improve my thoughts or give them a wider realm. I am old enough now, and I am winning enough (you understand Journal in what way I mean) to have, if I choose, a circle of friends, particularly gentlemen friends, who are my equals in every-way. I prefer to associate with people who are brighter than I, who improve me from mere association, and as I was going to remark, hereafter I mean to interest myself only in men whom I can respect and admire and who will build up my old reverence for the masculine sex, which has of late years become so shattered.

In Mr Butler I have found a friend, a good true-hearted man, bright, careful as to associates, and I hope he will come here often this winter. I need just the sort of lessons he will teach me. Whenever he touches upon the subject of his mother or his sister his voice takes on a reverential ring which does my heart good to hear. Good-night.

Sat Sept 22, 1883

I didn't sleep, Thursday night, and woke up before daylight. Lying there slightly chilled and restfully wakeful I heard a dot on my instrument and crawling to the foot of my bed I dotted back, and then came the question, "Who is it?" and the answer "Maud", and it was Elmer who had just arrived at home and he clicked away to me telling me he supposed I'd be asleep but he wanted to send me a little telegraphic kiss any-way, and that they'd had a delay on the road because of the burning of a bridge, and he was very tired, would sleep all morning and be over in the afternoon.

So I got up and dressed, made beds and sewed, gave Mary her lesson, went down town, for it was a glorious sunny day, varnished a couple of stands in "my tower", dusted and cleaned my room, Mama had done my sweeping for me, and right after dinner I put on the pretty apron Mrs. [illegible] gave me, pinned pink roses, heliotrope and maderia blossoms at my throat and took myself and my fancy work to the sitting room. Mama was in the parlor with company. I sat a good while and he didn't come, and so without calling him up or anything I just wrote quickly on the sitting-room instrument, the words "Come over" and pretty soon, "In just a minute" came back to me.

Robin and I were cutting up in the sitting room when the gate clicked and I beheld Elmer. I opened the screen and he came right through the window. He looked much improved by his trip and his face was a good deal fuller, and I was awfully glad to see him. I felt tempted to kiss him right before Robin but managed to refrain, and balanced it by squeezing his hand as hard as I could. He talked and

I talked and we both talked together, and he had brought me the loveliest, richest, daintiest designs you ever saw, I know.

He stayed all afternoon, took tea and went home.

Right after supper Elmer and I were sitting cozily in the parlor with the chess-board between us, setting our men when a step sounded on the front portico, somebody rang and then inquired of Harry, "Is your sister in?"

"Yes sir, walk in, she's in the parlor," and in walked Mr Butler. I was a little bit surprised to see him the second time in the first week. Rose to meet him. But when he saw Elmer, oh mercy! you ought to have seen his face. I introduced them. Mr Butler said, "I happened to be passing this way" (I smiled inwardly) "and remembered you had something of mine, so thought I'd stop and relieve you of it."

I begged him to stay; he said no-o-o, he just happened to be down and as he was so rarely in this part of the town, thought he'd better stop and get it. I came up and got the poem for him, and then he left. Of course I knew (and I think each of the three of us knew that the other knew) that he had intended to spend the evening. At the door he didn't attempt to conceal it from me. He looked really disappointed and said "I had two more attempts in my pocket; which—but I'll see you again", and so left.

Elmer and I finished our game and I beat, but he helped me. I said to Elmer that I rather expected Mr Butler here often this winter; he asked if he had said he was coming often and I said no, but that he had made many remarks about the help we should be to each other during the long winter evenings and Elmer said "All right, so long as he wasn't here when he (Elmer) wanted to come."

"Yes, but we mustn't be selfish," I said, and I told him that he must go more with the other girls and I more with the other boys. He is willing to be guided by my wishes, as he always is, dear old darling.

Sunday, Sept 23, 1883

Mr Butler has been here to dinner, and all afternoon. I am so glad to have met him. I feel improved with every hour's talk with him, and after he leaves I want to think, to study, to read, to travel, to meet noble people, and do good and great things, to be conscientious and pure. He is *remarkably* smart. During our first two nights talk, he let me see the romantic, nature-loving and poetical side of his character. But to-day after dinner we all sat in the sitting-room by the fire (for its a chilly day) and he was talking in his rapid intelligent way, and I could not but notice his apt use of certain terms employed in the study of certain sciences, which only a familiarity with those sciences can give. He has been a carpenter "all his life," has alone erected three or four houses in Anna, among them, the one now inhabited by his father. Then he has learned the printer's trade. He has gone through college and in a class of 71, came out second, and has been admitted to the bar. Then he has traveled and he remembers so well, and enjoys things so thoroughly, and reads the very heart of "all out of doors". He brought a great package of pictures to show me "although when you asked me to dinner Miss Maud, 'tis true you did not ask my friends. Still I thought you might be interested in them." A rather curious little incident happened which I cannot relate in particular, but, briefly, he told me to select from the pictures the girl-face I thought I should like the best. Well, its a pretty difficult thing to do. I *felt* that among them was one face he certainly loved best, and I feared to choose for I knew *his* eyes could see true loveliness in but one, and he would naturally expect that one to first attract *all* people. Finally I decreased the number to five. One of these I laid in the pack in his hand and his face actually turned white to the lips and he looked up with such a quick startled "You select this one?" that I smiled. "No" I replied for I was merely discarding it. But in the other four was one my heart *was* drawn to. However I feared to wound him, and so declared I would not choose, but he must tell me, and if he didn't select the very one I had loved best. (But I did not tell him so then. 'Twould have sounded like a pretence *then.*) He read to me again. His thoughts are so fresh and pure, and I know he is honorable as the day. He wants us to be a "mutual aid society". He wants to spend a great deal of time here this winter. He wants to be my true friend. He wants me *not* to fall in love with him, so he hints about his sweet-heart. No, that is a coarse way to put it. He only shows me by many touching anecdotes how many dear girl and noble women friends he has had. He wants me to feel that I may have him for a friend, and at the same time gain no heart-aches. I begin to believe again in God-like man. He is not a flatterer. He did, to be sure, tell me that my eyes sparkled and that I made such an animated and bright picture standing in the door-way that he could not rid his mind of it. But he said just as pleasant things about some of those other girl-pictures.

I told him I must go to S.S. to teach my small boys so he went with me and Mr. Easterday persuaded him to teach a class of girls near mine. After S.S. we walked back together: stopping at the foot of the front stairs I picked a white rose-bud for him. He said, "You would be surprised to see this rose-bud a year hence, wouldn't you?" I laughed and said, "Well—*yes.*" Elmer has come—Goodnight.

Mon. Sept 24/83

To-day my studio is getting a new dress; Mama bought me a pretty new matting for the floor, and I got Simmons to take up the old carpet, wash the windows and scrub the floor. Am going to stain my pine easel a walnut brown and varnish it, and Friday I varnished my book-stand and that old wash-stand on the panels of which I am going to paint some of the handsome roses Elmer brought me. To-day I got dinner. This morning there came from St Louis one of those handsome large carved-edged, brass placques, which Lizzie Shields has had sent for me to paint her. I have that placque, 5 large panels, one small panel, a shaving mug for Wood's birthday and two large elegant shells (which Elmer brought last night) to paint. Don't you think my hands are pretty full? Could not paint one bit to-day.

Wrote to Turner Bell this afternoon. I can hardly bear to write to Turner Bell since meeting Mr Butler. Somehow, other men, in comparison with him, seem so flippant and shallow. Last night I dreamed about him. I would not fall in love with him for anything, because I want to study with him this winter. Then I *dare* not fall in love with him for you see its all settled that I'm to marry Elmer. I came near crying last night at Elmer—I read him such a glowing and beautifully worded selection from the *Art Magazine* called, "The Art of Seeing", and he said "Well, wouldn't any fellow think that. I'm sure I always try to look at everything beautiful." It completely silenced me. Why is it, that when I do so *long* to have him share the feelings of my inner heart, he never seems to do it? But dear old patient darling; what am I saying about you? Forgive it.

I have read Ella Wheeler's "Platonic"—"But couldn't you be my friend? Couldn't we sit in the twi-light, Couldn't we walk on the shore, With only a pleasant friendship To bind us, and nothing more?"

Tuesday Sept 25, 1883

Elmer stopped by to-night to tell me that the papers had been sent to Springfield and that he was now a member of the joint-stock-company of C. O. Patier & Co., owners of The New York Store. I think he is to be congratulated. Elmer is certainly a good business boy. He brought me a pound of those delicious N.Y. chocolate-creams. My embroidery silk came from Philadelphia to-night and is quite pretty. Mama says Elmer may visit my studio. He's working awfully hard poor fellow.

Wed Sept 26, 1883.

At the tea-table Papa handed me a note from Mr Butler which ran as follows:

Miss Rittenhouse,
Friend Maude:

As the result of our three *conversations, and particularly of the last, it has occurred to me that we might be the means of aiding one another to a considerable extent in certain directions. As a means, I make this proposition, which I half-way expressed while enjoying myself in your society last Sabbath:—viz:— If you will appoint a time together we will visit some place,—say the Levee,—where we can have a good view of Nature and her forces, and with our pencils and note-books take notes, and then each write, in such form as pleases, the thoughts, discriptions, impressions etc., which may come to mind. Then, one month from that date, we will meet and read one another what we have written. I am,*

Your Friend,

Will N Butler etc.

Have not decided what answer to make—shall consult Mama as to the propriety of going with him, but cannot go *anyway* this week as both mornings and afternoons of every day are engaged.

Saturday night, Sept 29, 1883.

Yesterday, soon after dinner, Elmer came. I didn't much like to take him up to make his visit to my sky-parlor during Mama's absence, not that there was any real harm but still, you know how it is. I feared some-one would come and not understand and the situation might be awkward. Still his time is so occupied and the visit had been so long deferred. So I took him up. While he was there, sure enough the door-bell rang. I flew down and it was a woman with a trashy magazine and some highly-polished, gaudy-hued chromos "all for a dollar". Dear! how fidgety I got! She finally left, and then Elmer came down. He had only a little while to stay so he soon left. It was one of my bad spells I had while he was here for some-how we both seemed stiff and had so little to say, and that little so insipid, and I kept thinking, "if it were Mr Butler how excited and bright I would be—how my brain would be on the alert, and fairly aglow", and then my one self would say to my other self, "Hypocrite, Hypocrite—You make Elmer think you love him, and yet deem him insipid when compared with Mr. Butler." And after he'd gone I stood staring and staring out of the screen-door at nothing, and then laid down on the lounge, all tossed and tumbled in emotions.

Yestereen at dusk I was dressing in my room after the stream of company departed, when ESC rattled the instrument and said he'd like to have a game of chess with me. I'm ashamed to say my first thought was, "Dear! What if Mr Butler should come" but I said, "Yes indeed come—so glad" and then resolved to try and be interesting and have as good a time as if it were Mr. Butler. He brought me a great box of chocolate creams and an old silver-pin from St Louis—two owls on a branch with queer stones for eyes. We read *Belinda* in *The Continent* and talked business and I found out what way-bills and manifests are. Had a real good time. At the door he said, "How much do you love me?" and I said "lots" and he said, "As much as you did?" and I said, "Don't ask me so many conundrums" and laughed and laid my finger on his mouth—and he kissed it, and thus ended the evening. Its awfully late. Elmer is home from work, has sent me kisses and kisses and I must say Goodnight.

Sunday Sept 30, 1883

Went to the Episcopal church with Mabel. Mr Butler was there. He passed in just behind us. I don't know where he sat but he went out ahead of us. At the corner he turned and tipped his hat to me, and then instead of going to his home, he walked down Washington, and then came back meeting us (I was with Harry Robbins then). Company to dinner.

Later

I telegraphed to get Elmer to come to dinner but could not reach him. My thoughts *would* run forward to the afternoon and to S.S. for I *felt* somehow that Mr Butler would be there. How glad I was when the time came, but when I entered he was not there and I felt a little heart-sore. Talked to my boys and presently remembered I must go up in the choir-section and tell Mamie Jenkins why I had not called there yesterday per agreement. As I stepped down to return to my seat I caught his face in the back part of the church, and I smiled so radiantly upon my little boys that they warmed up to me very quickly and promised me solemnly to be as good as little boys could be. Then Mr Easterday had him teach Mrs Lansden's class (up in the choir-place) again. After S.S. my fingers trembled and I felt so awkward and nervous. I had not yet spoken to him and soon as I managed in my foolish nervousness to collect books, bibles, parasol, fan etc I stepped up to the pulpit to give Mr. Easterday a list of names and he passed behind me and went down the aisle and at the end smiled and bowed at me. When I reached the church-steps he was waiting, and said, "Are you going this way?" "I am going the way of home," I replied. "I believe I am going that way, too," he said, and walked down the street with me. At the corner he said, "Well, I suppose I must go home and read." Until then it had not occurred to me that he would not be coming home with me, and I said hastily, "Can't you come and spend a little time with me?" He brightened up, looked at his watch, said "It *isn't* late is it" and walked on home with me.

Monday Oct 1, 1883.

It has been raining today but there was a golden sun-set and a cooling off, and I think to-morrow will be clear. Elmer stopped in this evening to bring 3 books I've been wanting to read *Last of the Barons, Zenona,* and *Eugene Aram* all by Lytton. Last night he brought Black's *Shandon Bells* (which I love so), *That Beautiful Wretch,* and *Madcap Violet.* Robin has started to school, and to-night he read about a r-a-t, rat, till he ran us all nearly wild. Mr Butler has read *Les Miserables* in the French. To-day the 2-cent stamp-law goes into operation.

Mama talked seriously to me for a few minutes. She asked if I thought Elmer as smart as Mr Butler and I laughed. I couldn't help it for there really is no comparison between them. Then Mama said, What if I fall in love with Mr Butler, what will poor Elmer do, and I said it would make no difference if I did fall in love with Mr. Butler I must marry Elmer any-way, for I had encouraged him and allowed him to hope that I would some-day be his wife.

"And you would marry him loving another man?"

"Yes ma'am, for it would be my duty and I'd simply have to live *down* the other love."

"Do you think Elmer would marry you upon such conditions?"

"No'm, and so I'd never let him know."

"You would deceive him?"

"Yes'm, it would be my duty."

"Why?"

"Because for years he has been coming here, and has been perfectly devoted to me."

"Well, didn't he come in spite of knowing that you did not love him, and of your telling him that you never could?"

"Yes, but lately I've told him that I did love him, though even then I felt that I didn't love him as hard as I could love."

"And what if Mr Butler falls in love with you?"

"Mr Butler will do no such thing. He has a sweet-heart I feel sure."

"Haven't you?"

"Yes."

And she said how much she liked Elmer, ~~and~~ but how much prouder she could be of a man with Mr Butler's intellect, that we did not of course know his stability but that if he progressed in the future as fast as he seems to have done in the past, he would be a remarkably smart man—a shining light, a king among his fellow-men, that I did not know what sort of a husband he might make, even though I might some-day know him as a sweet-heart. And she said we knew how Elmer loved me, how kind he is, and that he would always be a strictly honorable, upright business man, and Freddie came in then and thus ended the first lesson. Oh Elmer! Elmer!!

Tues Oct 2 2 P.M.

Mama left on the noon train for Centralia, looking sweetest kind. I flew around down town for her and got her rubbers and a new hat and had the last-named lined and trimmed. The sun shone brilliantly this morning. It is cloudy now. Just think!! In two hours!! Auntie was down this morning. I told you, didn't I about the wonderful magnetic healing powers which have suddenly developed in Auntie? She has effected some remarkable cures, and has just returned from Cobden to which place she was summoned by the relatives of a terribly paralyzed woman—paralyzed to her tongue. Auntie gave her only two treatments and in those two enabled her to move her hands and brought a perspiration out all over the paralyzed body. It is a touching story of the suffering in that family. Truly half the world knows not the misery of the other half.

Later.

He has come and gone. He has talked with me one half hour,—that half hour is my day. He is my ideal of purity in man, combined with quick intellect and sensibility. If I have doubts they vanish when I see his honest eyes fastened on my face. I have been terribly restless since Mama talked so plainly to me last night. I am first reproaching myself bitterly for things done and undone, and next building bright air-castles, painting bright pictures, and pulling down those castles, and obliterating the pictures. I'm overflowing with a wild excited sort of happiness, and at the same time, my heart is full of tears and my conscience full of reproaches. He would start, we'd reach the door, and then go back for yet a little longer talk. He accused me of being blue —I told him my Mama was gone. Some-time afterward he said "And is that the only reason?" But I laughed and declared I would not be ~~chatechized~~ (I'm writing too fast to be correct) catechised. How I long for time to tell you all the things he talked to me. It was so cloudy that we postponed our trip to the custom-house-roof until Thursday at four. He has asked to take me to a concert at the Theatre next Monday night. He told me things about music which I had never heard. He has consented to having his name proposed at the League. Once he began a sentence thusly:— "When I chat with a nature like yours, when—" but I can't remember in what beautiful way he said it, only he did say, actually did, that in all his life he had never enjoyed talks as he had with me. There are ways and ways of saying things, the way I've said it it sounds like mere flattery, the way he said it, it gladdened me to the very depths of my heart, and I believed it, in spite of the self-depreciation I feel in me.

I've received three notes from him, the first signed William N. Butler, the second Will N. Butler, and the third, Will. Apropos of the difference in addresses etc. I never could call him Will. The more I know him the more he seems *Mr Butler.*

Thursday Oct 4, 1883

Then Elmer called to see me. I'm simply miserable about Elmer. I had taken downstairs my last Journal, in order to copy the Green-a-way scene for Tom in Denver whose friend, Mrs. L., wants to get up one in the Denver Sunday School, and glancing through it, came to those portions where I thought my life had lost all color, because Robert had married. Just to show myself and him how utterly I had lived down those painful thoughts, I read it aloud. That is one thing by-the-way for which I thank God with utmost fervor, that Robert married somebody else. When I finished reading to Elmer, he said "Maud, there never was a man living, worthy the love you gave that fellow" and he said *"Can* you ever, ever love me as you loved him?" He was standing by the mantel-piece, I sitting at the other side of the room, and I replied slowly (for it hurt me to say it) "No, Elmer dear, I don't think I ever can love you with quite that love." Then he said, well he hardly wanted me to, for he never could deserve it. I tried to turn the conversation into a lighter channel but at the door he said "Little woman, *do* you love me?" and I could not deceive him then, duty or no duty, so I answered "You know darling, that I *do* love you. I always shall. But all the time I feel within me that I do *not* love you with that intensity of love of which I am capable." "You do not love me well enough to be my little wife?" "That question is a hard one to answer. I have not yet quite solved the riddle of how a wife *should* love her husband. I think my love for you should be called by that old-fashioned word *affection*. Whether it is best to bear a warm affection for the man I marry or to give to him that excited, impulsive fluttering, called *love,* I know not."

He said if ever I do marry any-one else he will not stay in Cairo many hours. Then he wiped away my tears and told me I mustn't feel badly, that he would try to be happy in my happiness, and would make it smooth and easy for me, if I'd only be candid and *tell* him when I love somebody else better, and I came up-stairs feeling like a condemned criminal over his tender kindness to me, when I so little deserve it, and I sat down in the cold, and nearly cried my heart out for pity and sorrow and admiration of his brave heart, and I sent him kisses over the wire and came in here, to sleep with Robin, and cried till way into the morning.

I don't feel exactly to blame either. I haven't "encouraged" Elmer from vanity or love of admiration, but because I thought him noble and good, and that if we were much associated and read books together and talked together I must surely grow to love him. You know dear Journal how I have tried to love him, how I have prayed nightly for years "God make me love dear old Elmer." Have just written him a cheery little note saying that if there is any cloud in our future, its so far away that we must not let it darken us now, and I put in a good deal of fire-light and winter nights and books, and made him the *loveliest* bouquet of pink buds, heliotrope, pansies and fleecy Maderia blossoms. But I'm sitting here crying (if Allen Moore were here he'd apply his "watering-pot" epithet sure) and the longer I write the harder I cry. Hence as I'm expecting Mama home every minute, and want to be bright, I must stop. Have cleaned up the house, and clad in rubber, waded the wet grass for flowers to fill the vases. Adios!

Later. 4 P.M.

I told you it rained, and is chilly and dismal? Of-course "our tour" of observation was out of the question. I was talking to Miss Borott in our sitting-room and Elmer called and left a note with Mama for me. "Don't *try* to love me, but if you can, forget that I want you to marry me, and we'll have years and years of joys together." Bless his generous heart! But I *will* cheer up and stop thinking of such *rubbish,* as he tells me. Mama has had a good visit and enjoyed it.

Monday Oct 8, 1883

Friday afternoon as I sat in the hall painting water-lilies on the mirror, Mr Butler called.

He had written making appointment but the note had not yet come. He thought it would not rain and we might make our tour of observation. I came up and dressed quite hurriedly but it looked so much like rain that Mama said we'd better mount our roof instead of going way up to the Custom House. So we did. How people stared who saw us from the street! We wrote for about 20 minutes and then came down stopping in the studio while Mr Butler arranged his notes. He said if he lived in this house that room would be his, so light and airy it is, and we talked about many things.

He takes the character of the elder friend very finely, holds both my hands, looks into my eyes and talks beautifully (Am I getting bitter again, I wonder?) I caught myself urging him so warmly to stay, "not to hurry" etc that I must have bored him, and with the thought I've withdrawn into my chestnut burr and now will not even say a word. I'm afraid I've been a little too pleasant to him.

When he left that night Mama talked with us at the door, and in speaking of me he called me Maude. I was glad he did before Mama, for he had to me before and I should have felt him not quite honorable otherwise, although its a little matter. When he'd gone he left me with the heart-ache and I was in the parlor trying to keep the tears back and resting my head, when Elmer came, to ask about taking me to the theatre. He had written me a note. Mama was talking to him, she made him a bouquet. I tried to be pleasant, but I can't smile very much when my heart hurts, unless I'm terribly excited, and then I only felt languid. Of-course I had to refuse his invitation. He left. I came up to read his note. He had written a very precise one beginning "Little Woman" signed "Sincerely Elmer E. C.", so careful not to be loving as he'd promised not to speak of love etc. I read it, choked up, fell on the bed and cried, but not for long. I was ashamed of myself, wiped my eyes and ran down to the piano, then Robin came into the dark with a great bag of chocolates which Elmer had sent me, and then Papa came with the delayed note from Mr Butler. My heart felt like lead. Mama had asked me to go down town with her after tea. I had let Mama read Elmer's note of the day before. She said "Elmer is the most noble-hearted fellow I ever heard of." Oh! he is he *is*. Brave self-sacrificing, noble, *noble,* NOBLE! We came home at nine. My conscience reproached me for my listlessness when he was here. I telegraphed for him to come over at once and he came, and we had a good talk, and after he left and I'd gone to bed, over the wires he wrote, "Goodnight precious little woman."

Yesterday, after Sunday School Mr Butler came, and how I did enjoy his visit. He read me, among other things, the oration which he delivered as salutatorian of the Class of '83, Albany Law School. When he had finished reading, I found my views of him and his profession, wonderfully elevated. I always fancied lawyers—well, never mind what, but at least I considered that consciences belonged not to them. *He* has a conscience. He told me about having called at Clara's Friday night and the great enjoyment he had there and can you believe it of me Journal, there came a pain to me much like that unhappy passion Jealousy?

Night

Its awfully late and I'm in my night-gown and in the cold, so only a word. Remenjie [?] was grand! I tried to put myself in the feeling of warm personal friendship with Mr Butler, and oh how delightful the evening has been. We are both going to spend an evening with Clara next week.

Tuesday night—Oct 9, 83.*

Its nearing mid-night and I'm home from the League meeting. Ella Armstrong told me she had a bone to pick with me and upon my inquiring she said "I want you to stop making eyes at Mr Butler. Poor fellow!" and upon my surprised look she said she had walked up the street with him to-day and that all she heard was "Miss Maud" this, "Miss Maud" that, or "Miss Rittenhouse" so and so. I made fun of it but was wonderfully pleased.

Wednesday night Oct 10, 1883

Wood is 17 to-day. The ice-cream was the best Mama's made for a long time. Have painted steadily to-day. Brass plaque, white satin necktie for Mr Carnes and umbrella for Wood. Elmer is here Adieu

Thursday Oct 11, 1883 2:30 P.M.

Its blowing like fury, raining torrents and too dark to paint so I'm writing by gas-light.

Mr Butler and Maud Casey were admitted members of the Ideal League. I was elected secretary and treasurer. I feel the honor deeply.

Yesterday received a letter from Lizzie Shields at Vassar College which staggered me, about the brass plaque, signed "Your loving friend, Lizzie". Love, love, loving! And that from a girl whom I fancied felt secretly at war with me. I'm inclined to think that my total lack of anything but everyday friendliness toward her has "brought her round".

I feel very happy and energetic. I've formed a new resolution and am so sure of keeping it, that I am jubilant. It is only an illustration of the power of mind over matter, and we shall wait and see.

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* At the top of this page in the Journal are some entries which appear to be Maud's scribbled record of Elmer's side of a conversation over the telegraph. Some of them indicate Maud had difficulty deciphering what he wrote:

"Good night did you just get home? #It is better I hope. got d bed little one #r please. #How have you felt for the past two days? I hope nothing serious has occurred from your Sunday illness #I am glad satisfied B ye #I don't get it #you rug t to sleep late

"I will call you,"

Sunday Oct 14, 1883

Mr Butler walked very slowly coming down from the Musicale at Frank Metcalf's. As I walked with him you may infer that I walked very slowly, too, and closing his hand over the chilly one I had on his arm, he said. "You have not been feeling just right. You have been a little blue, what has gone wrong?" Of course I didn't tell him but I couldn't throw the gloom off my spirits. He tells me I'm a very sensitive child, and that he can't quite explain what he feels to me, which I might translate into meaning that my heart is young and impressionable and that he must be careful not to do anything which would injure me. He keeps impressing upon me that he's eight years older than I.

Well, here is the whole matter. Mr Butler, polished young lawyer, society favorite, has formed a fatherly friendship for a whimsical child. He fears she is thinking too warmly of him for her own comfort. He shows every consideration, and with infinite tenderness points out to her that high plane of intellectual friendship where hearts are friendly hearts, and beat with warmth but with sense as well.

And I shall show him how completely I am not in love with him, and how easy it is for me to join in this Platonic friendship without any heart hurts. Last Thursday night I was a child and a very silly one, but now—I have often been told that my mind is a powerful one and I mean to prove its power. I shall not allow anything he may or may not do, throw a perpetual damper over me in society. He is good as gold, true to the heart's core. As a friend he wants to retain me, as a friend he *shall*. Good-bye.

Tuesday Oct 16, 1883

Mr Butler came and took me to Clara's. I am succeeding beyond my fondest hopes. My faith in the strength of my own will is firmly established. I never more completely conquered self, and so quickly too. I no longer feel like the child whom Mr Butler can guide, reprove or grieve. My plane is as high as his! I discovered that I could see him sing with Clara, talk to her, watch his eyes follow her face and find in place of my heart-sick longings of a few days ago, a pleasant sense of friendliness toward both, a looking-on without a twinge of pain. I'm a little surprised at myself. Other people call me a mystery. They cannot solve me and no wonder, when I am only just beginning to solve myself. I am thrilling with the sense of coming triumph at the League.

Dear—wise old grandame Journal, you are wiping your spectacles, shaking your white locks and thinking my supposed conquest of self is no conquest at all, but that I am elated over a bit of flattery, but for once I dispute you. I know myself. It is time for my German lesson. Good-bye.

Wed Oct 24, 1883

I'm up in the studio, with the warmth and the lamp-light and solitude, rain pattering on the shingles overhead, and through the outer darkness and mist, electric-lights are flashing from the river. Rain, rain, rain, no wonder I am writing nonsensical nonsense, when the music of the drops send my thoughts flying. Invitations came tonight to the grand party at the Halliday in connection with the laying of the cornerstone of the new library [the A.B. Safford Memorial] on the 30th. Warde, the great tragedian, will be here Monday and Tuesday nights in *Virginius* and *Hamlet:* Della has postponed her Friday night party because of *My Geraldine* at the Opera House. The Ideal Opera Company failed to come tonight. I was going with Elmer. Tomorrow night, concert and oyster supper at Methodist Church. Mr Butler's name twice on the program. I suppose he is at Clara's tonight. Oh I *have* conquered self! I don't feel at all wild when I think that he and she are sitting by the cosy parlor-fire and that he is talking earnestly with his musical voice, his glorious dark eyes beaming at her, and that she is sitting with her chin in her hands taking in every word. You thought it would wear off in a few days, didn't you Journal, and that my supposed conquest of self would prove but the success of a moment which would be hidden 'neath enormous failure. Well it isn't hidden yet! I'm just as sure of myself now as I was when I last wrote.

Will Williamson left town this morning for St. Louis, where he will stay awhile and then go to Denver. Well Jack, I've "outgrown" you, but I hope you'll do well. If only he had been good! If he is with Tom I hope he'll get to be.

Friday Oct 26, 1883

Yesterday I sent the tie I painted Elmer with a little note and at tea-time rec'd a note and *The Continent* from him. I slept nine hours on Wednesday night and two hours yesterday afternoon. When

I woke up I found a package from Tom and another bright letter from Allen Moore [at college at Bennington, Vermont], over which I spent half the time laughing and the other half exclaiming "You wretch", "horrid thing" etc. He is audacious beyond reason. All day I had intended going to the concert but as night came on a whim struck me and I stayed home with Robin. Mama said the concert was poor, the only thing she enjoyed being Mr Butler's solo. Mr Butler by-the-way takes Clara to the Opera House tonight. Thinking it would please Elmer and *knowing* it would please me I've written him saying I should like to go to-night. I've a lovely new suit to wear.

Later 3 P.M.

What I want to do most of all things in the world right now is to have a good hard old orthodox cry. Around the corner from Rosenwater's store I saw a gentleman talking who looked so thin and worn that I hardly recognized in him my whilom friend Mr Blauvelt. At the time he asked me to marry him I considered the whole thing rather a good joke and thought he just did it in an impulsive moment, but since then he has hardly gone into society at all, has cut me completely, and seems utterly changed. While I can't feel that love for me, or disappointment, have caused the change, it yet hurts me, and I was startled and pained both, to-day, and came up-stairs to the sitting-room ready to cry.

The maid said "Mr Butler is in the parlor and inquired for you." I went in and shook hands with him. He was talking to Mama about a hunt he wants to take to-morrow with Wood, and it was my excellent brother he came to see instead of me. His manner toward me is a little hard to define. He talked the most of the time about some views which he picked up from the table, then about a dear old lady friend of his, 80 years old, and gave me a letter from her to read. I spoke of having done some writing yesterday afternoon and he said he had not felt in a mood for writing.

Later—In the dark

I've been crying from 40 or 40 [sic] different sensations. Just received a note from Albert Galigher asking to take me to the theatre. Had to refuse it of course. He might have asked sooner—probably asked some one else first. Mrs Menager has made me the loveliest bonnet.

Saturday Oct 27, 1883

Last night there came a great box from New Orleans for me, marked "natural flowers." I thought Turner Bell must have sent them but imagine my astonishment at finding Geo. E O'Hara on the card. I didn't know he was in New Orleans. The flowers were in a dainty basket and were beauties. Tea-roses, tube-roses, cape Jessamines and a variety of fragrant Southern flowers and mosses! So my April day ended in sunshine. I felt very fine in my rich new brocaded silk, with its pretty bonnet to match, and a great cluster of those "blushing buds" at my throat, and Elmer admired me and put on my rubbers and buttoned my gloves and off we went at about eight o'clock. It was right funny, when we got there we were way off in one end of the theatre quite alone, in the parquette-circle "the observed" etc. The seats near us were taken a few minutes later but I saw people smiling. I smiled too. You see its been reported all around by tongues badly in want of occupation that Elmer and I are to be married quite soon. I was so provoked when I heard about it. Its all because of my getting some pretty new clothes made. And Mama having received a gift of 300 dollars from grandma has been buying some solid silverware and *that* just settles it.

Mr Butler and Clara sat directly opposite us.

Mon. Oct 29, 1883

Nineteen to-day! and a very happy birthday it has been! Last night I was blue. It is an old story with me though that I must always cry on my birthday eve. Elmer gave me the loveliest birthday card (excuse scribbling—its so dark here in the tower—just the tips of the leaves outside the window are touched with a golden glory from the glimmer in the west. I cannot see the lines at all.) It consisted of *four* folding together like a screen, the two outer ones satin-satchets painted, all of the designs were lovely—five designs there were. It came from St Louis. Mr. Butler gave me a darling little stuffed owl, one he prized so much, and which his brother did.

Later

Its lighter down here in the hall.

After laying down my pen because I could no longer see it, I started down but the view from the window arrested me. The sky was gray in the north, in the south a faint blue-green fading into pink, the trees were like spectres in the smoky distance, but those near were shimmering in the evanescent light. I hastily retraced my steps, climbed out upon the roof and oh, if you could have seen it. The heavens calm as still waters, all that mazy green with here and there a star looking out clear and bright from that unfathomable sea. The green melted into blue-green, that into yellow-green, then a roseate hue, then a dazzling gold and red down to where the tree-tops in Missouri cut off the view. Every old roof and house was glorified. Supper's ready. (From the sublime—)

The grand *Virginius* by Warde * is on the boards for to-night and I have once again been the happy recipient of three invitations: Elmer, Albert Galigher and Ed Reno, the last-named accepted. Let me explain about Mr Reno, that while he is pleasant and all that he is neither particularly refined or intellectual, and though I didn't care to go with him as it was his third invitation not accepted I thought I ought not to refuse it. I said to myself, "I believe A. G. will ask me, how *can* I delay this answer till his note comes as I'm sure it will," but the boy was waiting and I had immediately to send an affirmative reply.

Then I ran over to Clara's to telephone Elmer to get some other maiden fair. When I reached her gate coming out, I saw a darkey-man over here on our porch. He came down to the corner and waited for me.

"Fo' God, young folks a heap o' trubble—but den, I waz da myself once—Mars Albert awful impathun for a reply."

I ran up, wrote as nice a note as I could, innocently hoping that "some day the fates would be kinder to me" and then almost cried from pure vexation. If it hadn't been for the potatoes I *would* have cried. His note was so nice too and he did hope he would this time be successful etc.

Well, Mama's most dressed for the theatre and here *I've* not begun. I must away.

Tuesday Oct. 30, 1883

The great day for the laying of the cornerstone has come. Ceremony at 3 this p.m. I go with Mama and Clara. To-night I go with Elmer to see *Hamlet* and then to the grand ball and banquet at the Halliday. Mr Oberly is orator of the day—met him down town and he remembered and chatted with me. But I'm coming to the Epic.

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* That is, played by Frederick Warde; written by James Sheridan Knowles.

Mr Butler in the evening came and we had quite a good time. He read me *the epic* which he dedicated to me in the following lines:

1. "I bring you these thoughts poorly written,
As tributes weak though they be
And offer them to you in friendship
For the good that you've given to me.

2. I ask naught but considerate friendship
True, endearing, loyal and strong
That will abide with to help and encourage
Yet may never compromise wrong.

3. That shall know and gladden my duties
Make happy and stronger the days
And will urge to a loftier man-hood
In numberless, nameless ways.

4. In return for that which I ask you
I offer full as much of my own
Thus doing by you in my friendship
As by myself, I by you, would have done.

5. And I feel that we both may be bettered
And enobled the more good to give
And by and by in thoughts retrospective
Will be glad that we both thus have lived."

Canto I. describes the launching of a young man's bark in waters new where, "In coming found he friends not few", and "It happened thus that from their numbers all, One found he out whose bright companionship, was much to him, and made more glad the days, And lifted up his thoughts to better things."

VI. "To him the more she doubtless truly seemed
For what within him he'd so long suppressed
In many weeks and months then fully past;
In her he found a friend's companionship
While not Platonic, yet full as true and dear"

Then several verses tell of the plan and its two unsuccessful attempts at fulfilment—and then—

"But on an afternoon not bright they met,
And upward to the housetop took their way:—
The house from whose broad roof they sought the view,
Was her's,—and thus as on their way did pass
An upper room in which, arranged as suited best
Some paints and pictures, palettes and such things
As artists need to aid them to transfer
Their thoughts and fancies onto canvas blank,
And thus give life and soul to things inanimate.

XI. This eyrie,—as it was,—most cheerful to them both,
For light came in from east and south and west;
And here and there bright bits of skill and bric-a-brac
Did show to him how much of soul therein
Was placed by her, whose his companion was.

XII. For as she took him to and fro
And told him of her hopes and thoughts,
He truly did her worth appreciate;—
And more then to him did her friendship seem.
And as her animated face and brownest eyes
Spoke still more to him what her soul did feel
Than any spoken words could ever do."

Then the climbing out upon the shingled roof, the gray sky, his research for the muse, when *thought* whispered to look nearer etc., and—

XVI. "So casting 'side all thoughts of distant aid
He turned to her who seated near him was,
Upon a chair which rested on the roof.—
She felt the glance and upward turned her face
And *here* he found his *muse,* the power sweet and
Mortal, which gave to him the thoughts
Which may be found herein.

XVII. For in her look, the sparkle of her eye
He found the more to wonder at, to study deep
Than all he saw above, below, around
For not in words inanimate can be
The beauty, strength and power of a human soul,
Made manifest to those who search its truth
And study for its power through the eyes.

XVIII. Ere passing to his theme in rhyme
He pleased is to think her now as then,
When looked to his left he watched her face—
Her form, her brown-black hair,—
As bending o'er her book, with pencil she
Did note such scenes and beauties dear
As then before her vision clear did lie.

XX. Slight, lithe, with animation shown in
Every action, every curve of form or arm;—
Quick moving hands,—small shapely head,
Well set, which moving to and fro in
Quiet graceful nods and gestures smooth
Told to him more than many tongues could do,
And spake a language all their own
Which easy was for him to understand.

XXI. But chief the power she possessed
Was in her eyes, which lighted up her face
And made one glad her thus to know,—
Or have one look, if only in a crowd,—
For so much told they when they fell
Upon a face which pleased her fancy well.

XXII. She then the invocation brought,—
And *she,* the *Muse,* the better power true
Which led his thoughts to Nature's sweets
And taught him through the clouds to see
Beyond the forests streams and woods
And kind Divinity behold
As smiling on us all—His children here below."

Canto II. begins thusly:

I. "As looking from off his lofty perch
High above surrounding walls
This picture lay before him
On that eve of early fall

II. Flat roofs of wood and metal
Tall walls of brick and stone
Of silent smoking chimneys,
Crossed wires of telephone;—

III. Of sky-lights bright reflecting
An autumn's soft gray light
Of waving shade-tree branches
Nodding a sweet "good night";

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XVI. To the east a broad swift river,
From the land of Ohio
In graceful curves and stretches
Triumphantly did flow.

XVII. On whose bosom as he saw it
Floated vessels large and small
The grand palatial steamers
With their airy cabins tall

XVIII. Moved up or down the current,
Like swans they seemed to glide
With the tiny puffing tug-boat
Close sheltered by their side

****

XXIV. And the great iron busy railways
With their trains of house like cars
And wagons of the teamsters
Transporting various wares.

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XXVII. Still farther to the eastward
Devoid of hills and dales
Lay—like a sleeping giant
Kentucky's flats and swails

XXVIII. With the long low sloping beaches
With their dusky tawny hue
Which lose their yellow beauty
When the sun is hid from view

XXIX. On one side the busy city
On the other flat wild land,
With the smooth broad shining surface
Of yellow river sand.

I jump to Canto IV.

I. From out this land
Whose prairies stretch
Far far as eye can see
Where yellow fields
Of nodding corn
Are welcoming to me

II. Land where the sun
At morning glows
From out a sea most grand
At evening sinks
Beneath the swell
Of fertile prairie land

III. Where rainbow hues
Of sunshine bright
Their soft rays warm and clear
Shine oer the fields
Of waving grain
Imbuing all with cheer.
(I omit the rest)

Here is a bit of Canto VI.

1. "Far southward in its dominion
Where more broken grows the land
Where rocks and waving forests
Are seen on every hand . . .
Where the grape vine clings and clambers
And shrouds the dying tree
Covering oer its rotten branches
In Nature's charity.
Like woman—in her devotion
Would shield a man's worst sins
By throwing 'round her virtues
Enshrouding him within:—
In whose woods the bronzed wild turkey
Oft rears her wily brood
Who ravage neighbor cornfields
In search of fitting food
Or pick at sweet-oak acorns,
Or feast on tart fox-grapes
Like noisy hungry children
At a vast sea-side clam-bake."

And here is the last bit of all

"For 'tis here his home is situate
Tis here he long has dwelt
And in sympathy with its beauty
His best thoughts here he's felt
There are growing old his parents
Here are brother, sisters two
Here are those who have been dearest
And those he's tested true,
And here, kind Providence permitting
When life's with him begun
Will he take his life's companion,
Most to him beneath the sun;
In their humble simple cottage
With its modicum of ground

Will they work for life together
Till life's setting of the sun
And they'll build for higher purpose
And strive to live and grow
To purer truths above them
From the beauties here below,
And in their upward toiling
Will strive to do and give
That the world may be the better
For their in it having lived."

I like Cantos IV and VI best. Of course I've only given you a glimpse of it, for I haven't time to copy more. Well when he'd concluded reading it, we talked it over, and by that time it had grown twi-light in the room. He spoke of his "blues" and abruptly advised me to follow the impulses of my own heart. "Don't go over things too much to yourself, and analyze and deceive yourself. Do as your heart prompts you to do, and you'll save yourself many a heart-ache—and your friends as well." When I protested against deceit, etc., he said, "Of course you would not deceive me. You deceived yourself into thinking things altogether wrong. Your heart is your best guide—don't give it the second place", etc. and that ended the matter of our misunderstanding.

Saturday November 3, 1883

Heigh-ho but we've had a day of it! How quickly the time of my life-song can change from dance-music to etudes, or from symphonies to *dance* music. The week has been a round of pleasure. This morning we woke up to find no girl, beside the house to sweep, extra chamber-work to do, and its being scrub day, baking day, churning day, mending day and the cold remains of some house-cleaning to do. Well you can imagine the situation. To wake up at 7:15 expecting to dress and eat a warm breakfast, but to be compelled to swallow instead the bitter truth that there isn't even a fire in the kitchen stove or a "girl" in the kitchen-door-way. To-day I helped with breakfast, washed dishes, swept down-stairs, did all the chamber work, gave little Mary and Fred drawing lessons, dusted hall, washed dinner-dishes, swept dining-room, entertained Mr Carnes, made a cake, helped get supper, wiped the supper dishes, cleared the table thrice, swept the dining room thrice, dusted my room and the blue room, caught my curtains a-fire, took the character of hook-and-ladder company and extinguished the big blaze, washed the "kid" and now sit here—happy, with a fearful cold, badly chapped hands and lips and the prospect of a cold bath ahead of me. Monday a "black angel" in calico will be reinstated on the throne below and we shall be saved, provided there's anything left of us. I feel like I've done a good deal but Marmee's done eight times as much as I. Yesterday the sitting room became the library. Pretty new carpet, big new book-case—presto-change!

Immediately after supper I put on my cream satin and taffeta, cream bonnet and gloves, and when Elmer came we went to see *Hamlet.* We were late. Mr Butler was in the dim distance with Miss Ella Robbins and I did not catch his eye (on purpose). The play was grand but not so perfectly delineated as *Virginius* the night before.

After the theatre we went to the ball. Le grande Warde himself was there. I was introduced and had a few minutes lively talk with him, during which Mr Parsons and Mr Carnes informed him that I was Cairo's amateur actress, thereby covering me with confusion. Did not have as good a time as I'd anticipated—the electric lights are so despisable in a house, they hurt my eyes and made every thing look so unnatural.

Monday Nov 5, 1883

Robin is seven years old to-day. This morning a boy brought a note from Mr. Reno asking to take me to the League meeting. There's a flaw, it strikes me, in our social system. Now there is a boy, or man I suppose, who spells go with an "e" on the end of it, and always writes "haven" for have no, and who is not particularly handsome witty or wise, and whom (Elmer says) used to be not very good though he may be all right now, and I don't want to "goe" with him at all. Yet unless I can scrape up some "previous engagement" I must. Isn't it horrid? Well, I believe I'll "goe" upstairs and paint.

Tuesday, Nov 6, 1883

Robin had an elegant birthday supper, scalloped oysters, pickles, celery, bananas, grapes, nuts, cake, ice-cream etc and you ought to have seen those youngsters eat.

It amuses me to see how thoughtful Mr Butler is. Coming home last evening he insisted on buttoning up my Mother Hubbard. This un-Platonic friendship between us is so frank and warm that as we walked down the street it seemed all right that he should cover with his own my hand which lay on his arm, yet when anyone passed us beyond a darkey, the hand was with-drawn. All people, you see, could not understand such a friendship and would think it sickly sentimentality.

Nov. 7/83

You remember Mrs McDowell proposed the name of Elmer Comings for membership in the League. Well, last night the name was balloted upon and of the nineteen present, one voted no, black-balling him, as it requires a unanimous vote of all present. It created astonishment and indignation I'll tell you. I tried to put on my indifferent business air but I had a hard fight to keep the tears back during the rest of the programme.

I knew none of the girls present would vote against his admission. I hastily took down the names of all present. I knew them all to be good friends of Elmer, with the exception of *Ned Halliday.*

Immediately at the conclusion of the meeting Mr Parson's asked if I knew any-one in the League who disliked Comings and he said, "It seems to be a mere *peah*sonal mattah, and I mean it shall be looked into. Its outrageous." I mentioned Ned Halliday. He ran and got the slip on which the "no" was written and the writing is precisely like Ned Halliday's. He writes an unformed sort of hand easily recognized.

"Is this Ned Halliday's writing?"

"It looks remarkably like it," was the quick response and then he asked for the slip saying,

"I'll find out who wrote it, Miss Maud—oh I know Ned didn't," which was a little too thin.

Edith says she was watching Ned while he wrote and he had the oddest look on his face,—a conscious, sneaking, hurried sort of appearance which she could not help but notice.

That sneaking, cowardly Ned Halliday. Forty dozen of him in forty dozen days wouldn't be worth one Elmer Comings in a minute. He has not the mental capacity or the moral worth of my friend. I'll venture to say that Elmer reads and studies twenty-four hours where Ned does a second, and he's better informed and a thousand times more a gentleman. If I were a man I'd pin Ned Halliday down to that, and kick him all over town.

Wrote Elmer a note, sarcastically alluding to "that amiable body the Ideal League", his doom, the upright, honorable gentleman who had black-balled him, and half crying while I wrote. To think of that noble, pure-minded boy suffering such indignity at the hand of a snob. His reply to my note increases my admiration for him ten-fold.

Sunday Nov. 11, 1883

They all seem to be afraid I'm going to resign my membership in the League—hence the calls upon my charity etc. My first impulse that night was to resign but a few minutes caused me to change my mind. Ned confessed to Dr Strong that he did it and Dr Strong gave him such a blowing up as you never heard, and said it wouldn't be as bad if he were good for anything in the League but all he could do was to dance etc.

Friday afternoon Will Korsmeyer came here, eyed me severely and asked for my Ms which caused me to shiver with fright as I'd written nothing. He said he'd give me till nine o'clock next morning to immortalize myself by writing something (indefinite something) for the "League's Ideal". So that night I wrote a wonderful article entitled, "Mrs Tracy's Husband, as described to Mrs Tracy's next door neighbor." I told Elmer he might come over if he liked and read while I wrote, so he did. Will called for the article at nine the next morning and laughed over it and said, "My daughter, you have done well. Here is the spirit we wish to inculcate in our girls" referring to the submissive disposition of Mrs Tracy and her admiration for her liege lord who believed in the clinging vine theory.

I did not finish my epic but Mr Butler came down last night anyway bringing his wonderful scrap-book containing the occurrences of four years of college life. Many times he has alluded to "something he must tell me" and last night he did, after the scrap-book was done up and ready to go home. It was about the one who is "waiting" for him. We had a long long talk about it which lasted till past eleven and parted better friends than we've ever been. He only sees her once a year and so gets terribly heart hungry. He says I came into his life just when he needed me most and he can never tell how much he appreciates my sympathy and kindness, that he has never met a woman of my years so intuitive and sympathetic. He talked rather vaguely and oddly about his judgment telling him it was best, about isolating himself from society for three years, afraid to trust himself, saying "You don't know how fickle you are," about certain other visions which had passed through his life and caused him to struggle and say "This is but temporary—the other will endure through time." He has a little home all ready in Anna to get which he taught, carpentered and wrote, planted trees about it himself and drew all sorts of pictures of his future life in it. Well, well, I'll talk you to death about Mr Butler I fear.

Nov 14, 1883

I had a g-l-o-r-i-o-u-s time at the League last night. Was welcomed at the door by half a dozen. I read the roll, minutes and excuses and my voice was steady and common-place when I read "the ballots standing ayes 18, nays 1, rejecting the candidate." After the business-meeting the programme began. The contributions to the paper had been liberal and were bright. Dr Benson read my "Mrs Tracy" and I looked sublimely unconscious and decidedly interested. Before he had gone far I found Mrs MacDowell's eyes fastened on my face—she's pretty quick. After the meeting Mr MacDowell, Will K. and Mr Sarber surrounded me and what a good time we did have! Mr Butler came twice or three times asking how he stood in the books and I told him, square. He talked with Bettie at the double-doors but looked at me. (Where was I looking? never mind.) Again he started toward me with a string of odd beads on his finger, again I placidly ignored him, not exactly that either, but just chatted on in the same strain with the other three. I eluded him all evening. Finally I saw him stationed where he thought I'd pass. At the foot of the stairs he stopped me hurriedly—"I've been trying to chat with you all evening, and couldn't."

"Why that's too bad, I'm sorry," and then he began to talk and to wonder when he should see me again and I began to grow interested in a crowd on the stairs and to lose parts of his sentences.

I said giddily to Mr P. (quoting an article in the paper) "I'm going now to catch a sweet-heart, and then to cook him." Mr Butler, with a funny expression on his eyes said, "How is that—what is that Maud?" but I was saying good-night so eagerly to so many that I didn't somehow hear him.

Will, Bettie, Montie and I came down town together. I was so full of mischief I couldn't contain myself. Will insisted upon my going with them to the Mistletoe dance and I went. It felt funny to me I never before went to a party in that style. I had on my stylish new wine-colored satin, and my hair was awfully touzled. I said to Will—"Here's a chance for three girls to play wall-flower." Well, I had five gentlemen ask me for the first dance, and before I'd gotten three feet from the dressing-room door my card was full. Will said, "Well, you're a nice kind of a wall-flower, you are." Don't know when I have enjoyed a party so much.

This afternoon I was in my tower painting when the door-bell brought me to the parlor floor. Mr Butler had sounded it. He said he came to bring me some wings. They were beauties.

He said he didn't enjoy the meeting much. I said I'd never had a more glorious time. He said, "Well, I've been blue since then, and I just thought I'd run down and have a talk with Maud to cheer me up." He remarked how my eyes were shining in the light. I inquired whether he could count my freckles, or was it too much like counting the stars in the depths of heaven. He looked hurt and said, "I never should have known that you had a freckle."

No, he didn't enjoy the evening, he couldn't get near me all evening, he had taken some odd beads with an odd story attached up there for me to see, and—well he didn't enjoy the meeting so much.

Mon. Nov 19 1 P.M. 1883

A note came from Mr Reno asking to take me to the League tomorrow night. I refused his "kind offer" as I am to take tea with Mr Parsons. He informed me that Dr Benson is to write the Thanksgiving story and I the Thanksgiving poem, and when I laughed at the idea of turning poetess he said, "The person who could write Mrs Tracy, could write *anything*."

Miss Frances Willard the Temperance worker wrote to Mama telling her that a friend in New Orleans also a temperance worker had a son at East Cairo, who was away from home for the first time, lonesome and alone, and desired Mama to see him if possible and give him entree to her home. His father is the principal physician of New Orleans.*

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* Frances Willard, according to *Frances Willard of Evanston* by Lydia Jones Trowbridge (1938), made the W.C.T.U. into something more than a temperance organization. She was a feminist leader, and it was in large part a feminist group. In 1880 it indorsed Women's Suffrage; in 1881 Miss Willard extended the organization into the South

Well last night after tea Mr Schwartz, Elmer and I were talking in the parlor when the bell called me to the door. There stood the tallest, *tallest* gentleman—

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and Northwest, making it one of the first groups to give social unity to the South and North after the war. "When the W.C.T.U. was formed in 1874, few women could organize a speech; fewer still could speak without notes; fewer still could argue a case without being too sentimental" (p. 110). It was "a great educational agency for women." Frances Willard and her secretary Anna Gordon, stayed several times at the Rittenhouse home in Cairo.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Big Brother Eugene

Monday Nov 19. 1883. Later.

I'll continue with the "tall tall man".

He asked for Mama, and she was still at supper having come in late. Papa walked him into the sitting room before I had time to wink, and even while I was smiling him into the parlor. I went back to Schwartze and Elmer and said I'd venture its being Mr Eugene Lyons, and presently Mama brought him in and introduced him and sure enough it was he. He is a thousand times nicer than I could have imagined him, uses refined flowing language, is perfectly familiar with the best actors and singers, a good critic, easy talker, not at all pushing yet homey. Told me about the sugar plantation he's been on for the last few days. He has attended college at Nashville, used to spend his summers in camp at Voluxi [Biloxi?] and was there during the yellow fever epidemic of '78. Papa admires his pluck in pitching right into such tremendously hard work as he has at East Cairo. When Mama spoke of his family he said, "Oh Mrs Rittenhouse, you can't tell how I miss them," and his voice choked up a little. He is young, you know, only 21, although he is the tallest person I ever saw. When he left I tried to help him on with his coat and had to stand on the tips of my toes and hold it above my head. He said one little friend of his used to get on a chair.

He stayed till after ten and seemed so pleased at Mama's asking him to come whenever he could and said 'twould be a great temptation to come oftener than would be pleasant for us. He is coming over Thursday night to attend the sociable which the ladies of the Presbyterian Church are to have here. We had some amusement over a "fish story" in *Harper* for Christmas, and in fact something amusing was on hand all evening so it was very *very* pleasant. Mama has taken the boy to her motherly heart already, won by his frank gentle gentlemanliness.

Elmer took dinner with me—and tea; we were going driving in the evening but the buggy wheel came off and it was too late to go before it could be fixed.

My letter to Edith Wheeler failed of its mission. I meant to make her admire Elmer, instead I have made her rave over me—she says she sees what a lovely true sweet girl I am, that she thinks him a straightforward young man and one of the most thoughtful she ever knew, that she knows he is a good, noble young man, and that she admires him in a great many ways but—in the bottom of her heart does not like him.

Oh dear, oh dear! You poor darling Elmer. It will be funny if fighting his battles makes me love him. Mr Butler it seems deposited his things on the porch last night, and then went and looked in the dining-room window several minutes. Next he went to Clara's and reported that "Schwartze and all of them were in there having a good old time, and that Maud's head was tossing merrily, her eyes dancing, and her tongue chattering." Clara sent to-day for me to come and see her birthday gifts. While I was up in her room I heard the telephone bell ring and Mrs Robbins say "She's here now" and then she called me down. Mr Butler wanted to tell me he'd called and missed me, that he couldn't get any beautiful leaves for me because there were none, that he wanted me to act as his assistant in editing the next "League's Ideal", and said he'd brought down his German dictionary and wanted to come over here in the afternoon—"to leave the dictionary" you understand. Told him I'd not be home as I was going riding at 3. Elmer and I had a delightful ride. Elmer *is* so thoughtful for me. Constantly so. In the parlor I must always be given the easiest and warmest chair, all the newest books come to me whether he gets to read them or not, even about the telegraph instrument. Last night after I'd gone to bed he wrote to tell me he was sorry about a little matter and said for me not to stir from my cozy nest to answer him, but to keep warm and let him talk me into the land of Nod.—Well I must shut this book or I'll write all night.

Sunday Nov 25, 1883

This is Elmer's 22nd birthday. Had him over to dinner and he came at noon in the darlingest new suit, the prettiest most tasty gray, fitting so nicely, such a pretty cut, so stylish, oh, it is just perfect; and he brought me a great, immense bag of mistletoe with all the pretty waxy white berries on it in tiny clusters, and we spent the time till dinner hanging it on the chandeliers. Right after dinner Mr Butler came and stayed till S.S. time.

Thursday night was the sociable here—a "mum social". I found the silence appalling and flew for refuge to my room, where I wrote poetry till Mr Davenport walked me down, paid "season fines" for us both and then we had a good time. I rather neglected Mr Butler who came with Clara, and who sang. Devoted my time to Mr Lyons, young Mr Scott, Mr Nelson, Mr Pennebaker. Introduced Mr Lyons to the girls. He is so nice. At the door in leaving he said,

"We ah brothahs and sistahs now Miss Maud. Yoh mothaw has adopted me."

Friday Nov 30, 1883

I last wrote to you on Sunday, didn't I, and told you about Elmer's pretty new suit. Such trouble though as it raised!

That evening Elmer, Mr Lyons, Mama and I sat in the parlor; there came a hurried rap at the door. Mrs Robbins called for Mama. Pretty soon I was sent for.

"Are you married?" asked Aunt Jane breathlessly. I stared.

"Are you married?" she repeated in an embarrassed earnestness. Then I stammered,

"Well not that I'm conscious of."

She explained that Mr Bradley had just made her come, saying the rumor was general and that he wanted to get dispatches immediately to the St Louis papers, for which he is correspondent. Well, how I laughed. Next day I was indoors all day and heard little about it, only that Eva ran in at noon to find if there were any truth in it, saying that a gang from the Methodist Church had divided and taken opposite sides of the street to peer in, and that every-body was talking about it.

At choir-practice last night Walter McKee (editor of the *Argus*) said, "There were no less than fifty people hanging over your front fence last night", and Mr Parsons interrupted,

"Indeed, Miss Maud, I only looked once."

All the ladies had different versions to tell, and all congratulated me. Mrs MacDowell asked if my bridal tour would interfere with my attendance at the next League meeting. Alice Henderson at the party

Wednesday night said, "If I'd only known in time. I was mad when I heard you were married and I not invited, for I should have scraped together all my earnings to get you something pretty".

As late as Monday evening the editor of *The Bulletin* telephoned to Uncle Sim to know if we wanted it announced in the news items next morning.

Oh, it was all too absurd.

But to go back to Sunday night—my wedding night—Elmer and Mr Lyons stayed till midnight. Mama and I took Mr L. to the dining-room at eleven and had lunch as he didn't get here for dinner and had missed his supper. Eugene Lyons is worth a dozen of Mr Butler, for honest goodness and depth. He's smart too, you'd better believe, and I am glad he is my brother.

Tuesday I wrote all day on my Thanksgiving *poem* (oh-ho, poem indeed!) and wrought myself up to a high pitch of excitement, ate no supper, and left the League with a booming head-ache. Mr Reno acted as my escort. Wednesday, tooth-ache took the place of head-ache.

Next day (Thanksgiving) Mama had intended having the family but Auntie broke it up by asking Grandma's folks up there. We had Mr Butler, Clara, Della, Mr. Carnes, Eva, Elmer, Messrs Galigher and O'Hara, Ella Armstrong and Mr Lyons.*

Mama had a lovely dinner, nicely served—turkeys, oysters, cran-berry sauce, celery, vegetables, slaw, plum-pudding, bananas, ice-cream and cake. We had music in the parlor and they didn't all leave till dark.

Saturday Dec 1, 1883.

The moon is just a slender crescent in the west amid the glow of sun-set. Mrs McDowell just left. She came to bring my Thanksgiving poem which she asked me to let her have. Her report (of League meeting) in last night's *Argus* did not please me. The gush was unwarrantable. My poem was spoken of thusly: "An exquisite poem by Miss Maud Rittenhouse was the fitting finish to the delightful programme. It was entitled 'A tale of Thanksgiving' and gave, in a series of beautiful word pictures, the reasons for the first Thanksgiving prayer of the hero. It was dainty in its imagery, and catching in its lyrical sweetness, and like 'threads of silver seen through crystal beads' were the thoughts that shone through the limpid words." The lame poem did not deserve such comment.

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* Besides the seven members of the Rittenhouse family, father, mother, Maud, Wood, Harry, Fred, and Robin.

Sunday Dec 2, 1883.

I believe it is a common failing of mine to rave over people before I've solved them and then to be disappointed afterward. Looking back over the past month or two I marvel at the change of my feelings toward Mr Butler. I thought him profoundly deep, keen at catching points, and unselfish as man could well be. I thought he had really found in me a warm and sympathetic friend, that we should be like brother and sister, studying and learning together. I found my interest in him growing uncomfortably warm, I brought my will-power to bear and sub-dued it. I worshiped less ardently, and found that as long as I did not flatter him with adoration, he cared less to be with me. I began to notice his predominating egotism—that he talked, thought and wrote of William N Butler, and what William N Butler had done, was doing and could do. As long as others will talk on the same strain he enjoys it, but when they weary of it, he wearies of them. I discovered his discourses upon the sweet if un-Platonic friendship between us to be a mere matter of policy upon his part. Perhaps I wrong him—perhaps some natures can feel peculiarly allied to some eighteen or twenty friends at a time, can feel that in each of them he finds a sympathy which the other seventeen or nineteen cannot give him, but I must say such peculiarity is a bit incomprehensible to me. When a man protests to you that he reads you the 'children of his creative fancy' because he feels that *you* can understand them as no one else can, and then reads them to every other person he can find who will listen to them, you feel there is hollow-ness some-place. *Now* I think W. N. Butler a *politic* person, the aim and object of whose life, is to—well to put it in a worldly way—be the "rage". He amuses me but he no longer excites in my mind those tender feelings of undying friendship and mutual harmony which once he did.

Yesterday, I was wondering if in another month or two I should find glaring flaws in my new "big brother" Eugene and be as disappointed in him.

Thanksgiving night, I could not but draw comparisons with a year ago—"the day when Robert came home". That night when I saw him pass, when all the blood rushed from my heart to my face, when I loved him with mind and heart. One year—he is less than nothing to me,—I sit in our lovely home, the fire-light sparkles, new interests are with me, new friends, nobler ones, I am less the child, more the "social favorite". Well it is better so. The church-bells are ringing. I must go.

Wed Dec 4, 1883

Last night Mr Davenport made me promise to read a selection at the reception at Y.M.C.A. rooms. Mr Lyons amused Mama last night by objecting to have me read before that rough crowd of rail-road men. He scolded me for tearing off my curl-paper before coming to the door when he was "only my brother". Mama received letter from Miss West, state pres. WCTU in which she speaks of meeting a New Orleans lady, Mrs Lyons who has a son here. Mrs West says, "Of course I don't know him but I don't know how he can be anything but a dear good boy with such a sweet lovely mother." So Mama says he's been recommended by the national president, the state president and adopted by the district president.

Schwartze came to take me to the theatre. Play excellent. Miss Maddern sweet, winning, cunning and natural as ever. Blauvelt there with Miss Ella Armstrong.

Mon Dec 10, 1883

Last night Mr Lyons came. Elmer was here and all the others. When it came time for the lecture we all got up to go, and Mr Lyons had a few words apart with Mama in the hall. Once out he, Elmer and I dropped behind the others, and he told me he would not go to hear Mrs Skelton,* as she had said things in her afternoon lecture at East Cairo which were an insult to any true Southern boy. I was awfully sorry for him to say it, for I was so anxious for him to be favorably impressed with the first lady-lecturer he had ever heard. Well, he went up to the Episcopal Church and when, at the conclusion of the lecture, we came from our church, he was standing by the lamp-post waiting, and came on over with us. We had not been here long when Elmer arose to depart saying his head was aching badly. He had complained of it before during the day, and I supposed it was his true reason for leaving, but in the hall he said, "That fellow monopolizes you—well, and my head does ache." At the door he said good-night and kissed my cheek. I came back, looking, I fear, a little conscious.

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* A German temperance lecturer who, with secretary, was staying a week in Cairo at the Rittenhouse home.

Well, after awhile the ladies retired excepting Mama who began to lecture Mr Lyons, and then I found a side of his nature which half-frightened me. He is too thoroughly Southern—so prejudiced, so fearfully sensitive on the question. Then too he thinks it terrible for women to talk in public, thinks their sphere to fit themselves for noble wives and home ornaments only. I felt sort of wilted for once in my life. I could hardly argue because I was so sorry to find him narrow on the subject. Mama argued though. She told him that under his belief women would be compelled oftimes to marry for homes. He said that when he married he'd know that many others had offered his wife homes before etc. He was really very much agitated when he left. I stepped into the hall, to hold his coat for him, and he had very little to say.

"You will be over again?" I said, and I think he answered, "I suppose so," which made me feel that he must be very much hurt. He said good-night, held my fingers very tightly, and left.

Mama stopped me in the library to say, "Maud, don't let Mr Lyons fall in love with you."

"What nonsense Mama, there is no danger," and I almost laughed.

"But why not any-way?" I said.

"He is so young."

"He is twenty-one—two years older than I, and Uncle Jake is only one year older than Auntie."

For in truth I think there's far more danger of my falling in love with Mr Lyons than that he will entertain such feelings for me. Mama continued very gravely,

"Unless you feel that you can love him, be careful,—for his mother's sake, Maud. Treat him as you would like Wood treated, in similar circumstances," and I went to bed feeling decidedly queer and dreamed all sorts of ridiculous and disconnected things.

Why is it that mothers always fancy folks falling in love with their daughters. Well,—this afternoon Mama looked up from her writing to say "Mrs Skelton for all she looks so uninterested, observes very closely. She said to me 'Your daughter hass vonderful invluence ofer young men. Lass night dat vun who sat by the dable (Elmer) kept a lookin at de oder vun ferry funny and wass saying to himself "Shall I sit him out, or shall I shust go?" and den he thought "well vats de use I shust go" and he ven avay. Oh, she has vonderful influence. I vould not tell *her*—she has great magnetism in dose eyes. She gan make young men admire and respect her. Oh, dey gannot help but respect her, and she gan make dem love her very easy—oh shust if she wants to. I muss tell her dis. She has much influence for good or for bad—and she must use it for good.'"

Then she went on to say I must wash my face with Glenn's sulphur soap and put parsley leaves in the water to take away the freckles around my eyes and then I would have "such a sweed beautiful face." Well, may the Lord help me to use my "vonderful invluence" for good. But what if I fall in love with Eugene. I feel very funny.

Tuesday Dec 11/83

Last night Mr Butler came to take me to the theatre. In the theatre he began a delicate bit of flattery and I said, "Please do not talk to me this way. I'm sick of having you treat me as though I were a *child* to be fed upon flattery". He said some utter stuff about having made he had thought such good friends of Clara and me, showing no preference (as though I should care for that) and that *Clara* at least had never cut him. (I don't suppose she has. Everybody spoils him and he needs a little wholesome truth once in a while.) I told him that I wanted to be his friend, that I knew how much good there was in him and that I wanted to see it put to use. He said, "Of course we shall be friends, we must be, but the old faith is gone. I have been fearing what you have told me, but I tried not to believe it. No Maud, we can never be quite the same." Well now Lord William we shall see!

The opera, *La Mascotte* was excellent. It really pleased me in spite of my having somehow grown so critical of late. Lizzie Shields was there. Captain Shields whispered to me "There's a package at the express-office for you. I'll have it sent up to-morrow." Out in front of the Opera House stood my big brother, who when I passed gave me his hand and pressed mine so warmly and hurriedly that I did not have to pause or slacken pace. Mr Butler in the next League's Ideal means to answer my article "Mrs Tracy's Husband as described to Mrs Tracy's next-door-neighbor" with one entitled, "Mr Tracy's Wife, as described by Mr Tracy." It will all amount to an underground discussion of the woman's suffrage question and if I can't get away with him "on that strain" my name is not Maud.

The package came. A very costly Barbotine vase, with roses, buds, and leaves in high relief for me to decorate, and also a bottle of enamel. I know Lizzie Shields sent it. Adieu.

7 P.M.

Its a balmy June-y night with a full moon. Mr Butler called "in the gloaming" to ask if he might take me up to the League to-night, and he will be here soon.

Friday before supper Dec 14/83

It is turning cold. Until to-day I have painted every day in the studio without a fire. The West is aglow again to-night and we are waiting for the tea-bell. I attended the session this afternoon. Coming up from dinner I found two elegantly bound operas *Martha* and *Bohemian Girl* in red and gold just inside the front door. As *The Continent* was with them, I think I can guess to whom I am indebted for the kindness. Last night as we were leaving for the convention I heard Mama on the porch say, "Why, Wanderer" and there was Mr. Lyons. I had not expected to see him till after the lecture-week. Soon as I combed my hair and put on my rubbers,

After Supper.

he walked me off to the church and we heard first Mrs Bailey's "Chalk Talk" to the children. Even he could not but admire noble, queenly Miss Hood in her neat, pretty dress, with her firm, graceful gestures, her grand carriage, and her sensible, pointed, heart-felt words. Ha-ha—my dear big brother. *You'll* be a Temperance fanatic and woman's suffragist before you know it. He made me very uncomfortable once. I cannot bear to have a gentleman talk about kissing to me. He spoke rather lightly of it, said it was an offense which girls always forgave, because it evidenced admiration and regard and what girl liked not that. Of-course he said it laughingly, but I'd rather he had not said it.

Well, I must go to the convention and Elmer is coming by the Church on his way home. Have not seen him since he left so suddenly Sunday night. I have forbidden his reading so much and have commanded him to stop it and to write instead. Write anything and everything, his thoughts, impressions, ideas, at random if he pleases but only to write it. It is just what he needs. I love to improve him. What an egotist I am. 20-pager from WmSn—bless his brotherly heart.

Wed Dec 19, 1883

Mrs. MacDowell has won me! You remember my speaking of her too flowery reports. People about town really were a bit disgusted at the soaring reports, and made a good deal of fun of the "cool oasis amid the hot burning sands" and the magic links in the crystal chain. Dr Benson wrote the oasis report and it was quoted about town as a good joke. Well, for this issue of the League's Ideal Dr Strong wrote an article ridiculing it and calling for less high-flown poetical reports. It cut Mrs MacDowell deeply. She had such a hurt, pained, yet would-be unconscious expression on her face. I really expected her to write the next report as flat and stiff as could be—a mere statement of facts. On the contrary, to-night's report is bright, chatty and altogether lovely, with no floridity about it. I could hug her!

We are all in a state of secret whisperings, bundles, boxes, packages, rolls, shoppings, locked drawers—and empty pocket-books; for Christmas will be here Tuesday. I am working like a Trojan. Painted till too dark to see, then made *delightful* little call on Lizzie Shields, then went shopping for the boys, with Clara.

Sunday Dec 23, 1883

My "big brother" sitteth with his back to me reading, and utterly oblivious of everything save his book. The kids are heartily devouring a lot of chocolate creams for yesterday afternoon another five pound box reached me. There was no card, no anything and Elmer told Robin he didn't send them. So I can only wonder. Fordie—little Fordie —"dearest little schoolmarm in the world" is here at Mrs Dunning's. Bless her pretty face and her childish ways. She's coming—

Thursday Dec 27, 1883

Well, well, well—dear journal I'm in a nervous tremor of excitement from morning till night. I try to make myself believe that I am not falling desperately in love with my new brother but its gotten to such a point that when I see him wrapt in conversation with another girl, my conversation lags, that I listen wildly to every step on the walk from six oclock till eight, am ready to cry every night if he doesn't come, find myself quoting this and that from Mr Lyons, asking his advice upon every-thing, looking to his taste in all matters, comparing all other men to him, much to the disadvantage of the other men, dreaming of him all night long, and going over what he has said all day long. I can hardly bear to say this even to you, yet it is a relief. Last night—oh such a night, but I must go back further.

That Saturday [Dec 22] he came while I was in "the studio" painting by lamplight,—I knew his step. Mama asked him to spend the night, as it was a horrid night to cross the river in. He consented to stay. As Elmer was leaving he asked me to step into the parlor a minute and there showed me the elegant new edition of Poe's *Raven* illustrated by Doré which he had gotten for Mama for Christmas and there was a perfectly elegant Russia leather album much larger than my old one for me, "not a Christmas gift; your old one had gotten too small for your collection", and he gave me about a peck of Christmas cards, the handsomest among them being one of Prang's, an immense thing, the back of which was imitation alligator-skin, and inside on one side a satin hand-painted satchet, on the other a dark rich painting with holly-berries all around it, and another scarlet-fringed book filled with beautiful engravings and tied with silk cords—it was "Bells Across the Snow".

I was about an hour in the parlor with him while Mama was here with Mr. Lyons. I came in with my arms full of envelopes and boxes. If I called a card ugly Mr Lyons immediately admired it, and if I admired one he pointed out all the imperfections in it, and we quarreled and quarreled till Mama said we were worse than Fred and Robin. She and he both censured Elmer's taste in leaving cards by the wholesale. Mr Lyons said *"One* may carry a pretty message—may mean something, but—" Well, Mama asked him to come and stay with us Christmas eve as she liked to have all her boys home that night.

The next day I worked furiously. Precious Fordie came in the morning and we had two hours of good talk, and lovering, and decided to be true-blue sweet-hearts, and she left me with dozens of kisses and a little diamond on my third finger. The house, of course, was bustle and confusion all day. In the afternoon we had a rehearsal at the church, and after dark secured a "Frost King" in poor Mr Butler who had just gotten back from Anna. He came here and tried it at the piano with me. Sitting there by the low lamp-light he said "Poor child, you are tired to death—how cold your fingers are" and held them gently, till I laughed, told him not a bit of it, and avowed I was as fresh as a daisy. Boo-hoo—Three months ago I was in love with Mr Butler. What kind of a girl am I anyway? But I'm drifting again.

After the "dear little man" left I practiced costuming him by dressing Papa up in sheets a la Roman senator 400 B.C. After supper while I was dressing, Mr Butler came and together we repaired to the church. As Love, I wore white—my graduating skirts with white satin jacket, hair down, and red roses scattered regardless. Had a good deal of fun dressing Mr Butler up in sheets, diamond-dust and powder. Cantata went off better than I expected. Mr Lyons came in before we were through. I saw him enter.

Over here we sat in the parlor, he peeled oranges for me to eat, wrangled with me (or rather I with he) over engravings about which of course we disagreed, and then he read bits of *Lucille* aloud to me, in the most musical voice—tender, impressive, indolent and sweet. Then I painted "May all your joys increase, may all your sorrows cease, God give you grace and peace," in the open book of the picture I painted Elmer. At about mid-night, the bell suddenly rang. I jumped nearly out of my boots. So did Mama. Mr Lyons rose immediately and went to the door. Presently he returned saying to me "Elmer wants to see you a moment at the door". At the door Elmer said, "Say is he running things here now?" I'll declare, I didn't mean to, but I laughed outright he said it in such a funny way. He wanted to speak to Mama he told me, so I returned to the parlor.

Oh, but that afternoon I gravely told Mr Butler I was engaged, showed him the ring, and received grave congratulations. In the evening I told Mr Lyons the same thing and he laughed merrily and said, "Don't you suppose I know that if that were really your engagement ring, you would swear by all that was holy your Mama gave it to you?" and he at once told me he knew it was Fordie.

The Christmas presents poured in all morning. Mama gave me handsome framed engravings and red mittens; Papa a new dress and some money; Bettie, a handsome brass tambourine, painted in violets and Scotch thistles; Elmer—album cards, watch chatelain, lovely, with two tiny diamonds inlaid in sort of gold buttons (I was astounded at Mama's consenting to the gift); oh yes, and also a handsome silver jewel case.

Mr Butler gave an elegant volume of *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* with picture of self; Mr Reno, two little cards (with his name printed on them in gilt. Tackey? Ugh).

"Jack" Williamson sent from St Louis a box of fine candies with cunning tongs in them, and one of those fringed books with glorious engravings—Tennyson's *Come into the Garden, Maud,* with kind wishes from "Jack". I almost cried at his remembrance, and I was *so* astonished.

Mr Lyons stayed till noon, then I dressed and we all went to dinner at Grandma's. Real good time! I worked on an overcoat band for *him*! Elmer came and took tea with us. After Elmer took Hattie home he came back and we had a long talk and I cried. Why don't I love Elmer? He apologized for having been cross to me, and I didn't even know he'd *been* cross, and that hurt him worse than all. I told Elmer if he could get me off all by myself where I couldn't see other folks I thought I could love him. Then I told him that I'd draw comparisons between him and others and how ashamed I was of it, but that I couldn't help it and when he spoke of wishing me to be frank entirely with him I blurted out "Well, we've been slowly progressing and I've been pretending to correct your faults and have often been indifferent and let things go. Now suppose we begin it vigorously. Are you willing?" He was more than willing. So I pitched in and told him not to do *so* (bring the first of one hand into the palm of the other) so much, because it was very ungraceful, not to lift himself up on his heels, or walk with his elbows so stiff, not to talk so loud, not to make his sentences so abrupt, but to try to be a little more finished, not to snap people up so shortly when they were talking, and say, "I think this or that" as if that settled the matter, and oh I went on and said every rude thing I had noticed about him. The more I scold him the more thankful he seems and the more he loves me—oh dear, oh dear!

Now back to Mr Lyons. I told you how much he admired independence and beauty. I decided immediately that he would fall in love with Lizzie Shields, told him all about her, and decided to bring them together. Well I'd fixed an engagement for us two to call there Wednesday eve (last night) and told Fordie Monday morning all about my scheme saying, "You and I will sit back and watch the fun. He is refined, intelligent, manly, accustomed to wealth, and very particular and observant regarding ladies and their costumes, but he doesn't somehow seem to be very particular regarding his own dress. I haven't even told Lizzie his name or anything about him. Have simply let him be known as 'my friend'. And now I want to see how the thing will work."

Fordie wasn't so terribly interested and cared rather more to talk about Ned Halliday till I told her she could not, must not like him, cause *I* didn't, and she said she'd be good. When big brother left Christmas noon he didn't know whether he'd meet Lizzie here or at Mrs Dunning's. Mama decided later to have a little gathering here, the Dunning crowd decidedly included. Of course it was quite impromptu. It took me nearly all day making cake. At dusk Elmer came and left me a new Journal like you, on the front page of which was that pretty quotation from Tennyson, "For Maud so tender and true" etc, and Tennyson's *Princess* elegantly engraved.

After that I ate a very little supper for I was terribly excited and sat down to darn thinking over my scheme with nervous dread for fear it would succeed, knowing that Mr Lyons in his working clothes looked as much the refined gentleman as did the others in dress-suits. While I was thinking (it was very early, the others not all up from supper) the bell rang. I made a dash for the back stairs and flew up them. I knew it was him, and I was wild with excitement and wondering how this evening would turn the tide. Couldn't find any of my stockings any place. Had dropped the one I was darning in my hasty retreat.

I slipped on my pink wrapper and tip-toed down the back-stairs and called Rob very softly to bring it to me. Imagine my amazement when through the little crack of the door I beheld my lion, an elegant young gentleman in a rich black suit, white satin tie, and pearl studs. He pretended not to notice my call which was very kind of him, and having obtained my missing article I skipped up-stairs again. Then a thousand thoughts and wonderings passed through my mind. Had he always worn his working-things here because he wanted us to take him regardless of his clothes? Had he dressed up in order to captivate the girl I had told him he must? Why? Why? Why? I hurriedly donned my wine-colored satin and came down. He rose as I entered and shook hands with me. I showed him my new mahl-stick and he tangled my hair with the end of it. Then I sat near him while he looked at Tennyson's *Princess.* I like Tennyson—he doesn't. Natural consequence. Mama sent us into the parlor to fix the lights. I sewed buttons on Robin's shoe while he read Christmas stories in the London *Graphic,* looking very handsome and elegant. In my room I had a coat band which I had worked for him—just a plain one, black, worked with dark red, and I meant to fasten it in his coat but missed the chance. Mr Schwartz came first, then I believe Clara, then the Dunning crowd. I had taken them to the blue-room and was coming down when I met Mr Lyons going up. I wondered a little. Went back upstairs with Alice Halliday. He was not in the blue-room. Came down with Alice. Raptures with Fordie. Presently Mr Lyons entered. I introduced him to the crowd, Lizzie happening to come last. He, Fordie and I somehow fell together and cut up terribly. He had the nerve to tell me he'd been in *my room* to wash his hands.

"How dared you?" I asked.

"Your Mama sent me. It was an urgent case. I buttoned Robin's shoes and got polish all over my hands. She asked if I knew where Maud's room was, and I said no but I thought I could find it."

"Did you know it by the muss it was in, and the stocking-bag on the floor?"

Then I had to rush back and forth up-stairs and to the door.

I whispered to him in a quick aside, "Well?" immediately after I'd introduced him to Lizzie, who looked superb in a long black velvet with court-collar, and laces. He looked volumes and said,

"I wish you could understand French. Wait."

He and Fordie had a good time together. She wore a pearl pin with Greek letters on it which he examined with interest and told her something about. We three had heaps of fun together. Of-course I had to fly about from one group and cluster to another, but every now and then I was beckoned to them to hear a new joke about the engagement etc. We never had a more perfect success in our house than that party. An intelligent, jolly crowd, all congenial spirits, plenty of music, duets, merriment, and a little of dancing. Mr Lyons was with Fordie till quite, quite late. Then he wended his way to Lizzie. Fordie hurried me into the hall and on to the steps. "Oh Maude, isn't he grand—*grand*? I never met a man so well informed, so quick, so polished. Such a magnificent physique. Oh I adore blondes anyway, but don't you tell." And then she said that he had said he thought Lizzie Shields most magnificent in appearance.

"Oh Maud I wish I were a few years younger. Yes I remember your scheme. I hope it will fail. Oh give him a chance yourself Maud. Oh he's lovely, *lovely*," and so she raved. I kissed her and I believe I should have cried in two minutes but I hurried her into the parlor where Mr Butler immediately pounced upon us, to entertain her with yarns about the way I slaughtered hearts and strung them up, during which time we were both talking nonsense back and forth and both stealing excited glances to the other end of the room where Mr Lyons and Miss Shields sat deeply engaged. Then I began to *hurt* some-how.

The real fun died out of me. I kept up the outward sign but not the inward grace. Pretty soon after that the floors were cleared for a quadrille. He danced with Lizzie, I with Harry Hughes. I was green with jealousy, and was even silly enough to feel cooly indignant once when we were dancing the tucker and he promenaded with Lizzie when he might have done it with me. Oh what a goose I am.

He didn't dance any after that. I danced everything and got through the evening somehow. Early in the evening had given note to Elmer asking to take him to the leap year party next Thursday. Everybody left but Mr Lyons. Papa began turning out lights while we all talked it over. Finally, by one lone lamp Mr. Lyons and I sat, while he told me that he thought my Fordie as lovely as could be, bright, quick to catch a point, vivacious and pretty, but he said he wasn't taken with Lizzie, that she was simply magnificent to look at, no question about that, but that *after* looking at her, it was positively disappointing to talk to her, she was so uninteresting and childish. "A perfect baby. I don't like her manners or her talk." But he retailed to me the cute things Fordie had said. Bless her heart. Wood said "Here's a note Elmer said give you when they'd gone."

"I know," I replied, "its to let me know that another girl asked him first to the party," and I unfolded it rather carelessly.

He said in a fatherly, anxious way, "He rather took a good deal to say it", when he saw two pages closely written, and then he looked at the envelope directed,

Miss I. Maud Rittenhouse
En Ville
In Hall.

—asked what the "I." stood for, and laughed as he repeated, "En Ville. In Hall." It was evidently wrong, but indeed I don't know the meaning of En Ville myself and can't find it.

We talked and talked. Mama came, shook her finger, and he said, smiling and audacious, "But this is Christmas week you know."

Mama was unrelenting though and said "Either stay with us or go, its getting awfully late."

After a good deal of merry talk in which he won Mama's heart by saying he'd never seen so many pretty girls in one parlor *any place* before, he left. Oh I'm all tired out I've written so fast, and my back's half broken. Papa's nodding, and I *must* go to bed. Good-night, Good-night. Good night.*

Sunday Dec 30, 1883.

There isn't *any* depth to me. When Mrs Skelton said, "She is teep —she hass got lots in her" she made as big a mistake as she ever made in her life. I am so shallow that I haven't even any surface. All day I've been fancying myself a sort of "Maurine" unabridged edition, and have been vowing I'd be loyal to my darling Fordie, and do everything possible toward bringing about a blissful "affaire d'amour" between her and my big brother and I've been thinking I must write to Elmer and tell him *"never never never,"* and then see the happy termination of aforesaid *affaire,* and then bury myself in books, and forget the world and its hollowness and sham and heartaches. During these pleasing reflections I made up beds, ate chocolates, and dressed for church. Am I in love with Mr Lyons or am I not? I am disgusted that I *can* so easily conquer self. I decided to become merely a friend to Mr Butler—"only this and nothing more" and the conquest was so easy that the triumph was but small. I resolved to crush my heart and see Mr. Lyons and Fordie fall in love with each other and after the first few pangs I find that the crushing didn't hurt.

Then you say "well do I love Elmer?" Not a bit of it. But for auld acquaintance sake and the knowledge that he loves me I could see him never-more and mind it not. Then is it really true? Have I no heart? Is there just an attribute somehow of me which makes me love to squeeze Fordie's fingers and look into her eyes, which makes me shiver nervously when I think of Mr Lyons, and which causes me to cry when Elmer looks hurt and I think of it all? What am I? What is love? And what sort of a topsy-turvy, heartless, bewildering, rushing, whirling world is this anyway? One conclusion I've reached. Unless I write or speak to Elmer and say to him "Go thou and dream no more. I love you not, nor ever can," I am doing him a life-long injury.

Of what avail his kindness when I would keep saying to myself "He cannot understand. I am not proud of him. There is this man and that man, princely, intelligent. Why is not Elmer like one of these" and I could not be happy. Suppose by any wild and unnatural combination of circumstances I should marry Eugene Lyons. There would be a case where I'd love till the very loving would be pain, the slightest indifference upon his part would madden me, and as he is smarter, deeper than I, *he* might compare me with other women, as I should compare Elmer with other men. Oh I pray and pray for some light in this dark tangle.

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* The original of the foregoing entry, from which this is abridged, runs to ten pages, about 500 words to a page, written apparently without a break. It contains only a few erasures and no abbreviations.

Sunday night Jan 6, 1884 Mt. Carmel

How many days must I jump back over to pick up the thread where I dropped it? That Sunday when I laid down my pen and came down stairs I found Mr. Lyons here: he stayed to dinner. Elmer came. B.b. [Big Brother] wanted Fordie over, so I wrote a note and she came. I had partly written a note to Elmer, and told him of it, and that I should give it to him before he left. I hardly know what he and I talked about. Finally Mr. Lyons took Fordie home and I rushed up to finish my note leaving Elmer in the parlor. It was a wild sort of note and I cried while I wrote it. It was to end everything save our friendship. Elmer left with the note.

Next night I had arranged to have a talk with Elmer over the severing of any connections which might exist between us. Early in the evening Mr. Lyons came. He thoroughly piqued and angered me that night. He picked up a book and for half an hour fully we sat there alone without one word passing between us. Oh, I longed for vengeance. He remarked that he'd been very cross all day. I looked up from my book, laughed, told him I thought his symptoms pretty bad. Then Elmer came. I told him our talk was ruined because Mr Lyons had come. Elmer said, "Oh darling, I'm glad to see you so happy—with him, but don't you love me—don't you love me?" "Sh!" and I drew him into the hall.

"Shall I go? Perhaps I'd better."

"Nonsense—come right in. *I* haven't been having any fun with Mr Lyons. We haven't exchanged a word," and into the parlor I bounced him. He had the new periodicals and a feast of chocolates, and brightened up the atmosphere. I played for him, I talked to him. Mr Lyons solemnly read *The Century*. Elmer spoke of *But Yet a Woman.*

"If you'll let me finish it now," I said, "I'll let you read a bit of my old, old, oldest Journal."

We struck the bargain. He went to the library and got me the book. I ran upstairs for the Journal but I glanced into it myself and got interested. I read him some funny parts aloud. We laughed and laughed over the ridiculous thing. Eugene, behind the student lamp, with eyes fastened on his book, was smiling spasmodically. After awhile I stopped reading. At 10 or 10:30 Eugene left. Then Elmer and I drew our chairs up to the fire and talked and talked. He felt perfectly convinced that I was in love with Mr Lyons. I told him I couldn't bear Mr Lyons, but that didn't change my feelings toward him—Elmer—that I really felt I did not now, and never could love him. We talked it all over in every light and Elmer said he wanted me to stop trying to love him. And he said no matter what happened he'd love me always, that he couldn't help it and couldn't try. He talked me into a much happier frame of mind, and when the bells rang suddenly to usher in the New Year, he said "Happy New Year, little girl," and kissed me, and we both smiled and the tears came a little to my eyes, but they were not sad tears at all. In about 45 minutes Mama came home and then we talked of her good time and then Elmer left.

On New Year's Elmer came to take me to a dance at Tenie Woodward's. We were also to take Fordie and so went to Mrs. Dunning's. I had lots of fun and danced constantly. One funny incident—Mr Butler asked me please to "sit" one dance through with him. I consented. He seated me in a corner and talked in a dreamy and sad style, rather vague as he is at times to me. Among other things he said he had lost every particle of his interest in the League since our "affair", that he only went in the first place because my approbation was so sweet to him, because it gave him such pleasure to look up from the paper he was reading and find my eyes sparkling with interest and encouragement, because he felt that surrounded by all others who knew him not, he could feel that in me was a soul kindly and warm, a friend indeed. That all of that was over now.

Coming back we left Fordie at the gate; it was all arranged that she should spend the day with me Wednesday and Wednesday night. Wednesday noon she came. We had dinner and then she read to me while I sewed on my new dress. Then we ate oranges and apples, and she turned her dress behind side before to darn a rent in it and Mr Butler came. After he left Fordie and I ran up to primp before supper. There was a bright fire in my room and we sat Turkish style on the rug and ate almonds. Then we dressed putting on tulle and narrow ribbons just alike, and I assured her Eugene Lyons would come in the evening without fail. "No—no, he won't" she said with child-like obstinacy. Well, we had supper and he didn't come. Seven oclock and still not here; 7:30, still away and Fordie triumphed apparently and yet 'twas a triumph she certainly didn't enjoy. I still remained firm. We played duets for a long time and then sat, she reading to me in the front parlor, I at her knees, when a thundering rap on the window startled us nearly out of our boots. I ran out and ushered Mr Lyons in, gotten up to kill in his Prince Albert coat. I played the piano vigorously that they might talk quite unheard near me. Then I had frequently to run to the sitting room on some pretext or other and always stayed a good while. The last trip I made in, was for thread and I thought I'd say 'Good-night' to Elmer over the wires. He answered "Allen is here" and then I telegraphed to both of them and had a funny time. It was nearly midnight. After awhile Papa called saying, "Mama says its time for youngsters to retire." When I told Mr Lyons Papa had called he said, "Strange I didn't hear him—oh that's too thin altogether." Well, after much argument he decided to obey, and began to turn out the lights for me. He put out the lamps in the front-parlor then the one in the back-parlor and started toward us. It was all dark but a little light from the hall, and suddenly there was a crash which sounded like a double back-action earthquake and cyclone combined, and the clatter of porcelain and silver rang on the ear. Following it was a silence like death. I didn't want to view the wreck goodness knows, and I was mad as a hornet but I managed to say cooly enough, "Have you a match?" "Yes but its too late for matches". Coming back he ran into the centre table in the front parlor.

The gas was lit and there on the floor lay a vase of flowers, books, periodicals, spilled water, a million or so bits of poreclain and glass, a lamp knocked end-wise and a puddle of coal-oil. I was furious. Poor little Fordie looked scared. We gathered up the pieces and rushed him off and Fordie and I tiptoed upstairs like culprits. We undressed rather slowly and once as I stepped out of the closet little Fordie stood in her white gown by the fire, gazing soberly into it.

"Of whom are you thinking?"

"You," came the prompt response, and I laughed the idea to scorn. "But indeed I was—when we go to bed I'll tell you" and she snuggled up close and kissed me. I remarked to her how at times I had felt afraid to know her well and that I loved her so dearly and had enshrined her so high, that it would break my heart if I could ever feel her just a commonplace mortal like the rest of the girls. She had a rather startled look in her soft eyes. We talked in whispers after we'd retired and I went to sleep lying in her dear arms.

She couldn't stay long next morning, and as I had to make beds so that I might hurry and get my dress done she helped and she told me all about her own only engagement, now broken off.

Allen Moore came at nine, and Fordie left. Allen helped me rip on my dress (I had more ripping than sewing I made so many mistakes—. Mama said I shouldn't go to Mt Carmel until it was done).

That night we had a glorious time!!! but I'd *blow up* if I tried to tell you about it.

After the party I kissed Fordie good-bye with a full heart and Mr. Lyons took her home. That was about two o'clock in the morning. We reached the train just in time.

They told us, "good-bye", "good-bye little sister—be a good girl" and the train pushed out. We had a good time all the way up; Mr. Wheeler and the girls met us at the foot of the road where the cars now stop. We slept till 8.30 the next morning.

Ugh-h! Such a fiercely cold day as it was. At about four oclock while we were all upstairs primping the bell rang and Elmer came. Imagine our astonishment!

Monday Jan 7, 1884

Well we had intended going home on the south-bound train but Mr Wheeler dispatched not on any account to let the girls leave till the weather moderated. The Saturday train didn't reach home till eleven oclock last night, about 27 hours late. Water tanks freeze, coal gives out, snow blocks the way and there is a good deal of danger.

Last night we came to the parlor and popped corn. Prof Henninger and I had some pretty bright arguments. To-night we are going to have a candy pulling and the professor will be up soon. We are all talking, singing, yelling. This is the loveliest family.

Wednesday Jan 8, 1884

The evening passed like lightning. We played and sang. I recited "An Order for a Picture" and later, as we sat round the fire, "Which Shall it Be?" After a while the woman's rights question came up. I believe in woman's suffrage and had to wage a hot war against Bettie, Edith, Allen and Mr Parkinson. The professor and Elmer were tete-a-tete at a little distance. I didn't exactly get roused, but I noticed my foot beginning to tap the floor excitedly. I began to think it was time to stop. *I had the last word.* Then the professor rose, crossed to me and said, "Miss Rittenhouse you're ahead in spite of your host of opponents. Allow me to shake hands with you! You have right on your side, and I agree with you."

I had thought him in favor of Woman's Suffrage from his remarks and statistics the night before concerning women as teachers and scholars. The discussion was pretty warm and I feared Bettie was getting angry, so I hopped up, asked the professor to pass me the poker and began to "monkey" with the fire, fitting a chunk of coal into a crevice and making the fire leap and sparkle, till Mr P. said "*Your* sphere is making pretty fires after all" and then we all laughed. One thing amused me hugely. Abbie said, "*My* Mama and Papa don't believe in any such stuff as woman's rights any way," and afterwards her mama came down and said she did, and "Papa" too, that she had always wanted to vote on the school and Temperance questions.

There was only one good point made against me, and to my astonishment Edith made that. They were saying how few women cared to vote, and I replied that it was because most women had not given the subject serious thought, and did not realize that it was not only their right, but their duty, and that they would in time be educated up to it.

Edith retorted "If it were natural and right, it would be in us, we wouldn't have to be educated up to it." Of course there is no real substance in that argument and yet it was a pointer.

Later 2 P.M.

Bettie and I jumped in the sleigh and went off for a jolly ride ourselves. We drove all about, and way down the hill at the foot of Main Street where we could see the ice moving slowly down the Wabash, where we rowed in the hot sun last Summer. Once the sleigh got stuck away out on a road, and Bettie had to pull the horse while I lifted it. Then we fairly tore home with bells ringing. We leave to-day. Mt Carmel Adieu!

[When Maud returned to Cairo "Fordie" had gone, and Eugene Lyons had temporarily returned to New Orleans. Using Maud as their intermediary, they continued to exchange letters. But now Maud had a new interest.]

CHAPTER NINE

The Moon and Mr. Hough

Home Again Sun Jan 27, 1884

Well dear Journal I'm awfully rushed just now. Mama and some other good ladies are getting up a charity-ball, and I am in that. Also I'm on a reception committee for the League with refreshments to secure from 20 girls for over 200 people. Also I've a recitation and part of a quartette to learn for next Monday night; also, entire new Treasurer's book to straighten for League, minutes to write, and since Mrs. MacDowell's strike I'm League reporter and am forced into print once a week. Also I'm in an art-class and work every afternoon from 2 to 5 —blessed privilege, but still *time*. For tomorrow afternoon I've only three engagements—one at studio, one at dentist's, and one to sell tickets in the second ward. Tuesday night there's a reception at Bettie's, Thursday night the charity-ball, the following Tuesday, *large* League Reception, and on the 21st a swell, full-dress, $3.00 ball at the Halliday.

I have engagements for every one of them, no 1 with Albert Galigher and Mr Carnes, no 2 with Dr Strong, no 3 with Mr Butler, no 4 with Elmer. The worst of it is I feel like staying home from all. I'm dizzy with whirling, and I'm growing so politic, that I amaze and hate myself. Where once reigned innocence and faith in all people, now is a cool, critical art, where I practice twisting people about my fingers, till my very success disgusts me. Am I growing deceitful? How things have changed since that Tuesday afternoon when with Elmer, Bettie and Bessie I came home from Mt Carmel, bidding adieu to a jolly pretend-to-be-tearful crowd, who threw snow-balls at us through the car window.

My big whole-souled brother [Eugene Lyons] is back in his southern home; Mr Butler and I are at swords points, and Elmer cutting around with Miss Robertson.

My third letter from Fordie came yesterday. They are sparkles of light. When no 2, which I sent to New Orleans [Eugene's home] comes home, I'm going to read it to you, and the other also.

Tuesday Jan 29, 1884

Mrs Menager and I sold tickets from eleven till noon yesterday; we finished the ward by four oclock having sold seventy dollars worth. Oh! but I was tired though! I rested, read and wrote till 7:30 during which time the door-bell rang a perfect tattoo, and my front hair which because of the dampness had straightened out, and was rolled in a curl-paper, was snatched down and done up again half a dozen times. Elmer came and presented me with a club pin "I L" monogram —gold set with pearls, ten little ones and two larger ones; Schwartze came, Frank Metcalf came, two or three notes came, and at 7:30 I dressed, Mr Butler coming before I concluded. We left Mrs Gilbert's after ten-thirty and repaired to Mrs Galigher's. Oh I had a g-l-o-rious time there!

Have had four invitations to reception to-night—Messrs Galigher, Carnes, Reno and Butler. Adieu.

Thursday Jan 31, 1884

Yesterday afternoon Mr Hough [the art teacher] sketched me while I sat, all unconscious, working at a head of Atalanta. I didn't know it till I heard him and Bettie laughing softly, and there he had me, poke bonnet, pug-nose, curly braids and all. I haven't quite decided whether I like him or not. Sometimes I do, sometimes he bores me.

Papa rec'd a letter from Mr Tinkle at Waco, Texas. Papa thinks of moving there. Business in Cairo is—is *not.* I don't think I can ever be happy outside of Cairo but I don't *say* so.*

Sun Feb 3, 1884

The party oh! oh! I thought that the crowd would be mixed and that a few of us congenial spirits would spend the evening together in a remote corner. The crowd was tremendous but *elegant,* and I had *so* much fun that I carried it to the verge of idiocy by dancing 25 dances clear through without stopping to breathe between. Mr Hough had in the afternoon, with great ceremony, asked me for a dance. I tried to keep him one, but my programme was *completely full* before he got to the hall. I had dozens and dozens ask for dances after my programme was full and every *extra* engaged by two or three. Mr O'Hara got "left" on everything but a little old Virginia Reel and meekly said, "I'm thankful for anything" and begged to take me to the theatre next week. I was in highest spirits! Elmer was on the fly with Miss Robertson. I did not notice it till Mr Carnes said to me "What's wrong between you and Elmer?" "Nothing". "It seems to me some-body has cut you out" and I pretended to be very jealous.

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* The struggle between steamboat and railroad was protracted at Cairo. The firm of Wood Rittenhouse & Bro. on the Ohio levee was feeling the pinch.

How I was spoiled that night! I was admired to satisfaction and sought after and all that like the girls in novels,—and I revel in it. Mr Hough had teased that Bettie and I were sleepy after the League party at her house. We resolved to be bright Friday. I could hardly open my eyes but I wouldn't be over-come. For that once, I must admit, in the face of all reason, I danced more than was good for me.

Friday after dinner Elmer came. He had not had a very good time. I was describing mine glowingly. He said I had cut up too much, that I was sweeter when I didn't. I felt rather grieved, though I took it sensibly, or tried to. He said, "Several people had remarked it." That startled me terribly.

"Married ladies?" I asked.

"A young lady and some gentlemen—two gentlemen married."

I didn't care for the young lady,—girls often talk without reason—but to have had married gentlemen discuss me—oh it hurt *awfully*.

I implored him to tell me who—I questioned—found it was none of my best friends by asking thusly, "Was it ———?" "———?"

He walked down to the studio with me. We passed Mr O'Hara and a lot. It was a fresh, balmy sun-shiney day. I sat at my easel and worked but I couldn't get it out of my head.

What *had* I done wrong? *Had* I been impudent? Why didn't Mama notice it and stop me? I worried and worried. Coming home I asked Bettie if she thought I'd cut up too much the night before. She said no. I left her at the corner and hurried down 8th Street filled with perplexed puzzlings. I had felt full of fun and mischief, I had made impressive salutes to Harry Hughes, I had promenaded a double length in one figure of the lancers with Mr. Carnes and once I had excited a general laugh by waltzing off with Frank Metcalf where I should have *swung* him (and then blushing myself nearly to death) but *that* was purely an accident. Well I wondered and pondered, and it hurt me more and more.

I met Elmer and immediately plied the question, "Do you suppose it was squeezing the pickle in Dr Strong's coffee made them say it?" He looked a bit dazed, then he laughed, begged me to think no more of the matter, and asked to take me to the theatre. There was a chunk of mud on the crossing, I jumped over it, and immediately straightened myself in a dignified way and said I'd done *enough* jumping—too much. When Elmer saw how really worried and excited I was he said he had only done it because I criticized him—that no-one had said anything about me at all. I couldn't believe my ears at first and afterward I cried from pure relief. But it was unkind. He had asked me to criticize him. I'll not any more, you'd better believe.

Mon Feb 4, '84

Got my League cakes made—chocolate and lemon. Erma and I hunted eggs in the barn. Then we bought five bolts of satin ribbon for the "Saratoga baskets". Mr Carnes took tea with me. Then Dr Strong came. Mr Carnes talked with Mama leaving Dr. S. and I tete-a-tete. I mentioned that I had been disgusted with one habit of his. He pretended to start, beckoned me to the hall and insisted on my telling him. I did—about his addressing young ladies on short acquaintance by their first names regardless of "Miss". I told him I detested the habit etc. etc. He was very silent—finally said he was glad I had spoken.

Elmer and I had a very pleasant time last evening. Since first he heard the hint of a wish for a new dress he has longed for a scheme by which he might procure me one for the "full dress party". Last night he thought he'd struck it off. If I'd *please* paint him a picture, that "Maid of Arcadie", he'd pay me fifty dollars in advance etc. Oh how I laughed! Oh dear what a precious goose he is—such a dear generous goose. Bless his heart!

Five dollars and a dear little letter from Mrs Miller, who just received panels.

Indian ink Swiss scene I gave Mrs Galigher I see to-day on exhibition at Clark's in a magnificent frame of plush and brass carving.

Wed Feb 6, 1884.

Mama is sick. The whole house feels awful when Mama's sick. This morning I thought my feet would drop off they were so tired, but now they are better—I've raced the tired off of them.

Yesterday as you may imagine I was on the hop, skip and jump all day. At noon there came a great box of tea-roses and smylax. The note said "For Little *Rose bud* from Elmer" (for tonight). Oh! they were glorious. Just when they came the sun shone out and I danced all over the house with my arms full of them. Pink, white and pinky-cream, and the most fragrant ones I ever had. They were from St Louis.

Along towards evening it began to pour torrents. I had a gossamer but nothing around me. I raced to Hartman's Hall—Will K. and I made about 50 sandwiches. Got baskets shaped (196 of them) plates wiped and stacked with Japanese napkins. When Mr Butler came for me I had not begun to dress. Program full before the second dance. Had to refuse dozens for there were only 16 dances and I had all of them and three extras (only one of which came off) engaged. Mr Hough begged my permission to do me in water-colors. Will Halliday Jr. and I danced one regular fly-a-way when we got left on a waltz quadrille. Several people said to me, "Heard you had ten invitations". First I knew of it. It got to be right funny—gentlemen would pass me and say "No use looking at *her* programme." Didn't leave till 2 oclock or so.

Tuesday, Feb 12/84

Marmee's up—but very weak. I've not had time to write to you. I've been house-keeper and nurse, and have been pretty busy seeing to fires, cleaning lamps, sweeping, dusting, trotting up and down with tea, rice-soup, and making eyes at the doctor. Mrs. Smith told me the joke on Mr Hough—you know I haven't been to the studio since Mama took sick; he painted in the face of his figure on tapestry and it was so like me that the ladies all noticed it and Tudie Meyers, the tactless one, blurted it out.

Later 7:25 P.M.—

Went to studio. Tapestry covered—couldn't get even a glimpse of it.

Worked on head of Diane, the prettiest thing I've done and the most difficult.

Elmer has purchased beautiful little diamond shirt studs to wear with his new full dress suit to the party. Am awfully glad he has a full dress suit though it is extravagant; he will look well in it I know.

He thinks I will have to wear my white mull again. Oh, I've a lovely secret!!!—Lots of hard work, but lovely.

Its pouring rain and the disasters from floods are perfectly terrible. Cairo is safe! Dear old Cairo, low as she is, "mud-hole" though they call her, manages to keep dryer than the other and higher cities along the Ohio and Mississippi. If the water does come over we'll be in mighty deep water—but we hope it won't come. If only the M. remains stationary till the O. begins to fall we are all right. Some little towns have been entirely swept away. Cincinnati without gas and water.

Mr Parsons is engineering a big concert for the benefit of the flood sufferers at the Opera House. I'm to recite.

Fri Feb 15, 1884

I'll tell you my secret! Mama bought me a beautiful satin which she is making and I hand-painting for the "swell" party. It is pale blue in front—sort of *court* front and pale pink the rest of the way—with pale pink plaiting all around sides and bottom of pink. Pale pink tight-fitting jacket. Up the front I am painting hedge-roses, *blooming* right from the bottom, a perfect wilderness of them. If I've time I'll run life-sized morning-glory vines in blossom all over the pink, and scatter butterflies promiscuously.

Mama feared it would not dry and wondered how Mr OHara for instance would look with morning glories running up his legs, hedge-roses clinging to his knees, and butterflies soaring o'er his coat. Won't Elmer be pleased! Its terribly hard though, getting it done without letting even the family know. This afternoon Mama got the skirt ready for me to paint and began to cut the basque. We hoped no-one would come. The bell began to ring! During the afternoon at least ten people called. I locked myself up here and painted like a fury.

Went to studio yesterday afternoon. Only Mrs Candee and I there. Mr Hough politely inquired, "You are used to being waited on, aren't you?" and coolly * left me to put the thumb-tacks in my picture by myself. He smiled and I grew indignant. Worked like a beaver and didn't look at him; finished Diane de Cabies and did head of Atalanta twice. He criticised Atalanta maliciously. Once I proved him in the wrong and crowed inwardly. Was very cool, and he stepped around daintily and told jokes over which I looked sober. Mrs Candee left. I put on my rubbers. He begged me to sit for him just a minute and he did me in India ink. Spoiled shading on nose and turned it into a

* Maud has finally mastered this word.

silhouette which he presented to me. Its pretty good, at least everybody recognizes it. He wants to do me in water colors. I froze him for a while but he was so penitent and so jolly that I gave in and we had the merriest kind of a time.

Mon 6 P.M. Feb 18, 1884

Am in a jolly humor. Have been painting nearly all day in the tower; 27 roses so far on the front of that satin. Instead of tight fitting jacket we're going to have a pink cut-a-way coat, with a full blouse vest of blue. Elmer yesterday ordered roses, cream and white, and smylax for me. He'll be delighted I know, when he finds I've so handsome a new dress.

Tuesday 10:40 A.M. Feb 19, 1884

The thunder frightened me out of the tower-room where I've been painting. Last night I received a long, long letter from Allen. He thought he deserved three letters in reply to such a long one. I sent three in the same envelope, one designated "sensible", one "Idiotic" one "More So!" His room-mate after hearing my reply to Allen's eulogies of him said, "She's a fraud of the first water!" and then meditatively that it really didn't make much difference what a Western girl said about him as he believed they were—somewhat—somewhat—*rude*. Oh if I didn't write a blazer in reply to that spark. First I said "Don't ever bring that creature West. Let him fancy! Let him dream dreams. Let him curdle his blood with wild imaginings. Of course he doesn't care what a Western girl says of him (what is it Victor Hugo says about the people who confound the radiance of the stars of heaven with the radiance a duck's foot leaves in the mud). Tell him I shall import a teacher from Vermont to instruct me in the manners and customs of civilization, that I shall learn to say 'please', to walk like a lady, to give up somer-saults and turning poles, to smile, to bow, to silently adore when a college student speaks, to don hideous Eastern robes in place of my well-worn buffalo hide, to wear a ΕΦ pin instead of my yellow and red glass beads, and shall so faithfully labor that when he cometh to introduce log-cabins, and distribute tracts throughout the region, and entereth into my father's wigwam, I shall be worthy to wipe the dust from off his learned feet and to sing 'Lo the conquering hero comes' " etc etc.

Thunder not so loud. Must run up and paint again.

Later, 2:15 P.M.

The rain is pouring in blinding torrents, the hail crashing and the wind blowing in about forty ways at a time. You ought to see out this window. You can hardly see through the rain. Cold wave coming! Mighty good thing for Cairo! 43 blocks of Paducah are under water. There is great rivalry between Cairo and Paducah. The St Louis *Globe Democrat* of yesterday devotes 2½ columns to Paducah and says that the only consolation the citizens have is that all the water they get has to pass Cairo. My dress will be very dainty! That loose puffy vest of blue looks so rich and has a soft pretty baby look with the jaunty pink coat matching it. Pale pinks and blues are so pretty together. Mrs Menager was half afraid to stay alone last night and came for me. I went.

Thursday Feb 21, 1884

The rose-buds have come—beauties they are—lemon-cream, pinky-cream and white. Finished painting yesterday—one humming-bird and three butterflies in the roses. Would be wildly happy only—*we're going to leave Cairo!* I would not think about it! I have tried not to, but to-day Mama tells me that soon as possible, Papa will go to Texas on the lookout for a new home. To leave this home—this town where my whole happy life has been spent! There is utter desolation and misery in the thought. Life cannot seem the same. I don't believe the sunshine and the stars can look like they do in Cairo. Glorious sun-shiney days these two last have been. The air is fresh and invigorating. I drink in the sunshine and the sweet air and it makes my step elastic. Yesterday after our lesson at the studio, Mrs Candee, Mr Hough, Bettie and I went rowing on Lake Edwards. Oh I love the water.

Tuesday Feb 26, 1884.

Last night the "Relief" concert came off. I gave up the most of the day to studying my "Polish Boy" which, after my usual fashion I had left till the eleventh hour. In the morning I was blue over it. In the afternoon a little brighter. Then Clara came and sang till she inspired me. Once I did the thing magnificently! I forgot myself entirely, and not until I'd finished, all of a tremble and with tears in my eyes, did I realize how well I had done. Then I thought, if I could keep that up

I'd make a Servia in Frederick Warde's *Virginius*. Well the time came nearer and nearer. Dressed in my white mull. Elmer came for me. Found my name fourth on the programme. Went back immediately to green-room. Helped *fix* Clara who looked superb. I sat on a roll of carpeting with Mr Hough while she sang "Waiting". I knew she'd electrify the crowd. Oh, her sweet voice just rang, clear as crystal, high, pure and full through trills, turns, and runs. I fairly pranced. Met her midway behind the scenes and hugged her half to pieces. I had hoped the orchestra would play just before my recital, but Mrs Parsons' solo came instead. It was exquisitely rendered but was not inspiring!

I wanted my book on a music-rack where I might refer to it if need be. Mr Parsons insisted upon going too, to turn for me. Oh! if only I had left book, music-stand and Mr Parsons all behind the scenes! They applauded delightfully when I appeared and after a moment's pause I began. But somehow I couldn't get into the thing. I couldn't throw off the consciousness of so-and-so in the parquette, and of Mr Parsons and that book-rack. Along in one part I threw myself into it tolerably well, and then a little further on I had to glance once at the book. That disgusted me! I dashed along after that with little heart till I came to the place where the boy bends over his mother pleading with her to speak, and discovering her dead. That was the only part of it all with which I was suited. I retired feeling as blank as a cipher. They applauded long and loud but that only increased the pain at my heart. I thought, "They are sorry for me." I went back to the crowd "behind scenes" and sat thinking. What hurt most was the thought of Mama's disappointment. And Papa—poor Papa sitting there with his white hairs, how mortified he must feel, and he had been so confident of my success—I never had made such a failure before. Then I thought maybe the Lord did it to make me less unwilling to go to Texas. The more I thought of it the worse I got, till it seemed to me I had gotten up there, yelled forth a lot of soul-less words and made a would-be-and-couldn't old idiot of myself.

At last the thing was over. I took special pains not to let my eye fall upon the eye of any friend, to hurry by those who had any kindly interest in me. We were walking down Seventh—I heard Mama and Papa behind us and I felt utterly sick at heart. Pretty soon they caught up with us and Mama exclaimed vehemently "Oh Maud you did splendidly. I didn't know you had it in you. I did not, could not, feel like it was my own daughter. There were ladies and ladies sitting near me wiping their eyes and crying. From the minute you began I was carried away, and even you did not seem like you." Mama is usually *so* severe in her criticisms of me. She squeezed me so delightfully when she kissed me good-night, called me her little actress, and both she and Papa wished there was some way to put me under a fine trainer. Mama said I never had done so well, and she was taken wonderfully by surprise at the emotion the recital roused in her.

Wednesday March 5, 1884

Last night the second League reception came off. Ever so good a time. Less swell but more fun than Halliday party. I did not tell you about the Halliday party at all. My dress was duly admired, the supper was elegant and the most fun I had was with Captain J. G. D. Knight (Doesn't that look imposing!) We had a good deal of lively banter. He treated me pretty much as though I were a very small and very cunning kitten, led me about in true West Pointer style, by my finger tips, and took occasion to squeeze them warmly as often as possible. He must have been an awful flirt before he was married. He's a magnificent man, and his wife the most charming of little women.

In the discription of costumes in *Bulletin* of me it said, "She slayed the bearded men at a breath and the youths that grow between" and described the pale pink and blue of the dress, but called it "hand-ferruled" which I suppose was meant for a joke but which "broke me all up" (that's slang, I quote it). Well, Mr Hough is doubtless watching the studio door with eyes intent, and I must scamper.

Later.

Had lovely time at studio. Bettie and Annie Meyers there. Worked on landscape in charcoal—road disappearing round curve, tall trees ditto, bushy trees along one side of road, also dilapidated rail-fence. Finished it to-day. They like it. Mr Hough is ever so bright. Between us I managed to be the last one off (Bettie had to go early because of a lesson) and then he walked home with me. Such fun as we do have. To-day Mr Hough was perpetrating vast numbers of puns, and funny things generally, when Tudie, taking a sudden bright streak, asked,

"Why is a bald-headed man like the full moon?"

After due deliberation we gave it up.

"Because it can't get any fuller!"

Mr Hough and I exchanged silent glances.

Mr. H.—"Don't you mean a drunken man instead of a bald head?"

But Tudie stuck to her bald-head and we hardly survived.

Mr Hough asks if I'm sensitive and upon my replying "Yes", says "Oh pshaw! then I can't tell you." Finally he does tell, "relying upon your good sense not to make it personal," and it is that he likes to have me working there as long and late as possible because I go ahead independently, have heart in my work and accomplish something, but that when Tudie poked and poked to-night till nearly 6 o'clock he felt tempted to inform her that the night-class met on Monday nights.

The best piece of work I've done yet is a young girl's head in crayons. Mama and Papa and the boys are awfully tickled over it. I did it in three afternoons. It is life-sized and on a stretcher instead of drawing paper loose.

One day Mr Hough said when Bettie and I were there, "See here" and turned from the wall a panel of gray with a charcoal or crayon sketch on it, a pretty fair likeness of your humble servant, with curly hair and chin in hand. How he caught it and *when* I know not.

Monday March 10, 1884

For many days we've been surrounded by frozen ponds. The sipe-water came up pretty high and froze giving the boys some fine skating. It is gone now—that is the water is drained back to the river but the streets are full of broken ice. Mr Menager has been promoted to a position at Memphis. We are all so awfully sorry they are going away.

Thursday I was *so* discouraged. I worked steadily all afternoon with a big spray of Easter-lilies and did not finish them then. It ought to have been done in two hours. I didn't get much encouragement from "him" either. When I remarked my disgust aloud he said, "I am surprised at you myself, Miss Maud. They are not hard" and then dared say "You've not been a bit entertaining either." He insisted on my going on with my work, saying he had work to do and I would not bother him. So I stayed way after time, and I know his work was only a pretence for he fooled around and did nothing. Next day I left before anyone and hereafter I mean to do so.

Elmer gave me a beautiful pearl and gold pen yesterday—pen and pencil combined. We are working up our new drama, *Suzanne.* I have the principal part among the ladies; Mr Parsons among the gentlemen. Mr Hough is Anatole. Cute!!

Tuesday March 11, 1884

We are our own Chloes again. Cook left yesterday to nurse her brother through the small-pox at the pest house. The sewing-room is again converted into a kitchen because of water in basement—that makes things easier up here.

Wed March 12, 1884

I've been happy as a sky-lark all day. It has been one of my glowing days! The air has been full of sun-shine and I've bubbled over with the same article. And work.—I've sent things spinning around this house. I got up at seven, danced into my clothes and then—let's enumerate what I've done—I helped get breakfast, brushed up the parlors, learned a page of the drama while doing it, made the beds, cleared the table, wiped dishes, swept Mama's room and dusted it, swept my room thoroughly washing knick-knacks and mirror, darned stockings, cleaned the lamps—a long hard job and had fun over it too, swept front hall, dusted it, swept front porch, wrote report for the *Argus,* dressed, cleared off dinner table and skipped to the studio.

I had rugs sailing out the windows, scaring the chickens into chicken-fits, chairs whirling, water splashing, and as I wrote Fordie, "left a clean streak behind me" and had a jolly time.

Cook's brother died. Poor girl! It has been a sad week for her. How different my days are. My life has been all sunshine. I'm loved and spoiled and—oh oh *so* happy. Goodnight!

Thursday March 20, 1884

Tuesday I was blue and rather silent at the studio in the afternoon. Bettie and the ladies who usually work on Wednesdays were there and in answer to my inquiries Bettie said, "Why Mr Hough is only going to give on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons." Now I've been taking on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, yet he hadn't said one word to me about the change, so on the way to Mrs Candee's I asked him when my next lesson was to be. He didn't answer for some time and then said "If we could find some pretty sketches—I don't know—its very muddy yet,—perhaps we can—well, I'll see you tonight and think the thing over."

Will K. came for me for the League meeting. We had the gayest of times but Mr. Hough didn't get to tell me. Of course if he invites me and not the others to go sketching with him, the others won't like it.

Yesterday afternoon while we were washing dishes the door-bell rang for about the fortieth time, and I supposed it was some more negro-women to get orders for rations. I tip-toed to the door-slats and could see a man's shoes and pants, but I did not recognize them. I flung open the door and nearly fainted. It was Mr Hough. I was painfully conscious of my frowsly curls, my red jacket and brown skirt, and oh! worst of all the bright red stockings in such flaming contrast to the black slippers. We both laughed with one accord. He said he would be at the studio all afternoon and wouldn't I come down, regretted he couldn't come in, see Mama, me, and—the pups. We'd a good deal of fun and he left. After the work I put on my blue rig and went down. No-one else came excepting one young man to call upon Mr Hough a few minutes. Mr H. had a "little picnic" of chocolates and marshmallows. He painted on his big oil-portrait, I worked from still life, and both of us talked. He is very entertaining—um—so am I, hence we were well entertained and it was 5:30 when I left.

I put on my newest slippers and filagree necklace to be utterly stunning for the evening and Aunt Bell and little Mary took tea. We had barely left the table when Dr Benson came. I really enjoyed him. If he is bad, he's mighty smart, and fine-looking. He had a handsome picture of the actress Mrs Forrest Robinson whom I saw in *Monte Christo*, and whose husband is a New York friend of Dr B's. He was speaking of the article he was writing for the League paper I'm to edit. I asked him to write a poem and he said "Upon one condition, that you Miss Maud will allow me the honor of accompanying you to the next meeting!" So what could I do? He was in my home, hence I dared not say "You are immoral and I cannot associate with you." So with Dr Benson I go to the next meeting. I do wish he was nice, for he is quite smart, and an excellent conversationalist, a good French scholar, fine physique, rather distingué, and has a lovely laugh. But alas! it all goes for naught when the heart is impure. Begged me to play for him. Had never heard me but from outside. He does his part elegantly.

Saturday March 22, 1884

Yesterday was a glorious day. We got a cook—big smiling raw-boned Irish woman who could scare me into a nervous fit if she scowled and who works well. In the morning Clara and I laden with German books borrowed a flat of Mrs Jones and rowed all over the 12th Str. sipe-pond. Oh! how I enjoyed it. At noon Elmer telegraphed asking me to go to Minstrels with him. Don't like minstrels.

Bettie, Tudie and I were at the studio only. It was so freshly-sweet a day that, with the windows open, it made us all bright, full of fun and ready for work. Mr Hough with a kindly glance said he would begin the poetry he's to write for me if I would criticize it when it was done. He has such a happy faculty of saying wicked things in quotations. "Schwartze says you don't care for 'the world, the flesh or the de'il' when you get on a horse. *Schwartze* you understand." He wrote a good deal, and when he'd look up or catch my eye he looked amazingly bright.

I'm biding my time to scorch him. One afternoon he asked, "Miss Maude, are you going to be at home this evening?" "Yes". "Its a good place to be. I'm going to choir-practice." Right before the girls!

Last night I got a tremendous letter from "Brother Eugene" and in it was one for Fordie. I'm worried about Fordie, she has not written for so long.

Wed March 26

Well my dear old Journal I must bid you good-bye though I fairly long to tell you the grand joke Mrs Menager and I played on Herr Schwartze and Mr Hough, who stayed all night in Mrs. M's when she was here and the others out of town. We made a burglar-scare for them and got them on the porch with pale faces whistling for Rex. Wrote it all up for the League paper in ridiculous style. Mr Schwartze is teased half to death. He just left here. Says Dr Benson went clear through the Custom House yesterday whistling "Rex—Rex whew-w-ew Rex—Here".

I'll have to tell all that to my new Journal with a much stiffer back than yours and which may be shocked by my nonsense, not knowing me as well as you do. How much of my happy life is chronicled in your pages. It makes me half sad to read it, though I'm hilariously happy just now.

To-night I go to a rehearsal for the play *Suzanne* with Dr Benson, tomorrow night party at Mrs. Wells with Dr Strong. Dr Benson made himself particularly devoted and pleasant. He's very good looking. Wish I *could* reform him. Dinner bell rings. Good-bye dear Journal. I almost cry to close you. You've bourne with me faithfully shared many a joy, divided my few sorrows. Adieu!

(END OF VOLUME III)

[NOTE: Here begins the fourth big red leather-bound volume of the Journal, which Elmer opens with a verse written in purple ink.]

I. M. R.

For Maud so tender and true
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt
That I can never hope to pay;
And if ever I should forget
That I owe this debt to you
And for your sweet sake to yours;
Oh Then, what then shall I say?—
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

Cairo Dec 26th 1883.

[On the back of the flyleaf is a water color of a blown rose with two detached petals—"June 30, 1884."]

Wednesday, March 26, 1884

Dear New Journal:—

I give myself fifteen minutes in which to write to you—then I shall polish my shoes, don my bonnet, and armed with sketch-book and paint box, skip off to Betties', then to Mab's, then to Lake Edwards for a row and a jolly good time. I'm nineteen, rather ugly, and cute for my size, and I have more fun than any other girl in Cairo. It is now one oclock on a sunny day. Now I'll go back a bit to where I left my precious old scratched up last Journal. That was last Saturday. That night we rehearsed here. Mr Hough, whose memory is something wonderful, looked carefully behind the curtains where he'd heard my Journal was sometimes hidden. Next day was sunny but I couldn't go to church because of so much writing to do on the League's Ideal. In the morning came letters from my sweet-heart—Fordie, and from Allen Moore. That wretched Proxy says through Allen, "If she used less high-flown language and more correct grammar it might be better." Come, let me clutch thee, fiend; but I shall utterly ignore him in my next letter to Allen, and shall write a very lofty letter. Time up—Adieu.

March 30, 1884—Sunday

Well, many times I have started toward you and grasped my pen, only to drop it, start the other way and moan, "Only two minutes to tell it in, and it will take me two days." But at last I've decided to snatch all the minutes. To-day I said "I'll get my work done in a hurry and write all morning" but Mr Hough is coming to dinner, and as I feared he'd ask to be taken to my studio, I tidied that up a bit, then found it necessary to fix that part of my own room which comes within the range of vision from the hall through the door-crack so that it will look artistic. Are you wondering if I had all the pretty things in the room emigrating to that one corner? Well not quite so bad, but I put a pot of flowers in one window, looped the curtains, and turned my toilet-stand, so that the pink satin lining would show etc. My work is all done, but its 10:30 oclock. Now to begin.

I was telling you about our boat-ride on Monday. That afternoon Mrs Menager came over to say it was horribly lonesome to go to her meals all alone, so she wanted to inflict herself on us. We were awfully glad, and when I got home from my boat-ride they were at the tea-table. Schwartze was to spend the night in the Menagerie, and Mr Hough was going to stay with him. He examined all the window-fastenings with interest, and seemed almost nervous. We longed to "break in" and scare them to death, but his gleaming revolver cooled our ardor.

I formed plan after plan to frighten them. Finally a "tick-tack" was decided on. Wood crawled up their side-fence, and fastened the lead at the window near the head of their bed, and the other end of the string, journeying high in the darkness above the lamp-post, was made secure at my window. I tried to write while we waited for them to come home, but I was too excited. We thought they'd be home at about ten but were disappointed. It was eleven oclock, and our house in total darkness when we saw them coming and saw them enter the door. We gave them a few minutes in which to retire, and then gently pulled the string a few times. Silence! Then the front door across the way dashed open and Schwartze bounced out on the front porch calling "Here Rex—here Rex—whew-ew-ew-" (that's a whistle). That tickled us hugely, and we giggled in a muffled but thoroughly delicious way. There were three of us in my room, Mama, Mrs Menager and I. Mama had on Papa's dressing-gown, and Mrs M. and I our k-nighties. We must have giggled too clearly for the still air, because a voice from the portico opposite called "Good night" and whistled the "clique whistle" which Mrs Menager returned. Then they sang a serenade.

Mama whispered "They think we've had one of the boys rattling the windows. Now lets turn the light clear down and apparently retire." The light burned blue and Mama sent us two to bed while she kept watch at the window. But we all three exerted ourselves saying ridiculous things and gasped frantically trying to stifle our laughter. "If they'd only shoot!" "Are they there yet?" "Guess they're afraid to go in again" and so on. We waited half an hour and in all this time no noise, no movement of any sort had appeared to be going on in the "Menagerie". Then we crawled out and banged a perfect tattoo on the window, laughing wildly all the while. My laugh however was cut short by a strong tug at the string and a steady pull from the other end. It felt like when you catch a big fish, out fishing. I jerked vigorously till the string broke, hoping thus to make it impossible for them to trace the thing to us. A shout of triumph ascended from the opposite corner, and basso-profundo laughs rose on the stilly air. They called good-night but we made no slightest sound. I hauled in yards and *yards* of fine linen thread, but the lead was not on the end.

Next morning, bright and early, they both called. What fun we had! Schwartze with a fiendish chuckle thrust in my face a tangled mass of linen thread, while "Huffy" dangled a lead and tack on his watch-chain. We were all unconscious and innocent, inquiring gravely into the whole affair. Bettie came at 11, brought an article for the paper, and after dinner Mr Hough brought his poem, read it to me, departed, and met at the gate Dr Benson laden with mss. who stayed till pretty late. I copied pages, and rushed to the studio without even combing my hair. Worked in water-colors. Harry Hughes walked home with me, and swung on the gate for some time. When Dr Benson called for me he had to wait 45 minutes, for after getting the paper all in shape, I discovered to my horror that I'd left one long article completely out, and had to copy it. We had a very intellectual time going up there, and my paper about the Menagerie was pronounced the best they'd had, and myself much congratulated.

Dr Benson was thoroughly gentlemanly and attentive; if only he were good! He said that one of the first things he'd heard of me was that I considered him a savage. He evidently said it to be contradicted therefore I did not contradict him but merely spoke of reformations among the heathen. He remarked, "Tomorrow I shall write and tell Mama, that a Western young-lady has undertaken to civilize me. She will rejoice for she has always thought me a barbarian."

The Doctor and I had reached 8th when he learned that I'd had no supper. "But I'm not hungry." "You must go right back and have a cup of coffee." "I don't drink coffee." "Tea, then." "Don't drink tea". "Milk". I remonstrated, but he said I was going out in a malarial climate, in a fine condition to catch good old-fashioned chills and he deliberately walked me back home. I drank the milk and ate the roll, when we again proceeded on our way. Coming home, had an awful fright. Darkey-brawl, and we had to fly home.

Next day I felt horrid. The events of the night before dwelt somehow upon my mind. I wish I could trust Dr Benson. He is polished, handsome, kind and ever so smart, but I know he's as wicked as can be. If I can't "reform him" (and my heart fails me there) then I am lowering my own respect by associating with him. I worry and worry over it. *Is* it my duty to try to wield a good influence over him or is it better to keep loftily aloof, and let him know that I will not associate with a man who is not thoroughly pure and good? Its an awfully knotty problem.

Thursday April 3, 1884

At the studio Mr Hough gave me a delicious bunch of violets "to wear to-night" but said nothing definite about the ball. I waited till 8:45 and he did not come. It was pretty late for a plain call so I knew it must mean party. I dressed again in my mull. I was exactly five minutes dressing. Tied the violet stems with a few yards of narrow satin ribbon and pinned them with my League pin in the lace at my throat. He came just as I finished dressing and I went down and asked with a broad grin "Are you going to the ball tonight?" as though his swallow tails and white tie could not inform me. He was dismayed at learning that I was not positive. Leaving me in the dressing-room he ran over to the studio and obtained violets for his own coat, and a cluster of begonias and bright Geraniums which he pinned at my belt to give me "a bit of color". He only took seven dances on my programme, but oh! we had a gay time.

Monday night Elmer, Mama and I were coming from the Red Cross meeting, and I saw Mr Hough pass on the other side of the street. Tuesday night I teased about his starting down town at that time of night. I mentioned beer in jest and he said "That's just what it was", in earnest, I believe. I shall talk to him seriously. Its appalling how many of our best boys drink beer. It makes me heart sick. Schwartze and Will Korsmeyer, Alex, Dr Strong and I guess Dr Benson and perhaps Mr Hough,—there! I didn't mean to include Dr Benson among our best boys. He's more brilliant than all of them in a heap but—

Friday April 4, 1884 10 P.M.

Our rehearsal was to be at the Opera House at 4:30 but I'd forgotten and thought it was 5 oC. When I and Mr Hough arrived late Dr Benson and Mr Parsons slammed right and left at the tardiness. The play over everybody was sworn in to be prompt at 8 here tomorrow and Mr Hough with my Mother Hubbard on his arm stood at the box-door waiting for me. Dr Benson bustled up, expecting I know to walk home with me but I sidled up to Mr Hough as though he were my natural protector and vouchsafed the doctor not a glance. At dusk as I sat playing Belisano, who should call but Dr B. His excuse for dropping in was so flimsy that I could hardly keep the smile back. "Excuse this intrusion Miss Maud, but did I understand the rehearsal was to be here tomorrow night?" Oh dear; I told him the particulars as carefully as though he didn't know them as well as I, and I laughed a little and chatted with him, but all in a decidedly "keep your distance" way which told upon him. Of course he came merely to get a better insight into my mood.

Mama's calling me up to bed. Good-night. Mama says Dr Benson had been drinking something—she noticed his breath—if I ever detect it I shall speak to him and tell him I cannot go with him while it is so. Good-night.

Sat 6 P.M.

Feel jolly! Mr Hough adroitly kept me a little later than the others and said "How would you like to do a bit of speculating with me?" "What *can* you mean?" And then he explained that "some-one" wanted me to do a head (that head which I christened "Lucile") for them. He wouldn't tell me who but asked what I'd do it for. I blushed like a silly giggler and wondered vainly, but he *would* not tell. He gave away a little of it by laughing and saying, "Oh, set any price—its fine fun. We'll bleed him, ha, ha! but really you must do it, it'll be good work and the party really wants it." Now isn't that funny? I feel sure Elmer did it, though Mama suspects Schwartze.

I said rather pleadingly to my drawing-teacher,

"You were only jesting when you told me that on Monday night you were going to get beer?" He didn't understand, it seems, and said "Yes." "I'm so glad," I answered feeling honestly relieved, but at this he looked puzzled and asked me to repeat my question which I did in a sorrowful way. "I'm afraid you've got me now." "Oh you didn't really go for beer, did you Mr Hough?" He passed quickly behind me, gently tapping my shoulder with the little sketch-book he held in his hand as one might to a small child in trying to solace a grievance and said, "Why child, you make me feel as though I'd really done something wicked." "I consider it so—and I had thought you so good." "But I'm not a bit good." "But I want you to be, and I don't want you to drink any beer."

I shall renew the subject. He is so good and nice and kind and pleasant—but I know his Bohemianism has gotten him into the way of thinking that beer-drinking is all right.

Monday April 7, '84

Saturday night Dr Benson came last instead of first. I was polite, chatty and distant. In one place in the drama where in his frenzy he clutches my arm, he didn't dare do it. Finally he motioned me to a seat beside him on the sofa. I didn't budge but lifted my eyebrows with quiet surprise, where-upon *he* budged. "I'm awfully sorry you're angry with me Miss Maud." "Why do you suppose that I'm angry at you?" "Even a savage has feelings! I've been blue for thirty-six hours. I came that very evening to make my peace—" "I thought you came for information about the rehearsal," I interrupted wickedly. Oh! well, after he'd made every possible explanation we resolved to consider the matter settled.

Mr Hough mentioned ten dollars as the price of that head. "Now reckon so; three lessons, well, that's a dollar and a half; the stretcher, fifty cents, makes two dollars; and your time for three afternoons,—well a quarter." I stuck a pin in him for that slam. I wonder who has ordered the thing. I pumped Elmer last night positively ascertaining he has never been in the studio. But Mr Hough says the person did not leave the order at the studio so it may still be Elmer.

I got provoked at Elmer last night—we were having a word exercise, i.e., writing sentences to contain certain words.. The word *comprehensive* was one, and I objected to the way he used it. Any fact, even though it contained but one bare idea, he would denominate a comprehensive fact. He insisted that anything that could be comprehended was comprehensive, and I derided, and said to take a thing in a comprehensive sense or see it in a comprehensive way, meant broad sense, or broad way etc. He was very positive he was right, and I could hardly control my tongue it seemed so stupid of him. Finally in a decidedly arrogant way he marched forth Webster's Unabridged, and protesting his own correctness turned the pages, to find that I of-course was right.

I was saying to myself "Oh ye saints! There is nothing congenial in us. He irritates me to the last degree; he's *so* obtuse; he never catches things, his ideas are *so* cramped; and he's *so* hatefully positive over them no matter how absurd and shallow they are"—when he told me he'd purchased that charming pastel of Mr Hough's which I had so admired, for me.

I felt guilty and wretched at having so lost all patience with him. I had been saying, "If he were only contradictory in a jolly winning way I wouldn't mind a bit, I'd enjoy the argument, but he fires a short cold cut-off sentence at me and looks as yielding and appreciative as Plymouth Rock." And then he pounced upon me with this beautiful gift and,—oh it isn't his giving me presents that I like—I wish with heart and soul he wouldn't give me so many; it makes me feel so mean—but its his thoughtfulness for me. I wish he didn't have a penny in the wide world, but he'd a sunny winning nature, and a quick, intuitive mind. Good-night.

Later.

Elmer came bringing the exquisite picture—he was very pleasant and I felt ashamed of having written thusly about him. Oh dear, oh dear, oh *dear.*

Thursday, April 10, 1884

So many queer things have happened. I hardly know where to begin to write. My head ached like blue blixen when Dr Benson called to take me to the League. He tried to induce me to stop at the drugstore and have Dr MacDowell give me some aromatic ammonia but I declined. We talked of books, the delight of melancholy, personal Utopias etc. He showed me the corner of a letter from Forrest Robinson the actor, where was the cutest little photograph of that gentleman. Among other comments I said, "He's a man I could trust." "Can you tell by merely looking?" "Yes," and then Mr Parsons wished we had more of a program. I coolly ordered Dr Benson to go and get Dr Peabody's Baccalaureate Address to the class of '72 Harvard, and read us. He went; and Mr Parsons turned to me in wondering amaze said, "Well what *can't* you do with people— Ho-ho."

The meeting was very bright and the programme excellent—the Baccalaureate sermon included. At the conclusion the gentlemen—8 or 9 of them, captured me and my books to settle the club-finances and kept me till the physician took the books by force. Twice or thrice he took possession of me, and as many times some body else called me, or came to tell me something, or arrange something, or settle something so the doctor finally gave it up as an unsatisfactory performance and watched from the hall while Bettie, Miss LeCrone and I with a circle of admirers had a good time. As the time came to go home I grew more and more nervous; I dreaded that walk when I knew that the doctor—a *very* slow pedestrian—would be sure to drop behind the others. I felt a half-fear of the man, almost undefinable, and my unusually wrought up state of mind made every trivial matter assume huge proportions. The more I thought the worse I grew, but I consoled myself with thinking I'd start early and get away ahead of the others, a consolation torn to shreds by Mr Parsons who insisted upon my taking a dose of Mrs Parson's head-ache medicine and was a long time hunting the bottle, spoon etc., and mixing it.

Finally in desperation I called Mr Hough aside and said, "I'm frightfully nervous and—will you and Bettie please walk slowly—no faster than we do, you understand?" He did—bless his kind heart—and I breathed freely after having told Bettie too. By the time the medicine was mixed and swallowed they had all left but Bettie, Mr H., the doctor and me. Dr Benson did everything that was gentlemanly and attentive and acquiesced in everything I said. I managed to start just ahead of Bettie, so those two were behind us. The board over the sipe-water was only wide enough for one. Just before we came to it the doctor was so very quiet that I exclaimed,

"What *are* you thinking about?"

"About that remark of yours when you saw Forrest's picture," he promptly responded. "You said you could trust him;—can you always tell?"

"Al*most* always."

"Oh now you leave yourself a loop-hole of escape."

"Always perhaps."

Then we came to the board. There was a block or so "of nothin' bein' said" and then the gentleman offered me his arm again in his stately way and asked me in an even tone, "Could you trust me?"

I must confess that the question took my breath, it was so totally unexpected. Mama and I had talked the question over long before and I had quite, at the time, made up my mind to tell him just this, "Its against my principles to associate with a gentleman not thoroughly pure and upright, and with one who drinks. I cannot ask you not to drink, if your commonsense and your own conscience do not tell you, but at the same time I cannot think of receiving any attentions from you while you do." But then had flashed to my mind the argument he might use. Who among my gentlemen friends do not drink. *So* few. Dr Strong does, Will Korsmeyer, Mr Hough, Mr. Schwartze, and goodness knows how many others, and while I lecture and scold and plead, I can't cut their acquaintance because of it, for I know they are in every other way, honest, thorough gentlemen. Its very hard to draw the line. I told all this to Doctor Benson and told him that while I believed him to be infinitely worse than any of them, having no positive proof I could not draw the line between him and the others, and therefore I was in rather a predicament.

He said Mrs Robbins had set in circulation, a tale that he was wildly dissipated, and that she was his bitterest enemy, but that it was untrue. His preceptor when he first came West advised him to take a glass of sherry or Rhine wine at each meal.

I.—But it seems to me that considering the time you have since then given to your study and your practice, you might have found some better remedy.

Dr B.—I know it does me no good at all.

I.—Then why use it?

Well, I cannot relate an hour's talk; briefly, he promised *never* to touch another drop of wine, says on his honor, as he hopes to win my friendship, if ever again anyone says to me he has been drinking I may say with firm conviction and a clear conscience " 'Tis untrue." He says that I am one of few—one of three persons—whose good opinion or friendship he ever cared to win. I said, "Frankly I like you, or I should never have accepted the slightest attention from you, and I know there is good in you." Told him as yet I had not a particle of confidence in him, and that I fairly scolded Mrs. Parsons for defending him at the Opera House. We talked seriously all the way home. (Mr Hough and Bettie followed us even further than Bettie's street. *I* saw it, though the doctor did not.)

At the gate he offered me his hand saying "Good-night. We are friends I trust, henceforth." "I guess so." "Can't you be a bit more encouraging?" "We *are* friends, good-night." He said, "This much you ought to do in justice to me, form no decisions till you yourself have proved me." I could hardly sleep that night with thinking over it all. I don't *quite* believe in him yet. He may be honest, and I hope he is. Called Mama to my room and we had a talk before breakfast. She reminded me of Mrs Skelton's quaint speech.

"She can much influence a young man—dey cannot help respecting her. She haff great power for goot and she ought to usse it."

Good Friday, April 11, 1884.

Cousin Edith has a little daughter, born at 3:30 this afternoon. It seems too wonderful and strange to be true.

Tuesday April 15, 1884

My toes are nearly danced off at the S.A.C. dance: I danced every dance, 24 or 26 in all. Elmer complimented my toilet. Wore my cream-dress with oceans of blonde [tulle] and lace, narrow ribbon around throat, knots of it down front, and huge cluster of scarlet roses at waist. Oh! did I tell you that Mr. Hough to atone for his "slams", said, "I did want to make one gallant speech, but I hardly dared, about how remarkably well you looked Tuesday night." *That* night I wore my black satin Watteau dress turned the neck in V shape with a high plait of Spanish lace and blood red roses falling from point.

Do you want any more gossip about Dr Benson? The day following our serious talk I came home from the studio at noon, late, violet-decked and accompanied by my artist friend with whom I talked over the gate till Mama rapped on the window. Before I'd seriously begun on my dinner the door-bell rang and rang again. When I entered the parlor a few minutes later Schwartze and Dr Benson stood bowing and smiling at me from remote corners of the room. Schwartze gaily presented me with the promised photograph of himself, and on leaving, twisted up a wry face through the crack of the door at the doctor, whispering, "I can't tell you what I wanted to now." Bowing him out I returned to Dr Benson, who began, "I, too, came to beg you to accept a picture, but of a different order. Tis an old, old painting in oils, which has been in our family for over a hundred years and was given my grandfather by his class-mate who brought it from an old Spanish gallery. I took it to several New York artists and they—many of them—pronounced it a genuine Valesquez but of that I am not of course sure." It is old, *old, OLD,* and ugly as it is precious. A martyr at the stake is the subject.

Then the doctor called again at five and took me to the rehearsal at the Opera House.

Dr Strong called three times to see me Friday. When I got back from my ride with Mr Hough he was here too. It was to ask my advice about some affaire d'amour. I'm a sort of mother confessor to half my gentlemen friends. He tells me everything—have his handkerchief to sew a little rip in it. Did I tell you that at the party he said, "Well is little Maudie—Miss Maud I mean—having a good time?" and I told him that I would now give him permission to call me Maud, as I know and like him better. Later he said, "You don't know how pleased and surprised I was at it. I feel it an honor and am grateful I assure you." None of the other girls ever resented his calling them by their first names. I think the lesson has done the young man good.

Just got a note from Elmer. He says in it, "How progresses the play? What costumes shall you wear? I have more money about me to-day than I have need for so enclose $20.00. You can do the picture at your liesure. I'd much rather pay for it now and 'twill be a guarantee that I will take the picture.—Please let me have my own way this time. Yours with love, Elmer." So here I sit; jingle my handful of gold and marvel! What a quantity of pretty things it would buy! Visions of fluffy dresses, handsome brocaded scarfs, lacy parasols, stunning gloves and dainty bonnets float before me. How it would help with my costumes! But the idea of my taking it. Don't know yet.

Of-course you know it is to be two pictures instead of one, and besides the one he means to send Lillian, he can keep one. Am going with him to the theatre tonight. Am eager for it!

I didn't tell you about the stormy afternoon when Mr Hough came at three, stayed till five, and wanted to take me to the rehearsal, but would not stay when I told him Dr Benson was coming. The doctor said to me that day that he'd something to tell me—but oh! dear!! long before *that,* on *Saturday* night he asked to take me to the meeting, and upon my pleading a previous engagement, looked gloomy and said, "I'll not go then." "But you must". "I don't want to, but if you command I shall obey," and I commanded. Half an hour later in the hall he said, "I'm *mad* though. I had something particular to tell you and wanted to tell it Tuesday night."

Well, on the aforesaid stormy afternoon I said, "Oh tell me now what you were going to." I did it more for mischief than anything else for I fancied it was something very "high-flown" and the surroundings just then in the Opera House were strictly vice-versa. "Tis not a fitting time or place," he said loftily. I laughed softly. "Oh indeed. Its an affair requiring time and place is it—sort of novelish perhaps" and I teased and laughed at him till he grew really half angry. "Are you never serious Miss Maud? The idea of your making fun of me when I'm perfectly helpless."

Next night I stood between the wings listening, and waiting for my part and he began, what was probably the "something" though I didn't inquire. It was a little bit incoherent, but the semi-twilight, with Harry and Alice giggling on the other side of the wing, and his intent and flashing gaze rather brought the affair through in fitness.

He—Do you know, I came very near giving up my part in this thing?

I.—You! How *shocking!*

He.—You see Miss Maud, I'd never before had anyone talk to me as —well, I wondered if you were not just amusing yourself coming down from the League that night, if you were not feigning an interest which you did not feel, just to pass the time during that long walk, and I thought so much of you, was so eager, so anxious to win your good favor, your regard—it began to take such a hold upon me that— in short I feared to keep this character in the drama, for fear of getting myself into a mess,—

I.—My cue—I must run.

He—(45 minutes later in a box) You ran away from me, before I'd finished.

I.—Oh no—my part came.

He.—Not for five minutes after you left.

And I laughed.

Sunday April 20, 1884

Alice said to me during a wait in the rehearsal, "I think Mr Hough gets his part splendidly. He's mighty nice isn't he? I like him so well, and I've only one objection to find with him. He's inclined to be a little too familiar; have to sort of keep him off you know, he seems to—oh you know, sort o' wants to squeeze your hand or kiss it 'to rehearse' or something like that, isn't he?" My face must have shown more and more astonishment, and she said hastily, "Don't you think so?"

"I've never noticed it. I've never found him so." She wrinkled up her forehead and said, "I'm sure I've never given him any license."

Now how is it? How can he? Does he like her better or does she allow a freedom which he is quick to take? I *am* astonished at it.

Wednesday April 23, 1884

Up till 11 or 12 every night with rehearsals, flying over town matching tulle and gloves, telegraphing to Chicago for shawls, gloves, flowers, painting my old kid boots a delicate pink making them good as new, oh, oh, oh!

Last night's rehearsal began horribly and a—wait a minute. I hear Cousin Harry Hughes leaving. I must stop him to see his costumes—he doesn't know I'm up.

After breakfast.

Harry's costumes are very swell,—I'm to get his hose for him. To resume—the rehearsal made a wretched beginning and I turned cold-hearted with fear and dread over it. We began with the last act—our worst—and went through with it twice without improving it at all. Then we went through with the first act and then with the whole thing. This last time the third act was greatly improved, and I insisted upon our taking it once again though it kept us late. Got to sleep at about 1:30.

Papa has gone on a prospecting tour for the far West. Mr. Menager left on the same train for Memphis and I nearly cried my eyes out. "Cousin Harry" Hughes sleeps here nights.

Sunday afternoon Mr Hough called. Somehow, just laughing, I remarked, "Poor friend—I'll have to take in a larger field in my home missionary work—I've heard another shocking thing about you." He kept inquiring, Mama and Mrs Menager offered to tell him, and I tried to change the subject for I realized how silly I had been to mention it. Yesterday I worked all day in the studio which was crowded and once in the afternoon he said, "I want to talk to you Miss Maud".

So that evening, while they were setting the scenes, I stole off to the parquet-circle and he followed. And then to my utter amaze he began to say,

"It is about that little affair, the 'shocking something' you heard. It has worried me awfully, I've thought and *thought* of it. It doesn't make any difference what that person said or thought but what hurts is that *you* thought there was perhaps some truth in the criticism. It has made me want to be very prudent and proper. You can't imagine Miss Maud what an influence you have been upon me. No one else was ever able to do it, and I can't account for this. I shan't have anything to do with *any* of the young ladies hereafter but you."

I scorned the very idea and told him I *would* be a goose; that he was making much too serious a matter of it.

Thursday April 24, 1884—*The* Day!!!

Last night's rehearsal left me about in tears. The costumes and scenery were lovely but there were three or four severe hitches. The St Louis costumes didn't all suit and Dr Benson and Mr. Parsons had to fly around slashing velvets and laces at the tailors. Dr Benson's face is as clear and white and beautiful since—(where I can make you understand things without writing them I'll not write them). Elmer here adieu!

Later—

Elmer came with a handsome wine-colored scarf elegantly embroidered and fringed deeply with silk, a box of handsome Marchal Niel, Cook and Bonsaline roses with vines of smylax, and a delicious pair of pale pink kid gloves most a yard long, which make my arms look almost pretty. Isn't he too kind and thoughtful?

The doctor confides to me that he may have to leave Cairo for the wild wild west. He seems very greatly saddened. People all hate to leave Cairo.

Sunday April 27, 1884

Is there on this broad earth so happy a creature as I, I wonder? My days are a continual succession of delights. Light hearts, a host of friends, sun-shine, clear air, frolicsome breezes, Spring-y odors, roses, lilacs, violets, pansies, a charming jolly helpful mama, all the sweethearts I want of both sexes, health, happiness, a delicious home—*what* have I not!!

Its Sunday, but my feet have flown, have danced all day. The very air is bouyant. I am half intoxicated with the mere bliss of living, of being. My whole heart has been thanking God; I think in music to-day, the world never seemed fairer, brighter, more glorious. I almost die with the joy of living! Yet there are miseries, sorrows, heart-aches in the world, though the twittering birds, the slow-sailing clouds, the nodding leaves, give the very lie to such a thought.

Yes—of course the drama! My prayer was answered as my prayers always are—it was thoroughly and completely a success. The Opera House never looked more beautiful! Goldstine and Rosenwater hung handsome portiers and draperies, Herr Kuhne exerted himself with the scenery and gave us the grandest, while from the hot-house came wagon-loads of hanging baskets, rustic stands of trailing vines, ferns and grasses, and small shrubs and tropical plants for our conservatory scene.

Perhaps I'd better begin and narrate it as it all came. I hate to omit one bit of those glorious days, yet I can't tell half of it. When I stopped writing to you I went to the Opera House to paint a canvas with books to hang inside the book-case. Mr Parsons soon joined me, then Will, and toward evening Mr Hough came. He sat back there with me talking all sorts of pretty or funny things while I dabbled the books. We had to mount steep flights of stairs way up among ropes, pulleys, bells and flies, to find the store of paints. Before I'd quite concluded Dr Benson came, looking rather tired, and not too pleased at my work which kept Mr Hough near by, offering suggestions. He left after awhile, and Mr Hough walked home with me. Then I dressed in a hurry, gulped down a glass of milk, got my various boxes tied up, and almost before I knew it was trudging down Seventh street with the big doctor on the way to *it!*

Mr Hough had said "Oh child, you *must* powder a little", then as a particular inducement—"A little white stroke so—would make the little pug nose a Roman". That was a little too much for me; I decided to powder. Then Dr Benson said "Oh, but you *must* have the faintest tinge of pink on your cheeks—the foot-gases make one look so pale" and he coolly deposited a little box of "Rouge de Theatre" on the shelf in my dressing-room. Mrs Menager exclaimed, "Oh you do look so pretty, why child you yourself must see how pretty you look." The excitement had caused my eyes to glow and even a faint color, most unusual,—to steal into my cheeks.

My first costume was a black velvet skirt, black brocaded satin polenaise Watteau style, tall ruff of creamy lace, neck V-shape, wine roses, wine silk scarf, wine gloves, white hat, black slippers, wine and black, lace parasol. When the orchestra began the first overture, my heart leaped to my throat, when the curtain rose, it almost stopped beating. I tip-toed around behind, from the box to wings, from wings to box, while Mr Hough said, "Keep cool" and Dr Benson almost pleaded "Do *grandly* in our second act. Snap your eyes as you snapped them this morning; then you'll get me wrought up. All, everything depends upon you. Throw yourself right into it Suzanne." Well, I trembled like an aspen till with my laughing exclamation "Here I am at last" I faced the audience. From that moment I felt that the atmosphere I breathed was my native one. I was as perfectly at ease as I am at this moment. My own voice as it rang out clear and mischievous, filled me with confidence. I had the last speech in every act, but the 2nd was mine right through.

They greeted me warmly on my first appearance, and when the curtain had fallen on the first act, I tore about getting the shells, papers, jars and vases which I had to use in their proper places, to avoid all accidents.

I hadn't been on the stage *any*time till a handsome bouquet, oh! such a fragrant, delicious one, was sent me, and they applauded delightfully. I felt so at home, so confident. The ranting, the mad search for the paper, the saucy retorts at Kate, all seemed not me but Suzanne, and I myself Suzanne. When the doctor came in, and my idiotic ranting changed to the calm, smiling, teasing, schemer, when I laughed at him, coaxed, made fun, and finally when he discovers the door, and when with a blood-curdling shriek I confess the impromptu confession, the applause was deafening. Then where my soliloquy over the letter began and where I finally discover it, another handsome floral tribute,—*the* one of all—came. A tall horse-shoe of lilies, pinks, roses, ferns and smylax, measuring two feet across, and proportionately. It was by far the handsomest thing received on the stage that evening. Well, I haven't time to tell you all the hits, how they laughed when I sat pretending to be asleep and watching Prosper furtively, when I opened my eyes and staggered him till he fell backwards over a footstool, where I put out the lamp, where the lighted paper is thrown ablaze from the window etc. The act ends with a grand skirmish, with overturned chairs, and frantic exits, and knowing I had but a few minutes to get on all my third act finery, I fairly tore up to my dressing-room. Presently it dawned upon me that there was a terrible uproar in the audience. It grew louder and louder and I fancied I heard Capt Shields, Herr Kuhne and the call-boys screaming hoarsely "Maud—Miss Rittenhouse—where is she? Maud—Miss Maud". I looked down over the railings, thought it imagination and returned to my room. The applause grew louder and louder, Cousin Harry sprang up the steps, I was taken down bodily and thrust before the curtain, where, with roses off and lace loose, I held myself together as best I could, and bowed demurely while the applause grew more furious. Mr Hough caught me—"Oh I'm proud of you." And with the storm still ringing in my ears I returned to my room.

My costume for the third act was as follows. My dress of pink satin with long train, blue satin court front, hand-painted, coat of pink, blouse vest of blue—puffed, hair worn high with pink ostrich tips and gilt dagger ornaments, elegant gloves, white fan and spray of smylax and pink and Marchal Niel roses dropping from side of vest at throat, down below waist, pink boots, handsome lace. The scene was the most magnificent ever set in the Opera House. A conservatory with statues, plants, and *real* plants, studded with Japanese lanterns, fragrant with flowers, sprinkled with garden seats, at the rear a flight of marble steps on the posts at the base of which were clusters of gas-jets gleaming through cut porcelain. Mama says that the point where Kate and I in our elegant costumes (Kate in a regal black-velvet with pearls) stood on the portico coming down the stairs, while Prosper and the Baron waged war in the foreground, was so theatrical that it quite carried her away. There wasn't a hitch or a flaw, and when the curtain fell, Dr Benson caught me up and my train and whirled me off in a mad dance. We all pranced wildly, congratulating each other and smiling with pure delight.

Next morning congratulatory callers began to arrive early. I had promised to have my photo taken. Mrs Menager and Cousin Harry went down with me. Mr Hough came while I was away. Schwartze came at noon. You remember how queerly he behaved at that last party and bet a pair of gloves that I couldn't "make a mash" on *him* (as though I cared to). Well sir, he has ordered the gloves.

Tuesday April 29, 1884

Guess what Mr Hough told me—that I ought to get into an art-institute and pitch into regular hard work—that I have talent, more than any one in Cairo, more than lots of young ladies who have studios of their own in Chicago, and when I said he was only partial because he liked me he said that all partiality aside it was really so, and that I certainly knew he had never flattered me.

This morning Mr Hough left the whole class to go with me to Clarke's and order a frame for my picture I've been doing for Mama's birthday. Elmer had asked, with his usual kind thoughtfulness, to frame "my secret" as his birthday gift to Mama.

Wed April 30, 1884—Mama's 43rd birthday.

Mama is awfully tickled over the picture, and the frame is magnificent. Elmer dropped in a minute leaving me silently $20 to pay for the frame, only half of which it took. He is delighted with the work. Bless my soul! I don't believe I've told you what it is—a picture of Robin, entire figure, size I believe 21½ x 30 inches.

Last letter, Papa seemed delighted with Wichita. Ye Gods! What if Wichita be my future home! It seems so strange to think of ever leaving this glorious old home of mine.*

Sunday May 4, 1884

Our friend Schwartze has had a sad time. He took Clara and Hattie out driving in a dashy rig with a span of fiery grays. The fiery grays ran away, the girls were scared to death, the carriage was smashed into shapelessness, wheels were dropped promiscuously along Commercial

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* The same rush of railroad construction that was threatening Cairo's steamboat trade was opening up Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas to a land boom.

Avenue, Schwartze's hands were blistered, and a small grocery-store run into. Then to crown his sorrows, beside flight, blistered hands and damages, he was arrested for fast riding and fined $5.00 and costs.

Monday, May 5, 1884

I've been worrying about Wichita till I've gotten myself into an abominable humor. What started it all,—I found an old Wichita paper of April 30, and regularly sifted it through. Read a magnificent account of a magnificent wedding in which the costliest present was "Silver butter dish complete" as though the tacky things could have divided up, one giving the tray, one the lid and so on, there wasn't an odor of sociability in a single column. Oh the horror of going to such a place to live—a place where the one grand aim is money. I know I shall hate it if we ever do go.

Auntie Wardner was down this afternoon from Anna and invited me cordially to come up when Mrs Candee, Mrs Safford and Mr Hough come.

Mr Hough has a new name for me—"Luther". I'm afraid there is biting satire underlying. You see Dr Benson has been getting himself prettily talked about for not paying his bills and there is gossip about attachments and bank accounts and numberless horrid things. I can bear with any sin almost better than the little, mean contemptible sin of dead-beating. Cousin Harry says the doctor gets 150.00 a month (i.e. from the government) and his city practice beside. If he can't afford to pay for swell things, he'd better not *buy* them.

Am giving Elmer music-lessons every noon. He gets along pretty fairly.

Later 7:30 PM

Just after writing there came a package for me which proved to be a handsome red plush glove-box containing two elegant pairs of soft, fine ten-button kid gloves, imported too, Frenchy as France, and a note:

Dear Miss Maud:

I send this note accompanied by the penalty for making a foolish bet, and sincerely trust you will accept the same as a mark of my respect and friendship for you. . . . Please excuse my tardiness and believe me,

Sincerely your friend,
Erich Schwartze.

I felt indignant at his feeling compelled to send the gloves at his calling it a penalty and at his presuming to think I had striven or cared to win such a bet. I quickly indited the following and sent the gloves flying back to him.

Mr Schwartze, Friend: Your package has astonished me greatly, your note more so. That you could for a moment have considered that silly bet anything but a jest amazes me. Remember that you yourself made the bet, and that I was not a party to it. The very fact that you could for one moment have considered me willing to enter seriously into an affair in which I was to endeavor to "make a mash" on you, goes to prove that your respect for me can hardly have been as great as you have led me to believe it is. No true-souled girl could ever enter into such an agreement. I do try to make good honest friends but "mashing" is altogether out of my line. Had this gift been sent as a mark of your friendship I should have received it, and felt a grateful glow at your thoughtfulness, but as the forced "penalty of a foolish bet" I can do nothing but return it to you.

Your friend,
Maude R.

I'm beginning to get half sorry for writing such a note. Poor Dutchman! I know he didn't mean any harm, and that note will completely up-set him. Then too, Mr and Mrs Davenport are away, Mrs Menager not at home, and he will have no one to advise him.

Wed. May 7, 1884

While I was writing Monday night the "poor Dutchman" called. Mama called the boys out of the parlor and I went down Schwartze looked so long-faced, so woe-begone that my heart relented. He was indeed "all broke up". Says the "foolishness of the bet", he meant of course was all on his side, that it was merely an excuse for presenting some little token, which he had always wanted to do. And he begged so penitently to be allowed to send them back that I finally consented.

Elmer came to the door and left a huge package of bananas for me. —He says Dr Benson settled all his bills with them (i.e. the New York Store) before leaving, and Miss Ella Robbins says that he sent word to his creditors that he meant to leave town, asking them to send in their bills, and that one or two meanly attached his furniture without any cause, and that he paid all his bills.

Elmer calls me an odd chicken because I said I couldn't bear to be kissed. Poor old Elmer! He's so good to me and loves me so he can hardly help being lover-like, but I don't enjoy being kissed and having him so very attentive, and sweet-heart-like. I keep thinking nervously how ridiculous it would look if anyone were to see. Of-course if I loved him like anything it wouldn't occur to me what others would think. Elmer says he's a fool to love a girl when it only annoys her. I sometimes think so too. Yet Elmer does improve right along and no doubt in any real strait or sorrow, I'd call for him first. If he could only love me without showing it—and I guess after this he will try not to. I still give him music-lessons every noon and yesterday he took dinner.

Papa got back Wednesday afternoon. Oh! how we've talked since.

Sat. morning May 10, 84

If you want to see a full-fledged idiot, take a good long soul-satisfying, curiosity-quenching stare at me. I got up sleepy, and ever since have been marveling at myself. I had every inclination to fly about and do things quickly yet couldn't do so. I thought it must be the sultry day, but no-body else seemed to mind the heat but me. A few minutes ago I discovered the cause of my "laziness" the hot day and all. As I have previously remarked I got up woefully sleepy from having lain awake half the night listening to entrancing serenades by the "sextette". I dimly remember putting on some white skirts swung over a chair, and then getting a dress from the closet and putting it on. It would have been all right only that the dress was also filled with a congregation of skirts and I was too sleepy to know it, so here I've been hauling myself around with all my winter flannels, two white flannel skirts, a double muslin one, an embroidered red flannel and a ruffled gingham, besides a well-lined dress and a white apron. Do you wonder that there was something labored about my skipping?

Its so sunny and sweet this morning, with the sun shining, the leaves full and fresh on all the trees and myriad birds singing. Dear old Cairo. I look out the window and know every soul I see. Little Fannie Davenport in a dainty wrapper is hanging the canary on the front porch. Prof Armitage is taking a sun-bath, bare-headed with folded arms and thoughtful mien slowly promenading Walnut between 6th and 7th. Shouts of childish delight come from Mrs Aisthorpe's yard where Halliday and the baby are stumping their little toes in the graveled walks and pulling up handsful of grass to throw over each other—well my room has every knick-knack on the bed and I must run, dust and wash, finish the beds and do lots of things. I can work rather better now, minus that rare assortment of petticoats.

Later—

I've a shrewd suspicion that Mr Hough tried to say something a bit impressive to me in a joking way. Said he can remember when he used to toddle about after his mama while she did her work and ask, "What is revivals?—What is change of heart? Will it be an all new heart or only—" And he said summat about having tried ever since—exchange for change. Upon my honor, I can't remember how he did say it. Why am I telling you anyway?

Thurs. May 15, 1884.

I feel queerly old and odd to-night. Mr Hough is at the bottom of it. He had me down there Monday aft. all day Tuesday and all day Wednesday. I started away Wednesday night but he asked me to stay. I said to myself, "You've been here all day. Your staying now will do you no artistic good and you know he doesn't need you. You must and shall go straight home and help Mama finish cleaning the blue-room."

Aloud I said rather faintly "No, I'm in no particular hurry, but aren't you most tired of me for to-day?" For answer he looked reproachful and said, "You shall not talk so, I'll not let you." So I stood stupidly watching him and neither one of us said a word. I saw that I would be no help, then I said, "I really must not stay" and I backed out rather awkwardly mumbling something about having the party-report to write up and hurried home, full of thoughts.

I've been a fool, an inexcusable fool, about Mr Hough. I've loitered around the studio just because he asked me, lots of times, when I ought to have come home, and I am punished by the yet unstifled remembrance of those few moments when we both stood speechless and stupid, when I like a donkey asked that foolish question and then when I caught his eye blushed like an idiot and wanted to pinch myself black and blue. Wonder if he thinks me as big a fool as I think myself. To do penance for this I shall contrive to have somebody else there every time I work at the studio, shall not be beguiled into staying a minute there by myself, shall talk only educational art subjects, shall make him no more button-hole bouquets, shall be sensible (or make a dying struggle to be) and dignified, and may the immortal gods forgive me if I ever again let him see that his persuasiveness can so overcome my sense as to make me stay two minutes with him when I ought to come home. He knows that I hadn't quite the strength to leave when he begged me to stay, that's the humiliating point, but he shall have reason to change his opinion of me. Scarcely spoke to him to-day.

Dr Strong spent the afternoon with me doctoring my warts. I wonder if it was absolutely necessary for him him to hold my afflicted hand tenderly for half an hour while he trimmed with his sharp little knife, and wiped the blood away saying the handkerchief with the little red drops on it should be his shrine here-after cherished among his best treasures.

Fri May 16, 1884

This is Cousin Edith's first anniversary, and baby Winifred is five weeks old this day. Of-course Gene loves her as much but he does not show it so and this her first anniversary has passed unnoticed by him as was I believe her birth-day and Christmas. That night a year ago if, radiant and happy and young-hearted, she could have looked forward to the terrible sufferings, the cares, the slight devotion, could see herself listless, pale, with Gene rather careless and unthoughtful, I wonder if she'd have done it.

Only today I sat wondering why I've always so abhorred the idea of marriage. First there'd be Mama and home, the boys and Papa to leave, severing of all old ties, losing all my pleasant gentlemen friends, most of my girl friends, having all my aims, my life itself, confined in one spot, in pleasing one person.

So reasoning and selfishness make me dislike marrying. On the other hand the only unselfishness gained would be in devoting myself to my husband, keeping house and perhaps raising a family. Now is it really all unselfishness to the husband? *Is* he made better? He grows careworn, worried, irritable; a financial loss which before marriage he'd laugh at, after it makes him groan. As to the family: Cold-bloodedly there are more people in the world now, than the old world can comfortably support—the constant increase of the population of the globe means constant death, suffocation. It will grow so crowded we (or future generations) will all die in a huddle.

Now what good has it done Edith? It has made her old and sick, 'Gene frets over his business, Auntie boards them for love, and sits up night after night with the baby looking tired and sad-eyed next day. Are any of them benefited and is the world benefited by that marriage. Her musical abilities which might have charmed hundreds will dwindle to naught.

I *can* picture pleasures in a married life. For instance if one's husband were thoughtful and kind and social, if he appreciated one's earnest endeavors to please him. Then, two might help each other to a nobler, larger, purer, stronger growth. If children ever came they could be carefully and tenderly reared into noble healthy men and women. There might be pleasant evenings of reading and studying, little tea or lunch-parties, a bright home, pretty wrappers, warm slippers, soft hands to rub somebody's tired forehead. I'll bet one thing. If ever I do get married my home shall be a higher one than these where petty distractions are allowed to dwarf and warp the character.

All day till four oC. I was listless and perturbed. I regret it but must acknowledge that Mr Hough was again (or still perhaps) at the bottom of it. He has gone to St Johns and will be gone till Tuesday. I couldn't analyze myself sufficiently to tell what the matter was for a long time. Finally I stopped the scrubbing I was at and gazing full in the face of a pan of water and the question at issue discoursed to myself as follows,

"Fool, fool, *fool,* are you trying to think you're lonesome because you won't see him for three or four days? Weren't you just as silly about Mr Butler and Mr Vaughan and a dozen others? If he were here, what would you do? You know you'd stand around stupidly, blush, and say you 'really couldn't stay you must go and help Mama,' and then stay *any*way. Now scrub awhile." So I scrubbed till five, scolding myself in the intervals while I stopped for breath. Then I darned hose in mine own room, and read an article in *Harper* on "Our Children's Bodies". Began some experiments, tried to draw a long breath, found to my horror that my apron was too tight: loosened it, began experiment again; held breath till I grew purple; laughed till I nearly exploded, and Papa came in to see what the fun was about. Have been happy as a sky-lark ever since.

Sunday Morning. May 18, 1884

This morning I was awakened by Mama holding up a package. "Just came—darkey left tham at the door." I found a great bouquet of roses; perfect, everyone. Of-course Elmer sent them. Was ever such devotion on earth? I don't know what to do to make that foolish boy stop squandering his money for me. Twenty and twenty-five dollar pictures every two weeks, St Louis flowers, candies etc every week, magazines, handsome art-books, poems every *day,* all the parties, *everything* he ever hears me speak of.

Sunday May 25, 1884

Mr Hough hasn't been near the place since Tuesday night.

Wednesday thought he'd surely come and invite me to the studio but he didn't. Next day ditto. Next day too, and so on, till I grew defiant and pitched into my sewing and books and tried not to care.

Friday night I felt sure he'd come and was glad he'd find Schwartze with me; aber ee didn't gum. Saturday night I was angry and went to Grandma's to spend the night hoping he would come and find me gone—but *he didn't come.* I thought perhaps he'd come to-day after S.S. so I went up to Edith's and stayed till after six.

"Oh yes, my lady," Mama greeted me, "You don't know what you've missed. Mr Hough has been here all afternoon."

I replied calmly, "I went away on purpose to miss him. If he could stay away all week and not once give me a chance to work on those pictures which he knows I'm anxious to finish, he needn't expect me to receive him pleasantly on Sunday afternoon."

Monday I shall send a very business-like note down there asking him to send up crayon materials and a stretcher and then I shall go to work at home and he may stay away the rest of his natural life for all I care.

Wed. May 28, 1884

I sent the business-note to Mr Hough Monday and received my materials without a word. Pitched into the head resolved to "let the measly creature see I could work alone" and the tears were in my eyes. Well last night I resolved to be pleasantly cool to Mr Hough at the sociable. I felt rather than saw Mr Hough opposite me but didn't look that way. When I caught his eye (per force) sometime later, I nodded in a friendly way. I did not want him to think I felt piqued by his neglect. He watched me in a rather funny way, and pretty closely. They stood me on a chair to see the auction. Bettie and I put Elmer and Frank "on the trail" as to our basket and they got it. Mr Hough knew our basket because "Pearl" (Mrs. Korsmeyer's darkey boy) took it down, and he (Mr Hough, auctioneer) labored to run up the bids.

It was great fun. Of course as he was auctioneer he got no basket. I kept out of his way all evening. Came home and grew penitent. Dreamed awfully funny things all night.

Later

Bless his kind soul. He's made me feel like another girl—Mr Hough I mean. He just left a few minutes ago.

Well, when I entered the parlor the first thing I said was just what I wanted not to say, "I have not seen you for a long time." That break half embarrassed me. Then he said, "You've sort o' deserted me haven't you?"

I looked astonished and said nothing.

He—I've been expecting you for lo, these many days at the studio.

I—You certainly had no reason to expect me. You couldn't think for a moment, that I'd go bumming down to a gentleman's studio without even knowing he was there, and without invitation.

He (flushing and hurried) Why my dear girl, you know I asked you to come as much and as often as you possibly could. You are always welcome. I gave you as cordial an invitation as I possibly could. You know what our relations are—considering them it wasn't quite the thing, I felt, for me to come by and get you in spite of yourself all the time. It got so that you never came unless I came and took you down, which began to look like you were forced into it and I grew ashamed of myself. You know I've wanted you and you know I asked you to come every minute that you could. Don't you?

I (rather taken back at the remembrance)—Yes—but then I knew I bored you, and you didn't work well while I was there. You read to me and talked and I thought you'd concluded to drop me, till you'd finished some of your orders.

He—Then you missed it awfully, for I've accomplished nothing during the week. I've been blue and lonesome. Here's a whole week wasted and I'm to be here such a little while. I've needed you! No one else has the true feeling but you.

I—You are flattering.

He—Last night you snubbed me outrageously. Believe me I have felt too hurt and wounded to unbend but for my interest in your progress. I had thought we were solid friends. You dropped me unwarrantably.

Before he'd talked long I began to be on his side of the question. Well, we settled the affair with mutual vows of sensible friendliness and with a dozen little minor misunderstandings cleared away we had new insights into the others character. He confronted me with the "business note" I wrote him. He calls it "the chandler shop" order. I didn't begin "Friend" or "Mr Hough" or anything, but Cairo and the date.

"How could you? Oh I felt awful when Wood brought that thing to me."

"I cried when I wrote it," I said like a goose.

He looked at me quickly, pressed the note to his coat-buttons and said it should be kept always.

Sat May 31, 1884

Such a thoroughly delightful afternoon as I've had! Mr Hough drove up at two with a trim fast horse and "natty" rig and armed with sketching materials we went spinning up the country-road. The day was perfect, the cypress-trees in the water were plumy and fair, the wood-peckers were hammering and the air was fragrant with blossoms. At Cache Bridge we turned out of the road and drove along the creek till we came to a pretty place. I had never seen any one sketch and never myself indulged in any of the real thing, so I sat silently watching (but for an occasional giggle when a mosquito was painted in and my friend vowed to "see that its grave is kept green") while he caught the long shadows falling across the road, the great log ahead, the distant trees and the nearer, greener ones. The sketch finished we walked a few steps to rest ourselves and then started back. Once he jumped out to get me black-berry-blossoms, and once drove to the edge of the road where I could catch sprays of yellow ones. We had the gay breeze in our faces and sang lustily, enjoying it hugely though we couldn't hear a sound because of the noise of the wheels on the gravel.

We sang and sang and talked and sang and I know he was sorry to go. At the door after planning more "some-days" I noted the fragrance of the wood-bine and commanded,

"Pluck a bit."

"Thanks."

"Shall I pluck it for you?"

"Oh thanks."

And when I handed him the little fringy spray, he did—oh! I'm *afraid* he did—squeeze my fingers just the wee-est little bit, but it was only a friendly, thank-you, squeeze and I didn't mind.

Mon June 2, 1884—Early morning.

Wouldn't it be a pretty good one on me if Elmer should fall in love with another girl? Yesterday afternoon he took Mary Baker to Mound City and rushed in here at about 7:30 saying he'd *just* returned. Schwartze was with me and Elmer was brighter than I ever saw him —actually said two things that were positively cute—more than two I believe.

The thought didn't occur to me and not till Mama, this morning, suggested some such thing, have I begun to marvel much, and wonder. I'll like him ten times better if I find some other girl does. Mary would marry him in a minute too,—no "wait till I'm 27", and her Mama would be hugely tickled I know. Elmer likes the whole family —they *are* a cute, bright family. too. Oh dear—I'm getting more interested in Elmer already. Do you suppose he really will?

Tuesday, June 3, 1884

Finished the order from my unknown and mysterious patron yesterday morning. Just think how many orders I have. Three of those fancy heads at ten dollars each and one baby at 20,—making fifty dollars.

Mr Hough called in the rain to take me to the League meeting and we had a little bit of serious talk. He says I see things too brightly—in a glamor—but that when I think he snubs me he has only the kindliest, friendliest feelings towards me, and he stroked my glove gently and said rather pretty things. He leaves Cairo on the 15th. I shall miss him dreadfully.

Elmer really *is* getting up a big German for the coming week when he *knows* I'll be in Anna, and is going to take Mary Baker. She had never attended one and he is getting it up *for her*. Its getting fun!

Later 7 PM.

Elmer has just left; he left me a beautiful blue locket with pearls on it and his photo inside.

[Note:—In June, at the invitation of "Auntie" Wardner, Maud and Bettie Korsmeyer, Mrs Candee, Mrs Safford and Ned Hough, visited the State asylum at Anna, Ill.—a "great brick building, with barred windows".]

Anna, Ill. Friday, June 6

It rained torrents but we had a delightful trip and managed to see lots of beauty in the rain-drenched country speeding past the car windows. Mr Hough and Bess sat in front of me, and he turned so often to look at me oddly that I began to blush—feat unusual. Dr and Mrs Wardner met us and we drove in the "black Maria" out here, and around the grounds, and we spent most of the afternoon in the great hall with fancy-work and the piano. At five oclock we started through the building. The best wards are carpeted brightly, the bed-rooms neat and cheery, pictures, flowers, bird-cages about, and plenty of easy chairs. Each ward has its own dining-room, closets etc. etc. and the tables are nicely set and everything clean as can be. None of the wards are gloomy, though in the very worst ones, they cannot have very nice things because the patients smash them up.

Sat. June 7.

After breakfast yesterday Bettie and I were made superintendents of the floral decorations for the grand reception Auntie Wardner was to give in the evening. On an immense table covered with baskets and baskets of glorious roses, we fashioned bouquets and clusters. In the midst there arrived for me a letter, a *volume* from Schwartze. Eight business pages closely, finely written. At Mrs Wardner's request I kept some beautiful roses for my personal adornment and a lovely little moss-rose-bud for Mr Hough.

Then Bettie, Mr H. and I went down to the rustic bridge and sketched. The great supper bell rang before we returned and after supper—oh! *can* I ever forget all of that glorious evening?

I dressed in my aesthetic white, my old-fashioned, new-fashioned white, with a red rose and a fern in my hair, and dark, blood red and pink moss roses from throat to belt. Holding Mr Hough's little bud in my hand I sallied forth to the brilliant hall. Mrs Hester gloriously dressed, was singing more gloriously to her husband; white capped and aproned girls were flirting with flowers, cakes, napkins, silver, etc., etc., but Mr Hough was not about. Soon he appeared looking perfectly dizzy and smiling at me. I pinned the bud on, and we heard the singing,—singing so full, so sweet, that it thrilled through and through me.

Mr Hough asked, "Wouldn't you like to see the building lighted?"

and I said "yes", thinking he meant from the great viney verandah, but he led me down the stairs, through the halls, past the offices, out the store entrance and down a gravel path. The scene is one of those unmarred ones, which will cling to me while memory lasts.

The moon just rising, full and fair, gave a glow of pale gold to the whole dome of the heavens; far off the dim purple hills, nearer, stretches of rolling land and clover-fields. The air was cool and dewey, a fragrant breeze swept the little curls round my forehead, and brought pretty messages from the hearts of a thousand sleepy roses; the great fountain sprinkled its silver rain musically, far away voices came from the little summer-houses, myriad fire-flies spangled the dark green of groves not far from us, and the long massive building streaming with light rose grand and brilliant before us.

My friend placed a firefly in my hair, but I wouldn't let him kill it, and we let it go. Way down the path through the dandelions and clovers, past the fountain, almost to the summer-house we walked and he held my hand and told me how pleased he was at this little chance for a glimpse of me all to myself. When we reached a good distance, we stopped and turned to take a long look at the building and the beauties around us. Catching both my hands and holding them close, close, he said how honored and proud he felt of my friendship, how sorry he would be to leave, how he felt as if he had known me for years, asked if I'd like to have him write to me. Then he turned the amethyst on my third finger saying slowly, "Is it true—what you told me that night about Mr Comings? that you have been a 'sort of mother' to him. Is it only that?"

As I didn't reply for a minute, he continued,

"I know I've no right to ask."

Then I told him that perhaps it was not quite true, that I had not told him quite all, that Elmer and I were not engaged, but that I had been trying for years to love him, and how noble and good he is. And, with a sudden motion, he touched my hand to his cheek, looked down, down into my eyes and said, "And you do like me a little?"

"Yes, I do like you a little."

And rather quietly and slowly we walked again up the gravel walk while he told me how glad he was that we had met, and that our friendship had taken so "healthy a tone." That I construed to mean, a tone of simple, frank friendship, with no surmisings for the future.

Up at the top of the softly carpeted steps holding my fingers lightly he said,

"Are you happy?" and when I nodded, he whispered,

"I am wild with it." And with my face burning and excitement, pleasure, sadness each striving to take possession of me I crossed to our room and tried to talk naturally to Bettie about the hang of her dress, and the fit of her slippers. Unable to keep up a semblance of sense, though, I sped across the hall to the front parlor and there swallowed up in a huge chair, I sat by the window thinking wildly. Some-one entered, came up and sat opposite me. It was *he* and he talked art and Bohemianism to me, long, delicious sketching-tours, and asked me if I didn't think my scope lay in art and literature.

"Maud, Maud, I have never known one like you. I can't begin to tell you about it. I've known many noble women, lovely girls, but you, you are delicious. I feel that *no*-one else can ever quite understand and appreciate you as I do. Day after day you've been unfolding like the little rose here, and I've seen some new beauty, some pretty accomplishment, some noble trait of character, not dreamed of before," and he kissed the "little rose" and gave it to me.

He told me he was "way up in the clouds" and I think I must have been too, for all evening my brain seemed on fire, and I chattered and talked to the many guests, played his accompaniements, and even my own solo, without a fear, so that Auntie Wardner told me "They even stopped talking politics to listen, Maud".*

Cairo Wed July 2, 1884

My good friend Mr Hough leaves to-morrow for Chicago; how I shall miss him and miss the work. The studio is all topsy-turvy with packing and about every other sketch fished out of the great boxes is given me. These last days in the studio are delicious ones. Its very hot weather and the breeze from the river comes through the windows. Bettie has her studio in the same building and we exchange visits, eat peanuts, discuss everything and paint. My small Swiss scene is done, my crayon baby is done, my 18x30 landscape is half done and my second crayon "Lucille" also. Mr. Hough and I have *such* delightful talks though we *have* had a kind of quarrel over the Temperance question, and I got wild, went and left him, and stayed with Bettie till I recovered my equanimity. Monday night we went horse-back riding—a moon-light night along the Mississippi. Imagine it! It was after we got home the discussion began, and next day it was worse. We are good friends though.

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* This is Maud's only reference to the most exciting presidential race since the Civil War in which Cleveland defeated Blaine.

I am requested by "a committee of citizens" to read the Declaration of Independence at St Mary's Park on the fourth. As no beer is to be sold Mama settles the question by telling me to read. I hate to, awfully, but know I ought. Wish I could be independent enough to spring some sort of a new declaration on them. Folks are so tired of hearing the dear old thing howled out every fourth.

Mr Hough took tea with me Saturday—it was rainy and he wasn't at the studio when my note got there so I feared he'd not come. Soon though, a smiling darkey-boy presented a muddy epistle which vanquished my doubts. I wore my blue lawn and he liked it. We read in the parlor till tea-time and played cribbage in the evening. At four oclock I'm going down to the studio—last time, boo-hoo-*hoo*-o-o. Only five months, yet how long!

Thursday July 3

Mr Butler has just left—we talked art and art schools till I'm all aglow with enthusiasm. His friend Taft * has just returned from Paris and presented the Adelphic Society at Champaigne with an immense piece of his own modeling. He does grand work and is gaining quite a name in Parisian art circles.

Mr Butler is to deliver the oration tomorrow; we two will be driven up at about 10 oC in a carriage as part of the procession. It makes me shudder! But Mr Butler will make me feel less out of place.

Friday July 4, 1884

The last nineteen or twenty hours have been so delicious that a feeling of sadness, the usual reaction, begins with me. I hear the train going out and know that "Teddy boy" is on it and that there will be another change in my life. No more afternoons in the breezy studio, no more "Memories", no more pinning of sweet-peas, heliotrope and wood-bine, no more enthusiastic little art-talks, How things come and go in our poor flying mortal lives. Last January I *knew* no E. M. H., now I know and am apart from.

Last night walking with Elmer up to the musicale, I noted the clear silvery night, the cool air following the storm, wondered how far Mr Hough must be on his way home, and felt sorry not to have him with us enjoying the delicious evening. We were late and when I came down from the hat-rooms a gentleman offered me a chair in the hall near the back-parlor door. Glancing into the room, almost the first thing I saw was my artist friend. We had a snatch o' talk, sort o' like, "*So* glad. You didn't look at me once. You were very merry—caught a beetle—yes I *do* so want to be your escort tomorrow. I couldn't go today. I want to see as much as possible of you tomorrow—early in the morning—bless your heart, Good-night, good-night."

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* Lorado Taft, then 24.

Then there was more flitting to dressing rooms, good-nights, magnolias, chatter and fire-works all the way home. Elmer resentful because Mr Hough had engaged my "fourth" ahead of him. Said he was in no hurry to go home—sat on the porch till *one* oclock, he moody, I talking a blue streak and catching an awful cold, shivers and ghastly coughs producing no visible effects upon him. Poor old Elmer! Poor old Maud! Horrid old world!

Read in my room by lamp-light, had a scene when the burglar-alarm went off, slept at about two, arose at six, made beds and swept the parlors before breakfast, dusted afterwards. Mr H. came at about nine. I wore the antique white, pink roses and heliotrope; Mama left the room to arrange bouquets. He said "*Dear* girl," forty times by actual count.

Gave me sweet peas, pink, white, fragrant—left to meet me at Park. Clara dressed my hair. Wore my graduating-dress, satin sash around neck and down about waist, delicate lace fastened with pearl pin in V at throat and pea blossoms. Mr Butler came here and we were both whirled off in an open carriage. Procession: Band, Halliday Guards, *us,* merchants' floats, citizens! I felt like the queen of the saw-dust arena, or the monkey in the side-show. Lots of funny things happened, Coz. Harry, Dr Strong and all our friends waved.

The first item on the flaring programme was "12 minute reading of the Declaration of Independence by one of Cairo's most popular young ladies—followed by oration." Ex-Mayor Thistlewood introduced me "one of Cairo's fairest daughters" (freckled and tanned, yet fair?) the captain of the guards saluted with his sword, I acknowledging the little performance, then I read amid a silence which amazed me. Caught sight of Bettie, Schwartze, Mr Tom Morgan and Clara and felt better.

After Mr Butler had orated—and *well,* we left, Mr Hough jumped me into a carriage and away we drove, up the Mississippi, catching the breeze.

He remarked gravely,

"Dear heart—you don't know how it warmed my heart to watch you last night, your sunny face alight—what a good time you had! I did so want to get near you." And he says his knowledge of me has been "like a delicious day in Spring".

Oh we talked and talked, sense and nonsense, came back, called at Mrs Korsmeyer's a little while—she kissed him *good-bye*—and then came here. While here, Elmer came looking utterly stunning in a handsome new Summer rig, left a note, bade me good-bye saying he was going to Berkley, and then went. Then—"Teddy" had to leave too. Mama doesn't like him; I'm so *so* sorry, for I know how good and kind and nice he is.

So now he's gone, and I've only the old memories, and a wild desire to pitch in and work the life out of me at painting. Elmer will return at 9:15 and we'll have fireworks. Wore his diamond to-day on my third finger, because Mama wanted me to. Since writing, in an impulse I cast it across the desk, where it lies, poor hollow thing, not even a ray of light glinting color from it. I'll go shut it up in its case and take some darning down to the parlor where mama and papa are.

[NOTE: Here in the diary is painted, in water colors that are still unfaded, a sweet-pea with two pink blossoms. By it is printed, "What remains—July 4/84", and beneath,

"Here endeth the —th lesson!"]

CHAPTER TEN

The Pursuit of Art

Tuesday July 8, 1884

Yesterday I received from Cassell & Co an art-directory and year book giving accounts of all the main art schools all over the country. In St Louis the School of Fine Arts is very highly spoken of.

Friday July 11

Papa says that Mr Candee said, that Mr *Hough* said, I was the only artist in the class here.

Sunday July 13, 1884

Last night I was counting how long it would be before I could hope to hear from Mr Hough again, and wishing I could have a good talk with him when Mama brought me a letter. I didn't think he'd write twice before hearing from me when he hates so to write. How I enjoyed that letter!

Dr. Strong called: I knew it was another love-letter and so it was, three of them. He nearly leaves it to me whether he shall marry the pretty Canadian who tangles up her prepositions, or Mannie S., or Birdie O., or Enos's sister. Marry he must inside of six months to have his children with him. The Canadian is a Catholic, Mannie is a flirt (she calls him *her* Gene, his middle name, and sends kisses though he vows he never talked love to her) and Birdie is so delicate that the children would get away with her in less than a week.

Sunday July 20

Last night a long letter came from Mr. Hough.

Monday night July 21, 1884

Dr Strong has just terminated his second call here to-day—I think he will surely marry Celia after the talk we had to-night; he's an old idiot not to have married her before now, and a bigger one to flirt with girls like Mannie when that little sensible warm-hearted girl loves him.

Friday July 25, 1884

Just received another letter from EMH. He sends me the poem which Lynne Blakeslee wanted him to illustrate. I have howled over it, it is torture with its "ruesome rue", chalice of ashes, passion flowers and mush. He sent me some sweet-pea blossoms. This makes two letters from him again since he's heard from me.

Sunday July 27

Another letter last night from EMH, *such* a good letter.

I am eager over the prospect of attending the St Louis School of Fine Arts during the coming year. We are planning for Bettie to go with me so we can have rooms together and be "home" to each other. It will cost between 200 and 300 dollars.

Mama insists on getting more of that fluffy pink lawn, piling on lace, and having a dainty bonnet to match. She says I've been economical enough and now she's going to have me some pretty things. Made me a bonnet Friday night at the enormous cost of 30 cents. Its a swiss Peek-a-boo, trimmed with white satin loops and pale pink pond-lilies. Nearly broke myself up Thursday by buying a 3.00 yard of fine embroidery to make the yoke and sleeves of aforesaid lawn.

Sunday Aug 3, 1884

Monday night Dr Strong made a serious goose of himself at Tenie's party. He inveigled me into a rustic seat on the porch, as I thought to talk to me about Celia. Imagine my disgust when he said he had thought seriously of making me a frank, honest proposal. I thought he said Celia and said vehemently,

"You ought to have done so long ago when you love her—why didn't you do it when you wrote to her this morning?"

He—"I didn't say *her,* I said you. I love *you.*"

I wasn't in the least pleased but there was only one thing to do, and that to treat it as a jest. So I laughed and went on talking of Celia as though there had been no interruption. He said again, "Ich liebe Sie" and then in barbarous German rattled off a lot of nonsense. "You look uncomfortable sitting up so straight, there's a back to this seat." I thought how silly I looked and leaned back against—his arm; there was a half pressure, the bud of a pressure I might say, and I sat bolt upright very quickly. Then he said, "I got caught kissing a girl once." I remember his affair with Cora and said "I felt perfectly ashamed of you then—I would of any man who would act as you did." Then he said, in German, "Will you kiss me?" I was disgusted and rose saying, "I'm going in, they are beginning to dance." They were not at all and he begged me to stay but I marched resolutely across the porch through the window and into the house so he could do nothing but follow.

I know too well that he doesn't love me, and how he dared talk so—. I think his standard of womanly reserve must be rather low. The girls have made a fool of him and I am indignant at his presuming to put me to the test.

The very next night he had the nerve to call. Elmer was here too—we all had a pretty good time.

Thursday I went to Auntie's to spend the day and worked a feather-edge collar and some lace-sleeves for under-wear.

W-h-e-w. Here's Elmer come to dinner, and I in my old gingham and kitchen-apron. Goodbye

Later

I become an ingrate when I write what I shall, what I *must* write, but if kept any longer in the confines of my own soul I fear it will only grow denser, more unchanging. It is—a feeling—a feeling of such entire dislike, criticism, indifference, *uncharitableness,* that I think it must be hatred. Can you guess for whom? I believe my pen would fly across the room were I to attempt writing it.

No, I have no longer even charity. If he were an entire stranger, I could hardly notice his faults with the *cold* disgust I do now. I am absolutely so prejudiced that I don't know that they *are* faults. Other people do not see them.

I dread being with him a minute—not a hearty, decided, healthy dread, but an indolent feeling, a wish to keep away from him yet not an attempt to do so. When I'm alone with him, or even not alone I stupidly wonder what I can talk about; anything which I love or reverence, I *will* not, for I always feel that he cannot understand or appreciate; anything concerning myself I dislike to have him know because it irritates me to feel that he knows me intimately at all. Then, anything he says cannot interest me in the very least. I listen absently, answering by a sort of instinct or intuition I possess, guided by his gestures or expression, and half the time having no idea what he's talking about.

How well I know that every garment he wears, every book he reads, every attention he offers is done with a view to pleasing me; yet it disgusts me instead. How I wish he could hate me. Yes *hate!* To-day as he left I thought how dudish he looked, yet remembered in an indolent way that because I had admired that style of costume he had adopted it. What shall I do; how I *long* to get away to St Louis! I wish I might not even write to him. I dread every call he makes; my tongue seems glued. To me he seems arrogant to the last degree, servile—towards myself only; unentertaining, he fills me with loathing almost. I dare not look back to the days, when though I did not love, I felt a kindly, motherly interest in him, or longing to improve him,—oh—oh I must run to my room.

Monday Aug 4, 1884

Last night Elmer, Wood, Wintie and I took a moon-light drive to Mound City and back in a double rig with two "runaway grays". Had a delightful ride. When Elmer left here at 11, he said "Maude you grow more and more freezing all the time. Why?" Silence. "You don't even write over the wire anything more than 'My friend', not even '*dear* friend'." Then I asked heartlessly, "Haven't you always said you did not want me to express more than I feel? I don't see how you can love me, Elmer. I am as hateful to you as I possibly can be. I have not an acquaintance whom I treat with the unkindness I do you. I don't attempt to entertain or please you, I never try to appear at my best for you, and when-ever you come I look as ugly as possible and wear everything I think you don't like, and am savage, cross, or silent. I wouldn't have dared go to any of my other gentlemen friends on Sunday morning in an old kitchen apron with my hair so untidy."

He—"Why dear little girl you never in your life looked sweeter than you did this morning in the soft little gingham, with your hair hanging and little stray bits curling loose. How I loved you then! And you are not cross to me, you are always pleasant and kind."

When he put his arm around me I wriggled uncomfortably, and when he asked if I disliked it I said "Yes," and he said he'd not.

What shall I do?

Rec'd to-day a letter from E. M. H. Have not heard before since a week from Saturday and this is only five pages. I don't know but what he's getting tired of writing. At any rate I shall not compel him to answer another for a restfully long time.

Tuesday Aug 5 1884

Yesterday after energetic work I made up my mind to a course. I've resolved to treat Elmer with every consideration whether I feel it or not. I *must* conquer this horrible demon of dislike. Because I feel like a wretch it makes it no better to act like one. There are other virtues than candor.

Aug 9 Sat night.

My trip to Chicago is knocked in the head—*dead!* To me the main reason is that as we have no help it would leave dead-loads of work to Mama. But Papa's main one is that the expense would be not less than $50 which is a good deal for a pleasure trip to be followed by an expensive winter. I see the reasonableness of it all, but the disappointment is just as keen. They do not dream it, nor do they know that when I ordered Texas and tore off in the dark by myself it was to dash away the smothery feeling which took possession of me.

Chicago makes me more often think of Ned, and of lots of things I did not even tell you. There was one afternoon in the studio when work was a mere pretence and we drifted to channels dangerous. For the first time he hinted of a life for us together, said with my character I'd be just the brace, the stimulant, to keep a fellow working like a trooper for name and fame. And he talked of the long trips, Bohemian-like, where together we could read, sketch, study, with sunny Nature right up to our hearts; said he hated to think of my marrying one like Elmer—one entirely given to trade, to money-making, that there was something so cramped and narrow about it; that my birth, education and instincts all fitted me for a broader life.

When I said that I was not a bit wildly in love with him,—"I don't want you to be Maude," he said in his (sometimes) childish hurt way, "I don't expect it." Then he said in the most mischievous way imaginable and looked solemn as an owl—

"I don't know, Maude. It may be that I don't love you; of course I can't tell. I only know that I'm very happy with you and can look forward to no greater happiness than being always near you."

"But that feeling may wear off," I said, the tears almost in my eyes, for I didn't quite know whether it was a joke or not. Just then, although the sun was shining brightly, there came a crash of thunder that made the easels dance. It ended my speech grandly, and Teddy boy in the hush that followed said dramatically,

"An argumentative knock-down." Then, in the drollest way, "I hadn't thought of *that* Maud. It might wear off that's so. Give me half an hour to ponder over that—will you?"

By this time I *was* most crying, and looking at me with eyes flooded with strange mixtures of tenderness and merriment, he said,

"Come here child—look at me—do you think I ever could tire of you?" And he told me his plans for the future, but soon as he connected me with them it made me *so* sad, I don't know why.

That night Elmer called. He asked me about Mr Hough and I told him; he was amazed to think that my artist-friend had learned the story in so short a time. Told Elmer I thought I didn't love either of them but rather enjoyed Mr H. more and that I thought him—Elmer—in love with Mary Baker. Amazement doubled!

Wed Aug 13. 1884

Wrote a severely short letter to Mr Hough to-day. How I had to work to get it all into one sheet of note-paper!

Monday Aug. 25, 1884

When I try to think of all I haven't told you I gasp. Let me see if I can sum them up in a line or two—

Cook—Dora—black angel! Sweetheart—Elmer—passes to and from Chicago. Papa—wavering. Mama urgent. Maud—goes to Chicago Sunday next. "Teddy" boy—lots of letters; Maud repentant—lots of letters in return. Splendid sempstress—clothes nearly all done—Rickrack and feather-edge on the moon. Two calls from Mr Butler—one Saturday night, to bid eternal adieu to end dramatically a nipped friendship. But *I'll* not dramatize. I felt really sorry and must have looked so for he gently pressed my waist, rubbed my cheek with his dark locks, murmured "Be true—don't doubt again: When a woman doubts she's lost. Your soul is white, your influence great, your ambitions will win for you, and none will be gladder than I— Goodbye" and fled, leaving me dazed.

Aug 29, 1884

Mr Butler called again last night.

Sat. Aug 30, 1884

To-morrow afternoon I go to Chicago and to-night if you so much as shake your red head at me I'll cry wildly. If a week's trip can make me feel as homesick and blue as now, will you please tell me how I'm to stand my first months in St Louis.

Everything has gone well—trunk pretty, my silk umbrella a slim and dainty darling, my blue cashmere just right.

CHICAGO,
Sep. 1, 1884

Had a delightful trip up here. Elmer had Charlie come with the carriage and folks stared so hard as we drove down that I grew uncomfortable. At the depot Capt. Halliday, just home from Europe, rushed up in a congratulatory way and shook hands with us both. It began to grow funny. Elmer wanted to go as far as Centralia with me, but you see it would not quite do. I saw our friend of the law promenading about at the incline, then he came in, feigned great surprise at seeing me and when Elmer left asked to take his place as he was en route for Anna. Well, we had a gay time of it, and the wily one confessed that the surprise was a feint, that he knew I was to be on the train and had taken this instead of the 12:25 on purpose for the talk with me.

Wednesday Sept 3

Last night we were sitting in the dark when somebody rapped and the next minute "Teddy-boy" held my fingers and in answer to my "Mr. Hough! How glad I am to see you!" was saying in snatches under his breath, "Bless your heart— How glad I am—" etc.

Well this morning Auntie and I went down town shopping but first we went to the "Battle of Gettysburg". A great artist Paul Philippoteaux painted it. You see from the street a huge brick tank like a gas house or something, without a window in it but skylights all over it, then you go in from the bustling street through a narrow passage up a low flight of stairs and find yourself in the midst of fields and meadows, with long stretches of orchards, far-a-way corn-fields, villages, farms, green clay-ey hills and distant blue ones. The delusion is perfect, but the beauty of the landscape is ruined by the horrors of war.

During the morning we visited the Fair and a handsome establishment just opened, where the pneumatic tubes are used, and we could see the cash-balls flying through them. We also visited Nee Ban's great Chinese establishment.

Thursday Sep 4, 1884

Went down town alone this morning and coming home got on the wrong car. Didn't discover my mistake till we turned out toward Archer Avenue. Some garrulous Irish women had made the same mistake and they set up a regular clatter till the conductor could stop the car and let them off. Everybody laughed, and so did I. It was such a joke—poor geese taking the wrong car. So I rode on a few blocks, then got off with composure, meandered several back streets, struck State at 21st and took the right car home. Query: Who was the "biggest goose"?

At two oclock Mr Hough is coming. Last night he took me to the Exposition. Felt a bit uncomfortable. There were so many magnificent pictures that I felt dazed—*too* dazed to enjoy them as much as I shall at another time.

Friday Sept 5, 1884

Such a glorious time as I had yesterday afternoon at the Exposition again. What if, in the midst of admiring some of the studies somebody should very gently kiss my cheek, call me "my pet" in the old way and tell me that his greatest delight would be to visit me, if St Louis were decided on?

In the evening Mr H. called again.

Sunday Sept 7, 1884

Friday morning Mr Hough came and after the Exposition we went over to McCormick Block. Visited Ned's studio, prettily arranged but without any very, *very* good work in it, though much that was promising. Of course *I* couldn't do it but I can someday, and he ought to do infinitely better, as I told him. He wants to place himself above want first and then paint diligently, play the delighted Bohemian and share it all with me. His father wants him to take a position as secretary of a new road, out of which he expects to make a good deal. He talked pretty seriously. I told him the idea of marriage had never been a pleasant one to me, that I didn't even know that I loved him, that papa and mama—especially papa, would look with great disfavor upon any such idea; and he said that if he could make me happy and make a comfortable capital he thinks he could remove their objections. I don't know what I think, or how I feel. There are moments when the idea of living in an artistic atmosphere with "Teddy boy" fills out to completeness my life. Then again I grow half listless and filled with bitter remorse about Elmer. I did try, and try hard, to treat Elmer pleasantly, and I succeeded beyond question. He was happy as could be the few weeks before I came here and we read together, and he was kindness itself, longing to be my guardian that he might send me to Europe to study. Elmer's a steady, generous boy. He'd be good to me as long as life lasted—too good—he makes me selfish.

I don't think Ned will ever make money to amount to anything, but he'll have delicious little times, inexpensive ones, with what little he has. He'd get more fun, delight and knowledge out of a 25 cent row on a lake than Elmer would find in a 125 dollar trip east.

But why this digression! Mr Hough in his study read me some beautiful things and wanted to love me to pieces. He is very kind always, and I can't help admiring his finesse. Innocent boy! He thinks I don't see how carefully he chokes off his thoughts of marriage, fearing to annoy me, and talks instead of pleasant companionship. One thing I admired him for. I know he wanted to kiss and kiss me, and his arms fairly tingled to hold me, but beyond a few almost reverential expressions, he refrained. Bless his heart! If I could stew him and Elmer together and boil them down to one artist, and there wouldn't be another one left to mourn, how I *could* love him and work with him and how happy I'd be.

Monday Sep 8, 1884

I didn't expect to see Mr Hough at all yesterday but in the evening he came. Elmer will be up this morning—must be here now in fact. Ned told me he meant to go down and meet him and take his "traps" to his room. As its an hour's ride I thought it a very nice thing for him to do.

But I did not tell you about Saturday. He called with a carriage, and how I enjoyed our drive! Down Grand Boulevard first, through Jackson Park, South Park, Hyde Park. Saw the beautiful Drexel Fountain and innumerable elegant rigs. He said he'd return after dinner, to take me to the Exposition. Ida had me wear her dashy brown hat with all the feathers because it matched my dress and her new brown silk gloves. I was half afraid to wear it. I did though, and Ned thought it very becoming.

We left the car when some remark of mine about the shadows thrown by the electric-lights turned our course toward Lincoln Park where Mr Hough said the shadows were beautiful. We had a very happy time, giggled like school girls and finally reached Lincoln Park —and it was pretty late when we got there. Then, as there was a full moon—which we had failed to consider—the electric-lights were not on.

Tuesday Sept. 9, 1884

Elmer came yesterday morning and I stopped writing. I was very glad to see him and he brought me a letter from Marmee—such a dear letter, and she says I may stay longer than a week, as Elmer will want to see me here and after all his kindness its the least I can do etc. You know I had intended going home last night.

We sat all day at home, a little to my disappointment, for there was so much I wanted to see. I feel very much ashamed at having felt so when he is so thoughtful for me. Elmer made arrangements to take me to Haverly's Theatre that night. When he came for the theatre he brought with him a box of Marechal Niels, Cook roses and smylax over which the whole family went nearly distracted. Ellen, Auntie's Hibernian remarked, "Shure if a *naghur* gave me such roses I'd *marry* him!"

Haverley's was a revelation. They've made it anew, the walls look like solid gold heavily carved. Its a new work in gilded papier-mache and very handsome. The building is entirely lighted by electric lights, made more bearable than usual because they are placed in softly tinted bells of porcelain—clusters and clusters of them.

This afternoon I'm going to Pullman. As Mama's particular injunction was to see Pullman, see it I shall. To-day saw the "Siege of Paris"; it, too, is by Paul Philippoteaux and is the same manner of thing as the "Battle of Gettysburg."

Thursday Sept 10, 1884

Pullman is like fairyland with its flower-beds, fountains, lakes and wonderful buildings. On the train *Mr Pullman* himself was in the same car with us, wasn't that great? I'd rather shake hands with him than with President Arthur.

Wednesday Ned came for me and we went to the exposition and thence to the studio where I viewed all the new sketches and Mr H. read and "talked love" to me as ordinary mortals put it. He raves over the poise of my head, my free easy motion, my cunning little ears and once after staring into my eyes from a discreet distance of five, or four, feet, said, "You don't know what a pretty lissome figure you have Maud. You've a lovely figure."

I fancy I must have looked rather shocked for he said quickly,

"Was it wrong to say it? Never mind, my friend, you know me well enough to know that I think only of what is noblest about you"—or something like that. He knows that I don't actually love him, but oh! dear Journal I confess to *you,* that I *like* him awfully well.

That night started off with Elmer to McVickers to see *The Almighty Dollar.* That ended that day.

This morning I was wakened by the door-bell. Auntie appeared saying, "Elmer's come for you—the Milwaukee steamer leaves at nine." How I tore around! In the car we passed Mr H. in another car going out to see me—couldn't stop him, we were going too fast. We were *one minute late* and saw that wretched vessel pass the wharf near enough for Elmer to have jumped on, and it *wouldn't stop.* We skipped off to the Chicago and Northwestern depot and beat the boat there. Reached Milwaukee at noon and got the swellest rig in town to drive in. Drove down Grand Avenue past beautiful residences all half spoiled to me because I know the most of their wealthy owners are beer-manufacturers. It is a city of beer, and the breweries are immense. The only park in the place, "Schlitz Park" is nothing more nor less than a beer-garden.

Friday eve Sept 11

And now one last scrawl as we sit here eating candies out of the five pound Gunther Elmer has bought. Last night I gave Elmer a note to give Ned saying I'd "laid over" a day to get in the Milwaukee trip. So pretty early this morning he came, for a trip to Cheltenham Beach. And such a trip! For the first time I got right down to the waves, and they rolled up booming, over the sand and pebbles; dashed the spray high and sprinkled it over the beach. Ate our lunch under a spreading oak tree right on the sand, where the waves made music. Had a long serious talk, that is, Ned had it. He actually drank a glass of beer at a lunch with some artist-friends the other day. My! how I scolded! And how I marveled in scathing terms at his daring to want to kiss me when he had touched his lips to a horrid beer-glass. And he was awfully 'shamed, and I fairly dragged the particulars out of him, while he looked like a very naughty child brought to judgment. He has promised not to drink another till Christmas. Then he wanted me to kiss him good-bye and I wouldn't because of the beer, and we actually had a regular fight over it for five minutes I guess, and then the soulless creature kissed me by main force when I was too worn out to struggle longer, and I was so angry I cried. Afterwards we made up and I kissed him good-bye prettily and properly. Had to run to catch the train and when we got here Elmer hadn't come, so Ned came in. And now here we all are, and my delightful visit will soon be of the past. I find Ned's sketch-book here and scribble some verses on the fly-leaf.

ST. LOUIS

Oct 14—Tuesday night.

Dear Journal—Do you wonder that I look at you aghast? Not much more than a month yet what changes! Here I sit in Mrs. Cuthbert's Young Ladies' Seminary, far away in St Louis with Mama, Papa, home, the children, friends, League, Chicago, everything far from me save—art. My student lamp burns brightly on the table the shade glowing like a big green bug across the room. The girls of this fashionable boarding school are herded down-stairs studying. I ought to be reading my Ruskin now, but I felt you and I were being sort of weaned, and I must break the ice by writing you just a word. I've been wretched—homesick and miserable, but my spirits are gradually springing back to their old elastic lightness. Where shall I begin? Not yet to tell you of my few hoarded weeks at home before I came here—that must take time. Am attending the St Louis School of Fine Arts in the Washington University and walk 36 blocks a day. Lowest Class—half the girls idiots. Went in it [out] of preference—didn't show Prof. Ives [the principal] any work or anything, told him I wanted a solid foundation and preferred the bottom of the ladder first, whereupon he admired my sense and did not say me nay. Miss Fairchild is my nurse, and I play with blocks. Fordie * thought they'd put me in the Antique Room (which they had better) soon, when they discover my genius —*joke*. Wrote me letter of introduction to Miss Maury who would introduce me to the girls and laid down the law as to whom I should and shouldn't, would and wouldn't, like.

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* "Fordie" had attended the school but was unable to return for lack of funds.

Tuesday night Oct 16, 1884

This is Fannie Barclay's wedding day at home. I can hardly realize it! Sent her a handsome letter-seal out-fit from Elmer who telegraphed me to do it. Painted butter-dishes for Mama and me to give her. Have had four letters and a packet from friends to-day. This morning from Mabel, one at noon from Ned, afternoon from Elmer, and night from Will. Get four or five letters every-day—precious ones from Mama frequently.

Yesterday the easels were crowded thick. I couldn't get near any of the blocks, so made a bold attack on a plaster-cast. New scholars came and asked, "Did Miss Fairchild give you that?"

"No."

"You'd better watch out, you'll catch it."

Older scholars came and said "First rate." One advised me to use straight lines only, so I obliterated every curve.

Didn't see Miss Fairchild yesterday, but to-day she said I had drawn it very nicely indeed, and after I'd done some vase-forms she said,

"You need something harder—we'll have new blocks to-morrow, in the meantime do a harder combination."

So I put a Greek vase into a stemmed dish, a cone at the base of it (across it I mean) and worked like a fury to get them done by 2:30. Did so, clearly and well, finishing fifteen minutes early. Found a reward in the University P.O. in the shape of a very delightful letter from Ned.

Oct. 20, 1884 (Cousin Edith's 20th birthday)

Such an April day as this has been for me. Got up feeling first-rate. Letters from Ed Reeves, Mr Hough and Allan Moore all made me feel better. Ugly girl from Carondalee—asked me to sit by her— Pleased again. Miss Fairchild said my work was very nicely done. So far all well. Then began the lowering. The room was awfully crowded. Couldn't see anything. Finally got hold of a dish and vase which I've done before—put in hard position and did over. Miss F. made one small correction but said it was real good. Then I took a hollow cube, and tilted it in the hardest way I could, and a cylinder with it. Didn't dream of having trouble with it. Couldn't get it worth a cent—elbows, easels and everything else in the way; twice the group was upset and one girl planted herself between me and it for a good half hour. Worked till I was thoroughly tired. The world grew blacker and blacker. My tenth day and still plodding in the baby class with no definite hope of anything better. Home, friends, art itself seemed far off. I couldn't feel in sympathy with these girls, or bright and chatty as I am at home. Slowly the tears were dropping over my fingers. I snatched my wraps and started off pell-mell for home. Cried in spells all the way here. Adah called "Hello" from the music-room. Said "Hello" back. Came in here, locked the door, flung myself on the bed and cried till I was exhausted.

Oct 28, 1884

At 7:30 tomorrow morn I leave for Cairo. *Dear lovely ugly sweet* CAIRO!!!

(St Louis) Saturday, Nov 1, 1884

On the eve of my departure I wrote you, since then I have been born anew so much good the home-trip did me. Even the horrible knowledge of my *twenty years* fails to dissipate the new sun-shine. Must only give you brief bits of my trip. I began by getting into an Indianapolis car, causing some fright and hurry. Read *Romola* and argued the Temperance question and its moral and political issues with an artique art drummer, getting the better of him pretty often to the vast amusement of some politicians and their wives who rather sided with me. Elmer had a guard stationed to give notice when the train came in, but had missed it and rushed on to the house. Everything looked so sweet and large and lovely, the bright pretty rooms, the leaping grate fires, the ivy over the arch, the sweet-toned piano, and the loved faces. Oh, I had a regular levee. Had a flying peep at my little new room, and the half-deserted tower, and at supper felt so ashamed not to be able to eat the pretty things prepared expressly for me. Took a dose of Ipecac to settle me but that did not restore my appetite. Thought I'd be Allopathic for once and just "frow up". So I did awfully, and then felt so good I ate a jolly supper, played on the piano and talked them all into temporary paralysis. The boys and I sang, Robin shyly gave me a quarter "to get what you please with", and later in the evening Elmer came again, having been newly elected Sec. Tres. Cashier and Book-keeper of the N. Y. Store Co. Marmee and I didn't get to bed till midnight.

Since returning here *everything* has brightened. Miss Fairchild has had me begin shading with one or two others, to the disgust of those still outlining. Mr Harney begins to be cognizant of my existence thereby giving me gratifying opportunities of freezing him. Oh, but I did not tell you how that day when I was miserable and homesick and tearful and couldn't find the post-office I asked *him,* and he was so unaccommodating and wouldn't say anything but "Ummm-m" in reply to my nervous inquiries. And I had been prepared to admire him so sincerely for his work. He'll be sorry some day.

Last night we had Hallowe'en frolics here at the Seminary, with apple-tests and a fruit-spread. Late in the evening the lights were extinguished and we huddled in one end of the dining-room to scare ourselves to death with ghost stories. Wintie [Dunning, of Cairo] led off with a pretty bad one, I followed with a worse, then Hallie Barnes told a frightful murder story, which, as her own aunt Rosa had been the murdered heroine, was thrilling in the extreme. Wintie began to chant a wierd unearthly thing about graveyards, cold corpses, shriveled priests. The light which had shone through the library transom, went out; only a wee red coal glimmered like an eye of fire in the grate. We sat closer together, and the droning chant went on. Suddenly the door of the library opened without a sound and a tall white *Thing* glided in across the library, down the long dining room and straight for us. The girls, some of them shivered and buried their heads, others yelled, and I threw three apples at *it.* When caught, it proved to be the dining-room girl. Lutie Baker stayed all night with us because Adah was afraid while Anne and Minnie were away.

We slept with wedding-cake under our pillows, and each swallowed a thimble-ful of salt, I've forgotten *what* for. Sputtered and choked and didn't dream a thing.

Nov 11, 1884—Tuesday.

Troubles, mountains high! Mrs Cuthbert cannot meet her creditors, the seminary is closed, and everything to be sold Monday. Papa had paid my board, laundrying and piano-rent to Christmas in advance $96.00 and I guess it is a dead loss. The girls say Mrs Cuthbert isn't worth $5.00. What I am to do I haven't the ghost of an idea. Papa can ill afford to lose money now. I feel almost like I ought to go home—have written to Marmee for advice. Everybody talks in whispers and Mrs Cuthbert can't be seen at all. "They say" she hasn't slept for two weeks without strong narcotics—she said half the grace at dinner and broke down. I am awfully sorry for her—it must be a dreadful blow, to an autocratic, elegant lady. But of course I think most of my own loss—or of Papa's rather.

And I was getting along so well at the Art School.

Wednesday Nov. 12, 1884

Some northern artist said once, "Its your first touch of the cold, cold world," and smiled with masculine amusement. Even *you* dear Journal would weep to see me sitting on the up-turned tray of my refractory trunk, with my mouth full of tacks, both hands blistered, and the hammer pattering aimlessly. Of course the trunk could not be behind hand in this time of woes, and so it has caved in with a sort of unanimity which national politicians might yearn for. The floor is be-sprinkled with dry goods and knick-knacks. Two trunks! Both were cram full when I came, and since then lamps, rocking-chairs, books, new garments and what not have been added to the store. I am desperate. By the middle of next week, I'll be wandering bare-foot and forlorn selling pea-nuts I suspect.

Got scroll first rate! Mrs Cuthbert interviewed me. Everything is in the hands of her lawyer—she can't tell the end, will pay what she can.

Can get into Woman's C. Home if I take a room with two other girls. Don't know what to do. Mama-a-a, Mama-a-a. I never was an orphan before.

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1884.

"These are the times that try men's souls"! Last night I cried till way into the night, with homesickness and despair together. My dear generous Papa wrote me as follows about the affair. Papa's letters are few, so I copy:—

My dear daughter—

I have been so well supplied with news from you through Mama that I have not written lately. But I take the same interest in your letters as if they were written to me and I watch your progress with as much pride as any old papa ever could. I opened your last long letter to Mama and read it all if it was *long (n.b. long letters used to be Papa's horror) and I then opened your later one, the day following which relates the downfall of Mrs. C. financially and your unfortunate homeless condition. I went to see Dr. D. [Dunning] and shocked him with the news (he had not yet heard from Mrs. C. but got her note later). The Dr. will probably come up tonight to look after Wintie, and I think you had better consult with* *your new friends and get a new home and go on with your work as usual. Let me know as soon as you are settled and I will send you funds to pay as you go, this time. Go on my brave little girl until your best hopes are realized and don't let the failure of a boarding-house distress you, find a new home and let this little trouble pass with other by-gones.*

Lovingly from—
Papa.

And Mama wrote such a dear, sweet, loving letter too. And Elmer wrote,— But right here about Fordie: She is wild to come here this winter but has not yet enough orders to enable her. When Elmer first knew I meant to come he proposed running over to see Fordie, and either lending her a couple of hundred dollars to be repaid any time in the far-off future, or giving her orders till she could come and room with me. Also when I left Cairo he handed me a note, which I reserved till evening as an antidote to homesickness. When I opened it, out fell 5 fresh $20.00 bills. There was no explanation. I confess I was indignant, and also afraid to keep so much money in a boarding-school. Hid it around, worried mightily, and wrote him a regular orthodox scolding. He wanted me to keep it for orders he meant to give me, and I wouldn't. Then he said, he'd need shopping done here all winter.—So I bought his wedding presents for Fannie Barclay, and Edith Wheeler, and a box of chocolates for Wintie by his order, and go on hiding the rest. Well, when Fordie's sweet letter came, a thought struck me. I wrote him asking as a special favor that I might offer her the use of fifty of these dollars. Quick as the mail would carry, came his reply, a kind note, rejoicing at the success of his scheme, hardly referring to himself and enclosing a hundred dollar bill, which he begged me to send immediately to my friend, and to consider another hundred at her disposal at any time. Wasn't that just like Elmer? I wrote to Fordie telling her I had a hundred dollars to lend her and that if it seemed indelicate, unkind, and brusque she must remember our *love* for each other. "If you love me, you'll not refuse—remember the advantage is as great to me as to you."

Rec'd her answer to-day. "My precious child: *How* can I thank you? Your letter was a great surprise to me and all day I was in such a state of excitement and heart-beat that I jumped at every sound and could hardly control my fingers to work. Bless your dear generous heart (Elmer's if she only knew it, not my heart) how *could* you do it? I never heard of one girl doing so lovely a thing for another—it takes all my breath away. Still, you are not a 'girl' but my own particular sweetheart"—oh, but I mustn't take time to copy it as I want to. She is as anxious as ever to come but has rented a studio till Christmas, engaged pupils till then, and taken Christmas orders; so, as she has to depend on Freeport [Illinois] people for business in the future, she feels it best not to disappoint them now.

Saturday Nov 22, 1884

My new room! Gaze! I sit on an uncarpeted floor with my feet at an unmentionable angle on a small packing-trunk, in intimate relation with a starch-box full of books, paints and canvasses. Wintie with her head on the window-sill is weeping copiously and ruining our best bottle of Carter's blue-black ink. Ada is weeping also but prefers cologne and the rocking-chair to ink and the window sill. Wintie is weeping because her crush is gone: Ada is weeping for no reason on earth. Those two dreadful girls quarrel from morning till night and I remonstrate till I'm hoarse. Adah has finally silenced me by saying with flashing eyes, "I don't care, Maude Rittenhouse—Wint's as hateful as she can be. If the Lord himself were to spend the day in this room he'd go home with a black eye," which wicked remark left me speechless.

To-night we are going to have the very swellest spread imaginable—Elmer's treat—a house-warming. Oysters raw and fried, celery, crackers, cream puffs, and chocolate ice-cream The small matter of our having to eat ice-cream out of the wash-bowl, and oysters out of the wash-dish, detracts nothing from the general hilarity.

Thursday, March 12, 1885

I think I've kept away from you like a little man, dear Journal,* but just now my cup of joy overfloweth and I am unable to resist writing. Yestermorn I was summoned to "his majesty's" presence [Professor Ives], and nearly fainted in terror. "His majesty" in awful tones addressed me, "You are going home?"

I—For a week only.

H. M.—When?

I—Next Sunday.

H. M.—What are you doing now?

I—Head of Ajax in crayon.

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* Maud was trying to spare her eyes.

H. M.—When can you finish it?

I—To-day or to-morrow.

H. M.—When it is done, bring it to me.—No, bring it *now*.

And I crept off with cold shivers coursing down my back. The girls were all around my easel and opened their eyes when I picked up my board and sailed into the office with it. Nervously I stood Ajax up on the edge of Popocatapetl's desk while I wondered if he'd notice the addresses in the corner of the paper, or the faded violet peeping over the top. I remarked tremulously,

"It is in rather a messy condition."

He looked *it* over and then *me* over and with a curious expression he asked, "Why did you do it in the red crayon?"

All my sense fled. Why had I done it in red anyway? What was my name? Where did I live? Finally I faltered,

"Because Miss Fairchild told me to. Following directions."

"Um-humph.—Well—this is Wednesday—you leave Saturday. On the whole I think you may remain in your present class during that short time. When you return come to me and remind me that I am to take you to Mr Chamber's room. You will at that time begin work there, and I will take you in" (As though to protect. Everybody in the Antique scowling and frowning wouldn't frighten me, as Mr Ives himself does).

"Very well—thank you," I said beating a hasty retreat but with a motion of his hand he detained me.

"You must not mention it to any of the young ladies. They must not know till they miss you."

"Certainly not," I said with a weak assumption of dignity.

"Come to me and I'll take you into the Antique"—and I slid out.

The girls were looking at some Easter cards. One was handed me, and then the girls fairly howled when my hand shook till I couldn't see the design or read the letters.

At noon I walked into the hall with Miss Fairchild and she invited me to her studio. Then I told her my conversation with the All Terrible, and she said, "I knew it.—For a long time I've been intending to show him what an amount of fine work you had done, but he tells me he's examined it lately right along and wants to make you an example to the school—show them that not amount of time, but amount of *work*, counts." He's never seen all my work, but it seems he's been examining my board after I'd go home in the evening.

I said—"I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry of the promotion—a few months ago I should have gone wild with delight, but now I hate to leave you, and Mr Chamber's method is so outrageously slow. You forget your idea before you can execute it."

She—"I think so too, and have wanted you in my class, but for one reason I'm glad. You will reach the life-class sooner. Miss Rittenhouse, I tell you frankly, I can see no reason why you shouldn't achieve the life-class this year. I mean be ready to enter it upon your return next year. You have done better work than any student under my charge since my connection with the school."

How my heart leaped at her kind words.

Sunday, March 29, 1885

A delicious sunny afternoon, windows up and Locust Street a long panorama of pretty graceful girls, slender dudes, well dressed papas leading small specimens in Mother Hubbard wraps, handsome carriages, fast horses, bicycles and tricycles. We three sit in lazy content Anne, Adah and I. On floor and bed are mysterious bags containing lemons, sugar, chocolates, cookies—our Sunday store. The door is locked to prevent surprise parties in the form of Miss Shepard, talking volumes about keeping away from the windows. Adah in her white Mother Hubbard and blue sacque looking pretty as a peach, keeps one eye on her book and the other on the street.

"There goes Frank Eaton—he's looking up. Hear that whistle—one of those dudes—pretty rig—who's that Anne? Maude there's that Jessie Tutt who wears no skirts. See Don Carlos the fellow who won the prize—what lovely horses etc".

I've had my visit home and a lovely one it was—quiet and delicious. Marmee, bless her sweet life, wasn't very well, Rob was catching the mumps looked fat and cute, Wood was home from Pine Bluff, Papa, Harry and Fritz well and sweet, "the pedagogue" jolly and fonder than ever of being teased. Since then there has been the little excitement of my promotion, the alternate hopes and depressions over work and dead loads of fun here at Hosmer Hall.* I sketch in the Museum quite often. The other evening I sat on a camp-chair, in a far-a-way gallery, quite alone sketching when a quick step along the galleries startled me; it came to within a few feet of me and then the voice of the great El Mahdi was heard: "What are you struggling with?"

* Described by Maud as "a new private school."

Facetiously he said it, but I crack no jokes with directors of art schools, Popocatapetls, high and mighty St Ives, so I gasped in a goneish way, "The Haymaker".

"Ah! She's just returned from Chicago. Is going away soon again."

And how like a fool I felt because my hand shook till my pencil danced, while he stood, tall, grand, beaming, a rose in his button-hole and his eyes full of amusement.

Sunday May 3, 1885

My days of elation and delight are over and gone. Can you imagine a snail, insensate, dull, crawling aimlessly in the dust, sans energy, sans ambition, sans soul? *I* am that snail. The life is quite gone out of me. I cannot talk, or think, or smile. Its all on account of the art-school. While I worked on the torso of Hercules and won admiration and applause from ye elder members of ye great antique, I felt upon a pinnacle; without a tremor I handed in my name as one of the strugglers in the competitive examination. But there came a fatal day when Mr Chambers said, "You shade well enough Miss Rittenhouse. It pleases me to have you outline for a while."

So I began and it seemed pleasant and easy—too easy. I said "Give me something to make me cry. I am never happy unless I am doing something too hard for me."

He gave me the cast Apollo saying there had only been about two good drawings of it that year. I tackled it, but had my ardor cooled by losing my positions and having to begin over three times. When I finished my first outline he said,

"It is all out of proportion—as you see" (which I didn't see at all). I began another.

"Vast improvement, but not enough action" was his comment. So I labored for action. Next day he said twas better but not athletic enough. So I made him slender and lithe. Then Mr Chambers said it was all right and he had no more suggestions to make. But that didn't satisfy me for he *didn't* pronounce it a fine drawing. He said, "Do Hercules".

"But I don't want to leave Apollo till I make a success of him".

"I prefer to have you take Hercules first *any*way, and then you may return to Apollo."

So on Friday morning I began Hercules. Mr. C. saw me measuring heads down my board and he protested against my measuring, said he advised it in some cases but not in mine; wanted me to be bold and free from restraint. I've always been used to measuring and feeling sure of every line. Now I'm all uncertain and feel like my foundation had been knocked from under me. Worked all day Friday till five oclock on that miserable Hercules, and then had on my board a deformity, worthy the Dime Museum. I threw my apron over my head, rushed into the hall and howled.

I've had giddy times in St Louis this winter—rink, whist parties, evening parties, theatre—have seen Minnie Maddern, Margaret Mather, Clara Morris, Grace Hawthorne, Jno W Norton, Magda Inschich [?] Geo. W. Cable, Mark Twain, Gilbert, J. K. Emmett, Mille Nevada, Adelina Patti, Mme Scalchi, Fursch-Madi, Steinbach, Dotti, De Anna, Chembini, Cardinali, Lotta, Ristori, Thomas W Keene, Fanny Davenport, Lawrence Barrett etc.

In six weeks about I can go home. Blessed June!

Sunday, May 10, '85

At school I am losing my snail-like propensities. Mr Chambers advised me Monday to struggle with some of Gerome's flats till I caught the inspiration of his freedom and boldness. To my surprise I found that I got things just as accurately without measurements as I had with them, beside making them infinitely more expressive. Mr Chambers has been complimenting my work. Saturday we had a hot argument lasting one hour over Cairo. He made fun of me and I got wrought up, pictured the delights of sipe-water and levees so graphically, and scorched him so completely that he had to call brother Fry to his assistance. He drew on my board some mosquitoes supposed to be correct portraits of those he killed in Cairo. He felt satisfied with my flat studies and put me upon cast of Hercules. In my box of P.O. found a long letter from Mr Hough, whom I vainly thought I'd squelched. He makes no reference to our silence or my hatefulness, but writes a bright letter full of art, music, and plans for summer's sketching.

Finished lithographic stone of our house, my first, and Jack Williamson has taken it to get the proofs. Lectures on anatomy are at an end. Wish I could have told you of our elegant illustrations on the living model as well as our h-o-r-r-ible dissections of dead limbs. I am as much a surgeon as an artist. Know more about the human body, and the complexity of muscles, bones, fascia and veins than I ever knew in my life before.

Monday May 18, 1885

This is a sort of anniversary—May 18, 1880 at a picnic I gave Elmer my amethyst ring to wear. One May 18th he gave me the lovely little diamond which I have worn since I've been in St Louis. He wanted to be with me this 18th but when he heard I'd been sick he came flying up Thursday night and so of course couldn't come again today. Friday I went driving with him to Forrest Park and he presented me with the most glorious diamond much larger and purer than this little one, though this is a very fine one. It was simply magnificent, without a flaw, and he wanted it to be a bona fide engagement ring. You see, all winter I've been telling him I love him, dear boy. But I am so selfish and I wouldn't have the lovely ring. I felt it would make me feel *old* to wear a real engagement ring.

Tonight when I came up to prepare for dinner I found here the most exquisite floral design, a ring of Marechal Niel roses with smylax and lilies-of-the-valley on the side, lined with the Niel rose petals, and set with Bon Silence and Cook roses surrounding a blood-red Jacqueminot, and the whole ring supported on an irregular dainty bed of spray-like ferns and plumy roses. I never have seen a more exquisite design.

With the ring came this note—

"Second thoughts are best"—Please dear, Keep this, there can be no bitter with the sweet, and its end will come so soon I am sure you need not time it.

Elmer

You see, I "timed" the diamond and wore it through a ten-minute engagement just to be silly and childish. Elmer has been devotion itself this winter; has kept me supplied with books and papers on art, with candy and spreads ordered for the girls, and has sent constantly the rarest and most exquisite flowers in quantities. He has also been here many times and when the Mapleson troupe was here he got season tickets with carriages and flowers for every night. And Valentine's night came during it, the very night of Patti's *particular* night; while we were in the carriage going down he gave me a lovely valentine in the shape of a pin, a slender bar with three diamonds set diagonally on it. Of course I couldn't keep it, but I wore it in the tulle at my throat that one night.

Mr Chambers awfully good to me. Going to let me have his "Dunes" and "Melancholy Days" to send to our Art Exhibit at home. My stone is done and Mama is pleased with the proofs, one of which I sent home by Elmer.*

Friday May 29, 1885

Everything seems strange to-night. I feel happy, and am frightened because I am. *Mr Hough* is coming to-morrow night. Rec'd this from him today,—from Cairo, where he's been during the art exhibit and at *our* house.

Maude dear—

. . . *I* must *see you my dear friend and I am sure you will give me all the time you can, should I go to you—I know how you are engrossed with your work just at this time so I will not tell you of what I have been thinking all day. You will tell me all about everything when we meet—will you not dear? I am sure it will come out all right. Good night my dearest friend.*

You see upon his arrival at Cairo he wrote me a bright letter saying how after meeting hundreds of friends he felt he must say a word to the "dearest of them all even if she did sometimes make him feel that 'twould be more dignified in him and as acceptable to me if he were not to say so any more".

And I in one of my wild spells wrote a note in which I said something like, "What has gone 'wrang wi' us', Ned? Oh why did you countenance this drifting apart this winter. *Then* it made me glad when you called me your dearest friend. *Now* it brings the tears to my eyes for I know I can never, never call you dearest friend" etc.

What *am* I? If I love Elmer how can I feel in that way towards Ned? I can't conceal from myself the fact that I am looking forward to his coming with infinitely more delight than ever I have toward Elmer's though it means no fine operas or drives or anything more than a quiet talk. I know I can never marry Ned, and may God help me if I really love him more than my good faithful patient Elmer. I feel dreadful and eager, too. Sad and joyful, remorseful, and happy. I will be truthful with him tomorrow. I am to all intents, pledged to Elmer even if I didn't take the engagement ring or countenance a formal engagement. What is to become of a girl with so little certainty of mind?

* A lithograph of the Rittenhouse home in Cairo copied on the dust cover of this book.

Tuesday June 2, 1885.

No crowned king could feel prouder than I! The dreadful competitive exam is over. Twenty-four of us took the ex. I had every reason to think I'd rank 24th for I have been in the room such a little while—a shorter time than anyone who competed. With nervous care I counted up 16 whom I felt sure were better students than I. Well, gentlemen of the jury, I ranked as high as any girl in the room, many of whom are in the life class, some of whom have been in the room as many years as I have months. Mr Heberer and Guy Lindsley (both acknowledged geniuses) ranked first and second, and then came your humble servant on a tie with Maime Davis for the third rank. We are both 3rd as we stood equal. When the news was broken to me I was first incredulous and then tearful. The old students instead of snubbing me for it, squeezed me and patted me and cried bravo! Mr Chambers was awfully tickled over it.

Mr Ives while talking to Mr Hough in the Museum yesterday morning turned to me (I was sitting apart studying a big Luigi Lion) asked,

"How did you fare in the competition?"

"Stood 75", I said, and the man looked like he'd faint with astonishment.

"Seventy five!!! Upon my word! I congratulate you! I'm proud of any student who ranked about 60 in that examination. Why sir (to Mr Hough) the committee spent *seven hours* criticizing those drawings one by one."

You know the work was left on the easel, in position, and could be criticized right from the cast. He also said in the most casual way that I'd be under Mr Fry's instructions next year, which means the life class to a dead certainty. Oh I'm *so* happy over it all. Retiring bell has rung and I must defer a most important talk with you till "some more convenient day". We are being serenaded by the University boys,—Goodnight.

Tuesday June 9, 1885.

Three years ago today I graduated! It seems three decades! Elmer sent me a *beautiful* manicure sett, the loveliest one I've ever seen, as I had forbidden flowers. I am miserably blue in spite of the fact that my "home time" is coming, that I'm a small lion at school, and that I've engagements by twos for every evening till I leave. To go back awhile—

Mr Hough came that Saturday night. It was a delicious evening and I watched through the gray-pink gloaming the hands of the church tower over the way till they pointed to 8 oclock. I was the embodied essence of impatience. When Mollie announced him I fairly *fell* down the stairs in my hurry and found him in the parlor. Mr Hough looked ~~like~~ as he did at home a year ago (a year ago this very minute by-the-way I was with him, and Bettie and Alice on the way from Idlewild Farm. How young I was a year ago. I feel like another girl I've grown so stupid) and his eyes fairly devoured me. We started off at once to May's and *how* I talked. My tongue so long dumb seemed again "the only living example of perpetual motion". He seemed so sympathetic, so eager to hear, so ready to appreciate and understand all I had to tell him. And we walked around the back of May's before we entered because we were not half done talking. At May's he sang our "If" for me. Coming home in the moonlight Locust Street was so beautiful and silent save for the note of a guitar strung over the shoulder of some student as he strolled up the street.

The next day he was to call at half past ten to take me to church. At that hour Mary announced "a gentleman" and imagine my state of mind when I found that "gentleman", *Elmer!* He didn't know of Mr Hough's visit here. I told him. Never felt so sorry for anything. He left, terribly disappointed and I thinking to soothe him a little said, "Come at five and go to our evening service with me."

Before he left Mr Hough came and it was positively embarrassing. My morning wasn't as bright as it might have been for thinking of Elmer's disappointment, but church was lovely and the sermon good. After dinner we went to Lafayette Park and sat talking for a long time. I told him exactly how things stood between Elmer and me, that we were about as near engaged as people could be. He talked too sensibly about the differences in our (Elmer's and my) dispositions, but I'll not talk of all that. He choked with "a lump in his throat" when he told me, with what actual physical pain he had read my strange note saying it was too late, and that we had drifted too far etc.

To keep my appointment with Elmer we left the park at 4:45 and took a car on Jefferson Avenue. Again imagine,—my finding Jack and Elmer *both* in the car. I wanted to *murder* Jack! I could see how his desire to laugh was consuming him! He had said soon as he heard of Mr Hough's coming, what a joke it would be if Elmer etc. Well, we got through the trip somehow, Jack went down to the Lindell to take supper with Mr Hough, and Elmer came with me. We had no 5 oclock service and so went again to the Park. Didn't have a good time though I tried hard to. Didn't feel that Elmer had either. He was half angry when he found I meant to see Mr H. at 7:30 for he, it seems, meant to keep me in the park till his train-time. I was sorry he had thought I meant to stay so long with him, but he persisted in saying he'd had a good time and was glad he'd come. Didn't get home till 8 and Mr Hough was waiting in the parlor. By the time I'd had tea it was too late for lunch and we started walking for anywhere. With half an idea of going to Cates' we went to the Park *again*. It was lovely and we saw the moon rise through the trees. We had a very frank honest talk and I was so very happy, and so very sad all at a time. Oh, he *does* love me, and I believe in him as I never did before.

I hardly slept that night for thinking. Early next morning I wrote an outpouring to Mama. In her answer she says,

> *About Elmer it seems so sad, but Maud I do not believe you will ever love him as you ought, to marry him. And a marriage without love would be a terribly risky thing even to Elmer who is so thoroughly good and thoughtful and generous, and who has been so devoted to you alone, these many years. The Lord knows I wish almost you had never known him at all. My heart aches for him as well as you but it would be no kindness to be his* unloving *wife. I too feel that there is very little really* congenial *between you, his purity, his freedom from vice is a bond, but almost the only one. But feeling as you do you must not let things go on as they have done. It is cruel to him. It will be harder for him every year that he lives upheld by false hopes. If you feel certain that you can never love,* make *him understand that his case is hopeless at once.*
>
> *It will almost wreck his life but a life of married wretchedness would be still worse. Of one thing you may be sure. It will leave a terrible blank in your own life. In many ways he has grown to be almost necessary to your happiness, but no selfish reasons must have weight now—oh! if we could only have known years ago, that you could never love him—that only gratitude made you think you did, how much better it would have been. Do not think dear child that I am censuring you. . . . Somehow I have never felt that you could love him, much as I have wanted you to. God help you to do right, my dear dear little daughter.*

And Sunday I spent the live-long day writing to Elmer and crying, crying, *crying*. It seems so hard, so cruel, and yet I feel how little we are in sympathy and kindred tastes, and how as years pass I should fairly starve for that *mental* companionship which is lacking between us. Thus am I blue. I can't even write to Mr Hough though long, kind, loving letters come from him frequently. And letters have come from Elmer since Sunday, which have nearly broken my heart they are so tender, so eager for my home-coming, so unconscious of the blow about to fall. My cruel letter probably reached him this morning. I have laid the truth bare before him, which will make it harder to bear in one way, and yet easier in the end. Of course I didn't mention Mr Hough. It was no time to do it. I only dwelt upon our relations to each other. I can see now how a wicked love of self and self-comfort have kept me from taking this step all along. Every time I have tried to bring matters to a close between us, I have let sympathy for him and my own selfishness get the better of my judgment. How I shall miss the dear boy this summer, for I tell him with all the earnestness of my heart and soul that this *is* final, that he must not seek to make me waver, that he must not even *see* me. I know how it would be; he would talk to me with his face pale and sad, would picture the lovely home we could have together, our trips to beautiful places, our evenings with books, and tell me that in time love would develop more strongly. And it would all be so tempting and my heart ache so for him that I'd say, "You are right. Love will come", and then it never would. Why, *why* have I ever yielded. Here this winter when I was lonely and sad and homesick, and he was so devoted and the only thing from home I ever saw, I thought I surely loved him. But oh, that dreadful feeling when I'm with him that he doesn't enter into life and the spirit of things as I do, nor see with my eyes.

Later—

We had our competition spread yesterday at four in our old competition room with the pale Madonna and child to look over the feast. A long table white, surrounded with camp chairs, and decked with water-lilies looked "real sweet". There were toasts and speeches, and fun generally. Mr Ives at the head of the table, with Mame Davis' white swiss bonnet on looked idiotically funny. A man who can be dignified and say touching and eloquent things with an absurd Swiss bonnet and a peck of pansies bobbing over his bald spot commands my admiration. I have a suspicion that Mr Ives wanted to talk to me—and so every time I saw him coming toward me, I got very rapidly out of his way. I want him to find it as hard to approach me as ever I have found it to approach *him*. The thing has been rather unevenly balanced thus far.

Came home to find preparations for the reception going on at blood heat. I wore my pink mull. Mr. *Fry* was here and I was with him nearly all evening. He isn't at all the man I'd fancied him, is much more refined and has ten times a nobler idea of art. He seemed utterly amazed when he asked,

"Were you here last winter?" And I said "No."

"What—you only entered the art school this year?"

"Yes."

"What wonderful progress you've made."

And guess what else he said, what incredible thing,—that if I returned next year, he felt sure that by the second term I could enter the *nude painting class,* which is the highest class in the school and is usually won at the end of a *four year course.* Miss Maury, who is talented and diligent, has just entered the *black and white* nude and she has been four years. My eyes grew big enough to frighten him, but he only smiled and reasserted what he said.

Our exhibit and Art School Commencement Friday night were fine! I have more pieces on exhibit than any student in school. *Seventeen pieces!* The average is three or four. They took nearly everything I did. Good-night.

Thursday June 11, 1885

And here is an end to St Louis! I *am* older and less animated perhaps (though Mr Meeker *did* call me an enthusiast this morning) but I've had a year of progress and profit. I've put in my time to excellent advantage and have laid a good solid foundation for work. My prospects are bright as can be. So here's good-bye to old St Louis and welcome *home* and dear ones. Oh, Marmee, you are lovelier than all St Louis holds!

Anne has given me her bats and stuffed duck and bottled bug.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

A Roundabout Way to Happiness

Cairo! July 6, 1885

Is it possible I haven't written you one word since my return though nearly a month has passed?

Well, and what of the time since then? I came home feeling less jubilant than ever I did in my life, for I felt tired mentally and physically, and worried about Elmer. I couldn't seem to realize the sweetness of home-coming, or that it really was home-coming. I can't tell you what a dull, unhappy feeling it was or what a strain to try to be bright like I used to be.

I found a note from Elmer—

June 11

Friend Maude:

Your last talk on paper was a very frank one and I would be no gentleman to attempt to answer or argue your truths. I am sorry my dream has been broken. You say do not see you, this is the only remark I shall combat. Your word shall be my guide. If, after you read this, you say come not, I am resigned and submit. 'Twill be foolish and absurd not to see each other, and moreover it will not do at all. You ought to allow me to call now and then. I do not ask to be alone with you at all and will in no instance be a lover in word, look or action. You can trust me: be generous and give me a trial. Be not sad or unhappy my best friend. I owe you more than I can ever pay. You have been my good angel, have softened ills and pains, and made my life a joyous, happy one and it shall continue so. You have been a constant, true and honest friend and many's the temptation your influence has helped me to resist. Remember if ever a friend be needful to you in any circumstance or for any purpose, be the time years distant, 'twill be the greatest pleasure of my life to serve you. Our happy days have for the most part been truly joyous ones.

"O years gone down into the past
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace
And hours almost of ecstacy."

I have concluded that

"Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men."

I shall devote a considerable time to the study of myself. Perhaps no answer to your good kind letter was expected but you will forgive this little note touching only one subject.

Your friend,

EEC.

That "Friend Maude" startled my numb senses—it seemed odd and unfamiliar after "Dear little Heartsease", "My precious little artist", "My one sweet-heart" etc. All afternoon I felt that dull, worn, tired, listless feeling. I tried to be outwardly myself, but my *heart* seemed cold as stone, and I felt that somehow life for me could never be what it had been, or as fresh or young or joyous. It was not till after tea that the relief came.

I had wandered up to "my own little room" to find the floor all covered with a cool white drugget, pretty light lambequins, a new border on the wall, my H.H. willow-chair all clean and sweet, and woodbine and roses in all the vases perfuming the atmosphere with my own home odors. I shut the door softly, dropped upon my knees, and with my head on the low marble-dresser cried and cried and *cried.* And then I prayed most devoutly that God would keep my heart *young,* keep the old, cold, distrust, and callousness from it. Then I went down, kissed Marmee, hugged papa, and felt better. In the evening Elmer came, and was very kind and pleasant. Said "Welcome home little girl," to me, in the hall, did not kiss me, and left early.

Since then I have grown rather giddy at times and as suddenly reaction has set in.

I have advertised in the most brazen manner possible for students in "Freehand drawing from model and object, painting from still-life, drawing from the flat, and decorative painting". Am beginning my classes this week with two little Hallidays, Eddie Buder, Archie, Hope Hudson, and Rob, with constant new applications. I think I shall have quite a class. Everybody's lovely about it and all my gentlemen friends are imploring me to take them in. Have had orders for two pastels and a panel, the two former for Walter's new home, the latter from Cora Stratton. Am doing a crayon of dear little Harry Castles. Studio

—old basement dining room, good north light and plenty of it, large, cool, walls hung with white tightly stretched from picture-molding to base-boards, Wood's work. Everybody helped fix the studio. Wood's carpenter shop is in the basement, too, and we are both blythe workers. He is building a porch for Mr Cunningham. Is making me drawing-boards down there tonight. Wood is a splendid boy!

When Mary Baker came home from school Elmer had a beautiful basket of flowers sent her with "Welcome Home" on it in tiny blossoms. I heard of it accidentally. Makes me jealous. I feel sure that someday Elmer will marry her and that I shall be wild with jealousy. Yet that would be no proof of my love for him—only of my overpowering vanity, hurt that another can take my place. God help me to do right, and to see right, to keep cool and not call him back to me through foolish jealousy, perhaps to wound him anew. Life is a knotty problem and my days of love-winning are over and gone. I candidly believe I shall never marry. I can never marry a man not mentally equal to me or above me, and without egotism, I do not find that man. There are plenty of him but not in my range of view. Mr O'Hara has been attentive, for him, since I came home. Schwartze is here a great deal, Mr Butler ditto. Have streams of company. Mama sweeter, more patient than ever. When she talks to me about Elmer I am *always* cross.

Wed Aug 19, 1885

Fifteen minutes to talk to you! Want to tell you about a beautiful drive I had yesterday with Elmer. I've gone driving innumerable times this summer but never was a drive so delightful as this. The road was entirely new to me, and full of surprises. We had a light buggy, and two beautiful horses, and we left here at half-past three with several papers, the latest *Harper,* Knight's *Shakspere,* lemons and a diminutive lunch, to keep us company. On the way to Mound City we had plenty of fun, for we went rapidly, I drove and it was breezy and bright. Drove through Mound City and out the road to America. There began the surprises. First a beautiful little island right in the Ohio, massed with the plumiest, greenest, thickest trees and with one end sloping into the water with a good sandy beach. We drove under a locust tree and I pulled lots of the long locusts. But the objective point was a hawthorne-tree which Elmer had passed on a business-trip, a few days before. When we reached it I screamed with delight. At the side of the tree-lined road was a grassy bank and on this grew the beautiful tree, fairly ablaze with ripe, red haws. We drove right under it, Elmer got out to cut off branches and I climbed up on top of the seat and pulled quarts of them. Such artistic material as I found on that road, such bits for sketching! Time is up and I can't tell you about the sun-set, the moon rise, or our quick drive home.

—My class has added to its numbers. Shall have $60 by October.

Friday, Aug 21, 1885.

After all my self-congratulation I find I am still a creature of extremes—every new scholar for instance fills me with animation and sets me castle-building—every time when two or three miss a lesson I am absurdly despondent. Am painting my "Priest" and find it a pretty good study for me. Shall probably begin my "Life-boat Man" next week.

You are used to hearing from me cold, calculating, egotistic statements, so you'll not mind hearing the following. Elmer, knowing that Mama and I have pitched head-long into Eng. Literature has done, guess what? You see we use a text book containing only questions—awfully tough ones too sometimes, and we have to hunt through a library or two for answers. The author of the question-book mentions some 27 or 30 text-books of reference. Well Elmer ordered the *entire* number of volumes, and when I asked him to help me hunt up answers last night, he cool-ly unfurled a paper containing every answer. He had sat up till one oclock the preceding night getting them. What I meant to remark though, in my character of mercenary, hard-hearted, wretch, is, how wise he is to *keep up*. Do you notice how careful he is that I shall not outgrow him? Do I go wild over art, Elmer immediately studies catalogues and circulars, reads up art-works, orders art periodicals, affects galleries, makes me presents of sketch-boxes and art-folios. Do I go horse-mad, Elmer sends me a copy of the *American Horse-woman,* gives (or tries to give me) a pony, orders himself the handsomest of saddles, whips and horsey etceteras. Do I rave over Browning, Elmer immediately orders Browning complete and begins to study. Do I praise Norfolk jackets and heliotrope-perfume, Elmer suddenly appears in the most stylish Norfolk possible, and wafts about him a delicate odor of heliotrope. And so on ad infinitum. Where thou art, there am I also—*right there* as Wint puts it.

Ned and I are not the most regular of correspondents. I haven't written, nor has he, for two weeks or so. He is bad about it, but I am worse. It is too hot and I am too busy.

I am changing I fear, as people are supposed to change during life (this has no reference to Ned) and I do not commend myself for the change. I am growing politic, deceitful, critical. I'd give all I possess I believe, for my old trusting faith in the universal goodness of all people, in the kindness and charity of human souls.

I could cry if I were not too hardened and deadened at this indefinable change which I feel coming over me, and seem so powerless to resist. I seem to see right through people's actions till their motives stand out plainly and make me shiver. I seem to be sifting life and *lives*—its woeful work. Not only that but the certain knowledge that the faults I abhor in others are chiefest in me. I say things I don't mean, I admire openly things that I inwardly abhor, I pretend to like people for whom I don't care a grain, and worse, worse than anything, I am growing to like fewer and fewer people. I remember myself as a bright, conscientious little girl, as loving, as warm-hearted, as enthusiastic and earnest as girl could be. I loved my home, I loved Cairo, I loved everyone of my friends loyally—believed in them all and loved them. Now I find myself criticising the dirty, ugly streets, the ugly inartistic places, setting aside one after another whom I used to reckon friend, because I don't care to "cultivate them" because they seem coarse, or uncouth, commonplace or deceitful like myself. Among the young folks I talk and jest and try to keep up the old spirit, to make myself think *I* am the same, and they are, but it is all mockery and leaves pain in my heart.

The girls show me ugly old daubs of decorative painting, and I say "How lovely", and "How nicely you've done", when all the time I'm thinking, "How hideous! How uncultivated! How can they endure them." I study old friends as if they were strangers, and weigh cool-ly their good points and their bad ones. Once I felt no need, had no thought of such things. They were simply all friends and part of my life and home—not strangers. If this is the wisdom, the insight, the growth which comes with added years, I could almost wish I had died in infancy. I begin to loathe myself, to feel like a diplomat, a deceiver, and yet I can no more help the new horrible feelings in me than I can fly.

My ideals are so lofty, and my life falls so far short of them. I can't keep up my old life, and eager enthusiasm. I say "Beautiful" like a parrot, because I'm expected to say it. Because I'm expected to be impulsive and eager, I have to put a sort of market-value on even my shallow emotions and make the most of them.

I can't bear to be criticized either. Instead of my meek and humble nature, I am arrogant and conceited, think myself able to judge all others, and few others able to judge me. I look back to Aug 30 one year ago, when I sat here doing some last stitches, before my Chicago-trip, with my heart overflowing at the thought of leaving home, for even a short trip. Now—but I *must* hush. I grow worse and worse,—God help me!

Saturday Aug 29, 1885

Mama told me tonight that she thought I needed a trip to Chicago. I told her *she* needed it, not I. What I need is (to put it in the good old-fashioned way) "regeneration of heart". I used to think it silly for people to pray to be humble, and thought humility an affectation, as stupid as it was unnecessary. How I wish now that a few germs of it might be planted in my soul. When I am criticised or advised, if I don't act cross, I feel so, and then I want to run away up-stairs and cry because I'm so wicked. Every-day I think I'll try to be meek and cheerful—every-day I rush around and forget it.

Friday Sept 25, 1885

My troubles are all over dear Journal, and I'm happy as a lark. But of all tortuous, roundabout ways to happiness, methinks I found the most so. It came about in this way. While I was miserable and blue and half-sick, I wrote a letter to Mr Hough telling him how old and changed I felt etc., and asking him to write some remedy or other. The remedy he suggested took my breath away—it was that he write to Mama and Papa and inform them of his love for me, begging their consent to a formal engagement. Somehow during the long silences of the summer, my own blueness, various causes, had made me feel that any such thing must be a vague and shadowy myth. So far from being a remedy, it came near being the death of me. I was perfectly wretched, carrying the letter in my pocket unanswered for days. Finally I nerved myself to tell Mama of it. I knew she didn't approve, but was too sensible to disapprove. She told me she liked Mr. H. the best kind, and wouldn't put a thing in my way but that she had never considered him manly, and she felt sure he would never be an artist, that even his best friends here smiled at his productions.

I spoke of my influence over him, and quite warmed up on the subject. I really felt that I could influence a man to do anything. I haven't lost all faith in my own powers yet, nor in the strength of my own mind. Well that evening in a most excited frame of mind I wrote him simply saying, "You may write." Then for days I tried to adjust matters, to see things in their new light.

I felt better but my heart ached miserably the whole time for poor Elmer. One Thursday eve (the 3rd) I think, he came over to study Eng. Literature with me. I didn't hear a word he read. Finally I begged him to stop and listen to me, then I told him how soon I should be formally engaged to another. For one minute only, he seemed perfectly wild, but then he said things, which only Elmer could have said wishing me every joy, and only praying that through life we [should be] friends.

Then the strangest feeling came over me, it seemed as though our souls grew suddenly near, I felt that not only through life but through all eternity we must be friends, and I could even fancy having dear Elmer spend evenings in our home when Ned and I were married. I could picture him as a middle-aged man, my courteous thoughtful friend, Ned's adviser and friend also. Well, Elmer did not dwell upon the subject long but tried to interest me in plans for getting me to school this winter, and for getting up a book of drawings for the holiday time. All the while I sat in the big sleepy-hollow-chair with the tears streaming from my eyes.

Next day I was sad as could be. That night again, Elmer called so that I might not feel he was deeply hurt, but while he laughed he looked like a ghost. Next day I was sick, and I wrote a long, long letter to Ned, here in my room, told him how his first letter had startled me, gave him my opinion of engagements as being only intervals in which people grew better acquainted and decided whether or not life companionship would be good for them, told him with what solemnity I had regarded marriage, the demands I should make, the extreme devotedness from him, which alone could satisfy my fear of "love in a cottage", not of love, but of a very small cottage, exacted many things, telling him to expect little in turn, that I was not very strong or helpful in real difficulties, etc. etc. Then I felt the thing settled.

Sunday night came and with it Elmer. It was nearly time for him to go when he began to talk bits of religious doubts, and then I discovered in him such sorrow, such unsettled faith, such growing doubts and cynicism, and lack of all object or hope, as fairly frightened me. I tried to comfort him, and our conversation grew more and more solemn. I cannot repeat it to you, or to *any*-body—never shall, but how I thank God for what we said to each other that night. It was nearly two oclock in the morning when we ceased talking. He left me, with a warm pressure of my hand, and I felt a new peace. For nights I had hardly slept. After that, I slept soundly and well, and waking early in the morning felt born anew.

Monday night Elmer came again—we read Jean Paul Richter—we had no conversation. Next day was bright and breezy and sunny. Elmer ran in at noon—radiant with gladness. He left a note on my plate—

. . . Away from you I long more than my poor words can tell, to be near you, it is a yearning I cannot resist. I have been told it will not be long until it must be overcome; but now there is nothing disloyal or weak in giving way to it; I am growing strong, and to see you often, will add to my strength, will help me to battle with life, bravely and with understanding. Never was my love as reverential and ideal. . . .

Elmer.

May I see you a little while tonight, no matter if others do call? E.

I was happy as a lark all day. Schwartze did not call that night. Elmer and I read all evening. During these days I hardly knew what I thought, I hadn't given up the idea of the engagement to Ned, and at the same time did not feel the pain about Elmer. Thursday night Elmer came to take me to an affair at the League hall. We went to the Post Office for Mama first. There were some letters for me—among them a long one from Ned. I fairly trembled when I touched it. Elmer was calm and tall and dignified. He did [not] seem just the same Elmer to me, but a new, a polished, a commanding Elmer. He told me in a few clear emphatic words that he was glad the letter had come since he knew it must come, that he believed I loved not Mr Hough but himself. I felt like a tired child, lost and tearful, who is suddenly pointed to the right path. It rested me. I made no murmur but let him have it all his own way. How bright and rested I felt even though the letter in my hand did sadden me. We remained only a few minutes at the League Hall, but came on home. I read the letter and the tears ran silently down my face. It made my heart hurt, but it was not the wild hurt, which has always followed my nays to Elmer. The letter was a dear, beautiful one; it appealed strongly to my tastes and sympathies. I confess that, for a minute, after reading it, Elmer seemed less beautiful. It was only for a minute. We talked over—or rather Elmer talked over all the particulars of our engagement, which he insisted should now become a formal fixed affair. I was willing to let it be so. That night he gave again into my keeping the ring which I had refused to wear, that day in Forrest Park. I wore it all night. Then I slipped [it] into a case, for it was yet to be re-set, and engraved.

Next day I told Mama. Her amazement knew no bounds. We had a long talk. At the end of it she "gave me up", and said my love-affairs were growing too complicated for her to manage.

How joyous I was all day. I sang from my heart. I felt that my blue, sad, summer had ended in real delight. Saturday night another letter came from Ned. It was hard to open and read it. It was a love-letter—he was so unconscious of it all—so hopeful, so bright, and droll. I went up to my room and wrote him a short hard note—told him everything was changed, that our engagement could never be, that fickle as ever, I had changed entirely. Hoped he had not written to Papa and Mama, begged him not to write again to me, or even to think of me. I hardly slept that night after posting the note. Felt feverish and worn.

Elmer came Sunday morning—he was to leave that night for St Louis, to have the ring changed. And that night the letter came from Ned to Papa and Mama—a straightforward, manly request. In the afternoon, Elmer interviewed Papa and asked for my hand. Of all strange coincidences—that they should both ask for me on the same day. Elmer came back to me, told me Papa was kind and glad, but said he was in no hurry to have his little girl leave the home-nest, did not wish her to marry for years. etc. etc. Elmer left me and I slipped up to my room and tried to read. Mama was asleep in her room for she had watched with little sick Winifred all night. Soon Papa rapped at my door and we had a long talk. He told me how strange it had seemed to him to think of me as a *wife* for any-one—his little daughter, how short a time it seemed since I had stood in the church-pews and hugged during the sermon till all the people wanted to hug *me,* and talked about my "fat yawhms" (fat arms have been my great unreachable). He said he had received a letter from Mr. Hough also, that he had never considered Mr. H. manly, or a suitable husband for me, while he knew Elmer to be reliable and steady, one who would be always a good "provider" and take care of me. But that an engagement, a contract of marriage is a solemn thing, and if I once became engaged to Elmer there must be no more fickleness. He said he didn't want me to marry for a long time yet, told me he wanted me to be in readiness to return to St. Louis in October. It was a long talk, cannot tell it all to you. When he left I had another cry, and made another pretense of reading. Gave it up and went down to the piano, where I played mournfully till Schwartze came, saw my tears and acted the monkey and quarreled with me until I felt better. Elmer came in presently bringing me heliotrope. Then we had tea, and Elmer and I went to Grandma's for Mama.

We read some "classical selections" and part of a history of Athens in the early part of the eve, and later he talked to me of the home we are to have, and of his prospects. He found it hard to leave me, but trains wait for no man. When the train which bore him off went whirling past my window I was sitting in the dark, crying desperately. I felt all upset. It wasn't all pleasant—a new home and all that—to leave my own home. Restless all night. In a dream all day Monday and Tuesday.

Tuesday night was the big League party—I had for it an engagement of long standing with Schwartze. I was to wear my engagement-ring for the first time in public. Mama remarked it was like me to wear my engagement-ring for the first time, and appear with another than my betrothed. Well, Tuesday afternoon Mr. Newatny and Mr Butler were here all afternoon. At 5:30 Elmer came laden with packages. Soon the other gentlemen left. Elmer brought me a box of confections sent by Jack, some new nail-scissors he thought would please me, a lovely artistic book—*Ten little leaves of love,* an immense box of flowers (Jorden's flowers) and the ring engraved with "Sept 6, 1885" the date of our long, long talk that Sunday night. I felt moderately happy only, that day. Elmer remained to tea. He was perfect in his demeanor toward me. He had stayed at the "Southern", had tried to get a thorough insight into the lithographing business, had told Jack all about "it" and had been treading air. He was so happy it did me good to look at him. I was not as happy as he. I don't pretend that I love him as hard as I *can* love, but I do pretend that I can love him harder and harder, and feel that I shall.

That night I wore single tube-roses, pink BonSiline buds, my white checked dress, and the diamond. Every-body stared at it. Once really engaged, I wanted to be not like all engaged girls, but to have friends like ordinary girls, to be sociable and see that Elmer was too. Schwartze and I banged duets and hunted with opera glasses for a new star which is setting astir the astronomical world. Elmer was lovely. I had five dances with him—danced all the time—perfectly jolly evening. Schwartze tried to cry when I told him I intended returning to St. Louis—Wint was real pleased.* I fancied every partner I had was staring at the ring. Next day I was sleepy and dazed—restless sort of day. Of course for a time under the new arrangement, I naturally felt restless and queer, but every day since, I've been growing happier. You'd smile, you rosy Journal, to hear Elmer and me discussing our library the way our shelves are to be built in the wall, the style portierres we shall use, the sort of rugs, and swinging lamps with shaded globes etc, etc. And we're going to study furiously and Elmer is going to be an artist. I am giving him his first lessons and he does *splendidly* for a beginner. We can go sketching together some-day. And "some day" too Elmer means to enter a more congenial business, lithographing if possible.—Oh, we plan everything. By this time every-body has "caught on" to the ring, and the girls have hugged me rapturously, and the boys treated it as a good joke. Jack writes congratulations and says I am one girl who will not be set aside by her gentlemen friends because she is *engaged,* and I needn't think I am to be rid of him this winter. He and Elmer are sworn allies, and Elmer has made mysterious arrangements with him for a sort of guardianship over me when he is not there.

St. Louis Oct 8, 1885 Thursday

Came nearer getting killed tonight than ever I did before. Jack and I after a regular scramble for a car, got into a blockade and had to walk. At the end of the Trades Procession, the Flambeaux came with magnificent pyrotechnics. We were in a dense crowd when suddenly one of the carts of fire-works caught fire and began to shoot right into the crowd. Such a panic! Jamming, rushing, screaming, cursing, with the dreadful glare of lights. I was knocked over in spite of my frantic efforts to keep my feet, and the crowd pushed right over me, many of them falling, too. All the horrid stories of death by trampling flashed through my mind. Jack was a perfect hero! He was using all his strength against the surging crowd to keep them from walking over me, and got one arm around me while he pushed them back with the other. Finally he got me up and almost carried me till we reached safety, and a solid brick wall. My heart beat so fast it almost choked me. I think I can never forget the feelings of that moment. I remember the face of an old man who fell just in front of me, of women and children wild with terror. If I had been on the ground underneath that excited, panic-stricken crowd a minute longer, I think I'd have been crushed to death.

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* Winthrop Dunning was studying at Hosmer Hall.

Soon as I could walk from trembling, we hurried to the Exposition —the nearest haven—had some tea and then found seats in the music-hall and heard Gilmore's glorious band. I have been wild with excitement all this week. It is *the* week in St Louis. Expo., Fair, Veiled Prophets, Trades, Flambeaux, Mackerel Brigade, Militia and Fire Departments and clubs of every description, parade.

Wednesday, Nov 4, 1885 Hosmer Hall.

My days at H.H. are drawing to a close, as I leave for May's [May Clark] on Friday the 6th. Am real homesick over it; everybody has been so kind and lovely here.

Well, it seems like a dream, all the gay times I have had since I came to St Louis—one constant round of jollity. Elmer came up with me. At first all the processions with Fair week, and then the Exposition, then Modjeska and Keene at the theatres, then the Thomas concerts and Clara Morris. Gilmore's band, too. And I'm promoted at school to the "advanced antique", formed for the benefit of six of us who distanced the other antiquers and we are under Mr. Fry who is simply splendid, and who slaughters us unmercifully.

Elmer has spent much time with me up here. Saturday night I went with Jack to hear Keene in *Richard III,* and Elmer left for Kansas. He was west till Wednesday. Wednesday afternoon Elmer, Miss Maury and I went to hear Modjeska in *As You Like It.*

Thursday, the 29th was my *twenty-first* birthday, and I missed the annual cry. After dinner, Wint, May and I, accompanied Elmer to the Music Hall, where we had a box all to ourselves and felt *too* utterly swell. I wore my black and yellow toilet—black silk with low neck filled with black tulle and black and gold crepe-lisse, black and yellow bonnet, and lovely corsage bouquet, which Elmer sent in the evening. Had a gay birthday.

Friday, Dec 11, 1885

I find Mrs Clark's a most delightful place to be in. Had a lovely surprise Sunday. Elmer came up and brought Robin with him. How

I wish I could tell you all about my visit with them, and the good time we had. Elmer is improving wonderfully and grows, if possible more devoted every minute. Among the art students he is known as my swell admirer.

Sunday, Jan 10, 1886.

Such a cold cold day it is that no one has ventured out. Until after New Year's the weather was balmy and buds putting forth but now comes such accumulated cold that people are suffering terribly from it. Its just the day though to tell you about the holidays and how I spent them.

I went home Wednesday before Christmas. Elmer met me at the incline, and Papa down town. It was rather different from my going home in June. I was full of joy; everything looked and seemed delicious. Elmer had sent a huge box of cut flowers and smylax from St Louis, to have the house in holiday attire for my coming. How I enjoyed every minute. Mama was sweet, Papa kind, the boys all glad to see me. Elmer came most every evening, and Mama slept with me—*dear* Mama! Now that I am actually engaged to Elmer I have quite gotten over the feeling that I'd rather be with some-one else when-ever I'm before the "public eye". Sunday night I went to Church with him—during a prayer too, shame upon me—I stretched one adventurous foot over toward him, and gently touched his shiny boot with it. He blushed like a girl and looked too happy for anything. He is so new to me now; I never have known anyone to change as much as Elmer has since our engagement. He is another creature, and I love to see the quick color mount to his face at some teasing word from me—he used to seem so cold, even while vowing he loved me. He says now, that my own chilliness re-acted in him, and was like a perpetual damper.

What a life I have led! What changes have come to me. Now I am engaged to marry Elmer and have heard no word from Ned since writing him those cruel letters last September. I try to plan what a life with Elmer will be—how I can make him what I want—literary, artistic, droll, as well as a financier and substantial reliable boy. I am happier than I have been for a long time, but not always so. There are times when my heart aches cruelly thinking of my loyal friend whom I have not only mis-judged but whose life I have made, for a time at least, miserable. I am older, have seen more, and met many people, but there is a good deal of childishness left in me still; and there is a choke in my throat every time I think of his kind eyes, his helpful words, and his quaint bright speeches. Elmer is young yet and having had to work hard all his life, could not become a man of many words, or attain that easy pleasant manner and grace of action which I so admire. He is improving rapidly however and foreign travel, and the lazy life which he hopes to enjoy for a year, e'er long, will I hope do the rest for him. Yes, and his love for me! That is really his best educator. It makes him eager to do what I admire, to become in truth my ideal. He reads and studies tirelessly, studies my whims and caprices, and leaves no thing undone, which could possibly add to my happiness. He is slender and pale, but grows better looking every day, and because I admire more muscular athletic figures, is going into gymnastics and early hours with a vim.

But I'm not telling you about my holidays very fast.

On the Monday following Christmas, May Clark came down. Tuesday night we went to the League meeting. As we left, Mr Bayley whispered in my ear, "When do you expect to go to Chicago?" He is Ned's particular friend, and he and Mrs Bayley had been so kind to me all evening, that I feared they did not know the engagement existing between Ned and me was broken off. It worried me! I tumbled about half the night, thinking. The desire to write again to Ned grew almost too much for me. I felt I *must* make him a sincere apology, and, if possible, explain my irrational conduct. The days were abstracted rather to me, receiving and making calls by dozens, buying and arranging favors for the German which the boys were to give us, and all the while pondering over life's problem and my own wickedness.

Wednesday night Mr O'Hara, Schwartze and Elmer called. Elmer and I picked out the figures we wanted for the German—which we were to "lead".

Thursday morning I ran over to Wint's a minute, and she and Cate talked about the German, told me they were going, what they would wear etc., and asked me who would lead. There was something a bit *dry* about their manner when they found Elmer was to lead, which gave me the idea, they had their doubts about its being a success. In the evening Cora Stratton was calling and through her we learned incidentally that there was to be a "German" also at Tenie Woodward's, which she, Cora, was to attend with the Dunnings. I was so amazed and indignant I could hardly carry on the conversation unchanged, but one learns to do many things in "society" and masks are easily donned.

You see after the boys had invitations out for *our* German they discovered that Tenie had planned one for the same night, though she had as yet taken no active steps. So they dissuaded her. The first thing then Elmer asked Albert Galigher to invite her to ours which Albert said he would do. They also asked Mr OHara to escort Cate and Wint, which Mr OHara politely but firmly declined to do, saying that while he admired Miss Hackstaff as a young-lady, he despised made matches, and Mrs Dunning's schemes were so apparent that he fairly shunned the house. Also at a late hour A. G. refused to take Tenie on the plea of another engagement. Elmer then interviewed 6 or 8, to take Tenie, all of whom found excuses—she certainly is unpopular. Finally Tom Halliday said he'd take her, but the time he asked her, she in her wrath at having been no sooner invited, was getting up a German to kill ours. From what I can learn, she and Wint were colleagues. Tenie did her telephoning from there, and they invited all the people previously asked to ours, and even tried to engage our music. Mr Woodward and Major Ed Halliday spent the afternoon seeing the gentlemen on our invitation list and trying to secure them for Tenie's German. Did you ever hear of such littleness on the part of grown men? Tenie had some reason for feeling spunkie, but what actuated Wint is more than I know.

I never was so hot over anything as I was when I heard how they had acted, and the mean little things that had been done. Schwartze, May, Elmer and I vowed we'd have a good time, if no one else came. No-one else *was* there when we reached the hall, save the musicians, but we had a jolly waltz in our wraps, and then tied white ribbons to a new installment of favors. Pretty soon, however, the girls began to flock into the dressing-room. *Every-body* came nearly, and everybody was furious at Tenie's performance and fully determined to make our German a rousing success. And it was! The figures were new and cute, not a break anyplace, the supper delicious, the favors provoking much merriment and everything and every-body in a gay mood. So many of the gentlemen told me they never *had* enjoyed a party so much. Ned Halliday, whom Tenie tried to inveigle into leading her German, came to ours and took the second gentleman's place. At about eleven oclock a few crest-fallen folks came from Tenie's over to the hall, and Mr Wells said there had been but four waltzing gentlemen there, no-one to lead, and no music beside the piano, while most of the party were such old duffers as Capt. Shields, Dr Dunning, Mr Woodward etc. But *such* a jolly time as I had!

Wish I had time to tell you some of the funny figures—"the bibs," where I had eight forlorn youths with tinted bibs on, kneeling about eating candy, the funny ball figure, the serpentine, and oh, the taper figure. Just at midnight, all the lights were out save a number of small wax colored tapers, one in the hand of each lady. It was like fairy-land, the bright faces, the pretty dresses, the gems of light reflected in the waxed floor! Mr Crawford blew out my candle and waltzed off with me.

Just at midnight as we all sat in this taper-light, the fire-bells clanged and the whistles blew for the New Year, and all the merry dancers called "Happy New Year", and "Good morning" across the hall. I had a sad time though, too. Mr Crawford, a rising young lawyer of Pittsburgh and a cousin of the Riley girls, reminded me constantly of Ned. Mrs. Bayley crossed the hall to talk with me. She spoke first most glowingly of Elmer, and the conversation was on general topics. Then she said, looking at Mr Crawford,

"Isn't he very like Ed Hough?"

"I have noticed it," I replied.

"Poor Ed," she said. "I'm afraid you've broken his heart, Maud."

"I hope not," I said, my voice choking as I spoke, and then she launched into a description of dear Ned's good traits, his bright disposition, their own regard for him, his funny witty speeches, and the pleasure it had been to them to have him with them that winter. She also remarked that she thought Ed had missed his vocation, that his father twitted him rather with it, how his mother adored him, what a noble woman she was, and how Ed loved her. Before the evening was over *Mr.* Bayley too was thrown with me. "Heard from Chicago lately?" asked he. "No, not lately," I replied, whereupon he enlarged upon Ed's goodness of soul, and kindness of heart, and the tears came into my eyes, and he told me how Ed, glowing with happiness, had talked with him of his future, how he loved me, how he must be suffering now, how they had talked together on their trip over the lake, from St Jo to Chicago. Mr Bayley talked to me at every possible chance all evening, and that together with seeing and dancing with a man, whose every movement was like Ned's, made me half-distracted. We walked home slowly from the German, the boys jubilant over the success, and laying it all at my feet, but I was busy with other things. Until way in the morning I worried and cried over thinking of Ned and wondering what I ought to do. Next day I poured forth my soul on paper to him, in a letter which has never been sent, and probably never will be.

New Year's night there was to be an Episcopal Sociable at Mrs Dunning's which we had intended attending, but I felt in no mood to see Wint and so Elmer and Schwartze stayed with us. I had told a new servant that if Miss Dunning called I could not be seen, for I was in no mood to see her. Servant got things mixed, and in the afternoon when Dr Strong and Mr Carnes called and asked, "Is Miss Maude in?" she said shortly, "Yes, but she can't see you" and banged the door without more ado. I wrote them a (limited) explanation and they called in the evening. Carnes had gone home and gone to bed—*sick* from the rebuff. Well, that made four with us, in the eve, and then George Corliss called. Mama sent out for raw oysters, and fruit, made some delicious coffee, cut cake, and had the boys crack nuts. So we had a jolly little time, playing progressive eucher, and indulging in some music; and folks going by to the sociable thought it was a party, and no doubt Wint heard of it, and was hot. On such occasions by-the-way, the new Elmer is a vast improvement on the old. He leaves with the rest of the boys, instead of lingering in lover's fashion. I don't like *that* sort of lover's fashion. When Mollie Riley and Mr Crawford called next eve, they said "Every-body was inquiring at the sociable 'Where's Maud'?" so Wint must have noticed our absence. We had lots of callers, Saturday and Sunday; Monday I spent the entire day writing my paper on "The Age of Pericles". In the evening Elmer took me on a little visit to sick Grandmama and then copied the first of my paper, while I wrote up the finis. Wrote till one oclock—found it nearly impossible to stop—then Elmer took it home to copy it for me. I was in *such* a rush and he did help me *so* much with my paper. And oh, the party, Tuesday night.

Herr Schwartze was my escort; Elmer, May's and they sent us exquisite flowers. *How* I danced! *How* I talked! What fun I had! Every *extra* even was taken—May's too, and do you blame us that we weren't real sorry when we saw Tenie and Wint sit through ever and ever so many dances? I enjoyed snubbing Lilburn Shields too. Last time I saw him, he was a "swell" and I a green girl, this time he was rather the greener of the two. I hadn't forgotten how he'd tried to ignore my existence two years ago, at a party. So when I sailed in, on tip-toe, and resting on Herr Schwartze's arm—Herr Schwartze radiant and smiling, a very count in his dress-suit and tall inches, I looked serenely in the face of Mr. Lilburn—and failed to know him. Twice I did it—*thrice*. A few minutes later I stood in the midst of a crowd of gentlemen waiting for my card, when he sauntered up also.

"Good evening, Miss Maude," he said easily.

"Good . . . evening," I said hesitatingly, and then— "Is . . . Is it Mr Shields?"

Of course he fainted. Then he asked to see my card, and to my secret joy, was unable to get *one* dance. Oh, it was a pretty revenge, but I am childish enough to enjoy it!

At this party also I danced with Mr Bayley—which meant another talk with him and a little more heart-ache. I had anticipated it and because I felt that I ought to keep nothing from him, had told Elmer. So while I was dancing, he was part of the time in the smaller club-room writing me a warm sympathizing little letter to slip into my slipper-box. Dear, dear dear, How the world goes! He is so lovely to me, and I—I am so spasmodic in my devotion to him, so fickle, so changeable, so much of the time full of pain over Ned. Of the latter I tell him always,—a doubtful kindness, but it is my only safeguard.

Wednesday I entertained callers all day, finished my paper on "The Age of Pericles" and read it at the afternoon meeting, to quite an assembly, receiving as a reward a mint of congratulations and approval of the ladies, and several inches of puff in the papers, in which my "well-known ability as artist and writer" figured conspicuously, and made me "peculiarly and specially fitted to deal with the brilliant age of Greek art—" etc. The true reward was Mama's pleasure in my success, Elmer's pride, and the amount of information I myself gained on Greek art-development and education.

Wednesday, my last night, of-course found me blue. That night I permitted Elmer to stay quite late, after the others had gone, for we had hardly had one private talk. I enjoyed the quiet little time we had. When I'm with him, and can conquer—suppress I mean, all thought of Ned, I do come pretty near real happiness. I admire Elmer so sincerely, and every day am more impressed with his nobility, and the differences between him and other men. He is worthy the very best of women, and I feel a glow of pride every time I think I have had much to do with making him what he is. My ideal is absurdly high;

he knows what that ideal is, and loving me as he does, has no thought beyond attaining the standard I set. He studies, reads, *writes,* under my direction; delves into Art and Music, has grown refined in tastes, and is so thoroughly delicate, considerate and courteous in his manner toward me. One night he said "The more deeply and tenderly I love you, the less I dare touch you," and even when he touches my hair, he does it with absolute reverence. In one way it is not good for me; it makes me almost think sometimes that I *am* above the average girl. On the other hand, knowing what an ideal girl I am to him, I try awfully hard to be just as dainty and good as he thinks me. I'm getting to be so neat and careful about my dress, and boots and things, that I astonish myself.

[St Louis] Friday Jan 15, 1886

My time is so divided between very blue blues and very jolly larks with giggling accompaniments, that I begin to feel indeed like a dual girl, a sort of double, all in myself. You see, while I am loving Elmer better and better all the time, yet at the same time, things are constantly occurring in the shadow of my easel to make me think of Ned, and to reproach me. At 11:30 today I grew awfully blue, and at 12 rushed to the lunch-room. But at lunch I had such a gay time that I felt better. Well, at one oclock I got my board on my easel, the model took the pose, and we all pitched in. When Mr Bissell came in, he had on his leggings,—over which I rave; he has such adorable legs!—and when I saw them, I clasped my hands ecstatically, and he mimicking me, clasped his hands and passed on. At the first rest he said to the crowd of girls, "I wore my yellow boots for Miss Rittenhouse's special benefit." We had a jolly talk.

Am getting along nicely at school, and am friends with every-body. I've sort of out-grown the old girls though for I've shot ahead of them, and not being in any of their classes, can't associate with them.

Wednesday Feb 3, '86

To-night as we sat painting the bell rang. Eliza brought me a special delivery letter from my good boy. You may believe I was glad to get it, as I had missed getting any from either him or Mama for over a week. Elmer usually writes daily. Did I tell you the dear fellow came up Thursday night to take me to hear Frederick Warde? Carriage and flowers! And the play, *Damon and Pythias* was grand!

Mr. Bissell says my head this week is the best I've done and the old girls have admired it. I work late and early these days. To-morrow night the theatre—*Mikado;* Friday night a coasting-party on bobs, Saturday night the meeting of the Channing Literary Circle of which I was made a charter member, at which I am to read "Summer at the Lake Side".

Friday Feb. 5, 1886

A letter from my blessed Mama says in it this:

Papa thinks you ought to stay the year out, or that you ought at least to stay a while longer and take painting lessons. He says he isn't positive that he can send you back next fall, and that it would be better to stay while you have such a good start. I expect it would be, but you must do as you think best. I want you at home, oh! so badly, but not enough to deprive you of a chance for improvement. That *must be my first consideration, my own feeling afterward.*

Saturday morning Feb 6, 86.

To continue:—Mr Fry came to me yesterday where I awaited him in fear and trembling for he hadn't seen my work since Monday. I am doing a thing unusually difficult for me, because it is in the softest most delicate curves, and light as the first snow-fall. Birdie did it beautifully, and students came from all about to gaze. Others did it badly—and then the old boy gave it to me.

Well, when he came he stood behind me and said,

"You are doing very nicely with that indeed".

Then he sat down, saying, "You've kept the planes in here beautifully—very fine they are—well kept and light. Drawing in places needs a little correction—thumb and forefinger not foreshortened enough—see? So! You've done well—are making great progress. We'll put you to drawing from life soon,—better stay and draw from life than to go home and get married. Father wants you to paint does he? Well, you're in a fair way to get there soon. Let him know how much better it will be for you to advance right along to where you *can* paint, than to stop now, and perhaps fall back. Yes you want a little more fullness there in the throat—takes years of study to feel a line like that" etc.

Last night we had the coasting party. The hill is above Grand Avenue and LaClede and the most glorious slide I ever saw, two squares long and very steep and icy. John McCargo got a huge bob from a Mr. Stanley—with a pilot wheel in front and everything. It was like riding Texas over the old country road, when the wind went "Z-z-z-z-zz" about my ears. We sang and talked and slid and giggled and screamed, till when we got home over the icy walks, the boys pulling us, it was 11:30 and we were nearly used up and so hungry that we ate up everything we could get hold of in the pantry.

When I came up here I found a big fat letter from Elmer which had come by special delivery. He goes to our house to see Mama, and so he may be near the Sleepy-hollow chair in which I used to sit, and simply because I write him decent letters I am "showering goodness" on him, and he says "I have not a desire or ambition that you do not fulfill, or a thought you do not answer—" oh the old boy is getting so that he can write the love letters, I'll *tell* you!

Do you know, the funny part of it is—that while Elmer is making an ideal of me, I in turn am making a hero of him. I actually have a name for him beside Elmer—*two* of them, and there was a time before I began to love him when I hunted the dictionary through (for mercy's sake never tell that) to find a "pet name" for him, and all to no purpose. I've gotten so that I am not disgusted at his funny "construction" in his letters, or his un-heard-of-in-any-Grammar punctuation. Traits of his which once made me hate him, seem lovely to me now.

Feb 9, 1886

'Nother enthusiastic day at school, and a head-ache to vouch for it.

Letter from my beloved Marmee this morning. Dear little patient Marmee— After speaking of the delicious day, and of how perfectly happy she ought to be, she says—"but I'm not. Somehow or other the burdens of life rest heavily on me to-day. The dull, tread-mill existence I lead, seems to chafe and depress me, and I wonder what it is all worth anyhow—this struggle and fight to live, just for the sake of living. Some days I work hard as I can all day, and when night comes, seem to have accomplished nothing. Other days I work hard too, and am successful, but always it is work and hurry, hurry and work, with a thousand things even then undone which ought to be done."

What a miserable selfish creature I have been to take every advantage for cultivation, and stay away from home, while my little mother-bird wears herself out with vexing domestic problems. She is worth a thousand such creatures as I, anyway. Oh, what an ingrate I have been, to take all from her, and give nothing.

Thursday. Feb 11, 1886

Marmee writes that she expects me to come out with flying colors. Just now my only color is blue and that is trailing in the dust. I have worked *so* hard and my drawing is simply bad. I've taken so much pains that it lacks freedom entirely—no more movement than a lamp-post. Parts don't hang together, action terrifically off. This afternoon too, I had the most depressing time. Discarded the drawing which Prof. Ives complimented, because it was so bad I couldn't stand it. Began a new one. Horrid too. Don't seem to have a particle of talent left in me. Prof Ives therefore came in again, and stood behind me till I wanted to shriek. Of-course he thinks it the same old drawing, and must have an opinion of the steady advance I make, and the rapidity with which I work. I could have murdered him. As it was I scowled ferociously and he said nothing—simply stared. During the rest following that I climbed into a big window and cried.

Tuesday Feb 16, 1886

Concour ends tomorrow at 12. I have worked like a Trojan and howled like a Niobe. All is excitement.

Feb. 18 or 19, 1886.—Thursday or Friday.

Concour ended at noon Wednesday but the excitement held over to the next day when the critiques were to be pronounced. Unlike last year there was no committee to "sit" on the drawings, Mr. Fry simply criticized and corrected with extraordinary care and severity.

Of those students working from Hercules, Miss Nelson was first criticised. I watched the performance. It didn't seem so dreadful and he corrected her drawing very little. Now it is a well-known fact that I am a far better student than Miss Nelson. Every-body has said so and of course modest little I. Maude believed everybody. So I expected rather to hear him say "Well really, your drawing is very little out. It will hardly be worth while to correct it." Still—to my credit be it said, I was most nervous.

The girls all collected around when he sat at my easel, and Mr. Brown said, "If that isn't number one, its second best anyway." They all had their eyes on us—Mr Fry, Hercules and I. Hercules was passive, I was performing a nervous chill in my best style, and Mr Fry was sitting with both eyes most shut scrutinizing alternately the drawing and the cast.

There were a few moments' silence. It was the calm before the storm. Suddenly he snatched a porte-crayon. Ah, but let me drop the curtain o'er that painful scene. If ever a drawing was unmercifully slaughtered, mine was. My beautiful drawing which I had studied till I thought I was sure of every line, angle, curve, diagonal, distance and proportion in it. In placing, it had come out right exactly. There wasn't the sixtieth part of an inch wrong. I had studied the action so thoroughly that my dreams were simply mazes of Herculean legs, and arms, full of pressure, subdued force, etc, etc. Ah my beautiful drawing. How he drew little black lines along the beard and nose and brow of old Hercules till he looked like "The man with the Double", how he discovered the biceps of the left arm too rounding, the rectus longus slightly exaggerated, the action a little out on the upper part of the left upper leg, the right heel too far to the left, the gastrocnemius of the left lower leg too full. Oh, ye gods, imagine my feelings. I rested my head on my hand that the girls might not see the tears chasing dismally down my cheeks and forming little puddles on my apron. Then again I actually smiled —it seemed such a stupendous joke that I *could* have thought that drawing presentable. Lord forgive me, if there is ever again an atom of conceit in my artistic constitution.—Ugh—that black line. Oh, ruthless man! *Can* it be maliciousness? No. He is calm and rational, almost smiling. Now he says, by way of consolation "You've a wonderfully good drawing here Miss Rittenhouse."

That only brings the tears a little faster. It seems so pitiable to try to comfort me with lies when those black lines are staring at me. And to keep from howling aloud, I murmur to myself,

"Don't be a fool. *Don't* be a fool. Aren't you strong enough to stand a little wholesome correction," and "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" echoed through my head ridiculously. Finally he seemed not to be able to find room for any more black lines and he laid down the porte-crayon, and spoke,

"You've done very nicely indeed. Your position is the most difficult one in the room. You have a very nice drawing," and then he journeyed to a distant easel, the girls all following.

I wasn't overcome with the desire to see any more of those black lines go down, even on another fellow's drawing. Beside I was too stunned to move. So I sat staring into vacancy, and wondering where pride and confidence had flown, and if I should ever truly live down the blank feeling in my soul. Then I began to work furiously. I heard like a night-mare the slashing of the charcoal across the room, and the whispered comments. Presently when Mr Fry had concluded Ben Brown came to me.

"You ought to see the way he slashed up my drawing—Miss Guedry's too—all of them."

"Thanks, I've enough slashing to study on my own drawing," I said.

"Pooh. You didn't get *anything*. Why he moved one of my legs half an inch;—though he did say the action was good. He says you've got the hardest position in the room."

Then Emily called, "Maude, he says your drawing is one of the best. You had more praise from him than any-body," and so on, one by one they gave me cheering doses. Finally Mr Fry himself talked with me, and he said, "I had no idea the class could do so well. You have worked heroically and I'm proud of you. Finish up these drawings this week if possible. I've criticised you just as though you were men. I consider it an insult to women, to treat their drawings as though they were judged by a separate standard. I have shown *no* consideration, and I'm *proud* of every drawing in the room."

Must be nearing breakfast time. How much I have not told you! Adieu.

Feb. 19, 86

Prof. Ives came to me to-day to say "You will please write to your father for permission to enter the nude class, and ask him to write me." I have writ. I stood not upon the order of my writing but wrote at once. So *that* is settled and next week I enter "beyond the gates". How I have longed for the time! I can hardly realize that I am actually promoted to the highest class in school. A year ago to-day I was an "infant" in the "nursery". How my heart would have jumped had any one said to me then, "In one year you'll be in the highest class in school." *Then* the nude-class was a mystical, semi-barbarous affair, and I felt nervous at the idea of drawing from the nude figure. How easily that silly mock-modesty is overgrown! Have been working rapidly to-day, and receiving congratulations all around.

[Here there is a gap of three months in the diary.]

Saturday May 29, 1886.

We buried Grandmama Arter to-day, at Grandpapa's side at Villa Ridge. Wednesday night she was well, and talked brightly with Harry and Fred about their Dickens entertainment, expecting to attend it. Thursday night she complained of neuralgia in her head, and though she said, "I feel that I may go this time; am not afraid, but am ready and willing" still she was bright and jolly, chatting with Dr Strong, and Mama and Auntie, and making all the fun she could. That was at about 8:30. Mama, finding her growing better all the time came back to rush up the boys' costumes, and Grandma herself advised about Mary's dress and ribbons. The doctor left for a minute coming back at 9:25; he said she seemed better, her hands were warm etc., but presently while he was fixing medicine and Auntie holding her head, Grandmama said "My head hurts me," and in almost an instant was dead. Mama had gone back by then too. You can imagine the shock it was to us. The Thursday previous I had been with her at the W.C.T.U. meeting and she seemed so hale and well, so much better than she has been for years.

The W.C.T.U. sent a floral sickle with the sheaf of wheat, and the daughters had a large white rose with "Rest" on it, at her head. Many, *many* sweet flowers were sent—people were so kind and tender. Warren Chase, a spiritualist lecturer conducted the funeral services, and Mrs Halliday, Allie McKee, Messrs Porteus and Bywater sang, "Nearer my God to Thee." Elmer has been as thoughtful and loving as only my Elmer can be—sitting up, helping everybody, ordering flowers. I have cried till my eyes sting like fire. What an awe-full mystery death is! How unfathomable. I have always the ache at my heart to leave the dear dead ones way off there alone in the dark and cold. I know her soul is allright, but I've worried with the fear that she mightn't be dead. Mama's assured me.

July 5, 1886

Two years ago they celebrated the "glorious fourth" and I read the D. of I. at the park, and wrote to you afterward. To-day I have read the D. of I. again before a larger crowd, under a hotter sun, with more brass-bands etc. etc and now I sit in my new toilet of pongee silk which I "tone up" with great bunches of red and yellow nasturtiums, and write to you again. Elmer's here! More rides and fire-works. Good-bye.

Sept 15, 1886

Just guess what a lovely surprise I had last night. A few weeks ago, on my way north, Elmer (who took me as far as St Louis) and I were in Mr Bringhurst's studio with some of the girls when Mr Fry invited us into his studio. It was a real treat! Everything was fine, but there was one canvas which I considered a perfect little gem—a nude figure, girl, seated, mid simply-arranged draperies, on stone steps, modeling a Greek vase, or decorating it rather. Nothing could be more exquisite than the pose, the coloring, and the arrangement of lights. I couldn't let my eyes wander from it. Well one morning last week I was up in the art-gallery at the Exposition, all alone, and Mr Fry came to me, and stayed with me all the time I was there, telling me about pictures, about Missonier, Denman, Simmons—who was good, who showy, who accurate, and before I left I remember saying "You can't conceive Mr Fry how often I've thought of that dear little nude of yours. I do think it the most beautiful thing." Well, he looked at me and smiled in the oddest way.

Last night, that very picture, in a massive gold-leaf frame, found its way to our parlors to be my very own,—a gift from Elmer. I shiver to think how many hundred dollars he must have paid for it. I think I sat for two hours, rapt, before it. At first I couldn't speak from amazement. There was a lovely criticism of it in the *Globe Democrat* a few weeks ago. And to think that I own it—a painting by a live salon artist —not a sketch but a finished work.

How I've neglected you dear Journal. To be frank, I hardly dare write as much as I used to. I'm afraid it doesn't agree with me. I'm apt to dwell too much on myself, and my mental states or attitudes; and this summer, between my pained conscience over things which happened just a year ago, and doubts and torments called up by religious "revivals" where I tried *so* hard to believe what I couldn't, together with horrible fears and speculations called up by Grandma's death, and the sudden terrible feeling of death as a reality, and the unreachableness of any certain knowledge of anything beyond it, caused Mama's resolution to keep me home from school for a year. It was "the lakes" which rested me. I feel so bright and well and I'm going to pitch in and be domestic awhile; learn to cook and sweep and iron and sew. Mama and Papa leave Friday for an extended trip east—their "bridal tour" and then I'm to try my hand at home-keeping. Am eager for the fray. Ah, it was glorious at Lake Minnetonka and in Minneapolis and St Paul.* At the lake I rowed and sailed and went in bathing, sketched, hunted wild-grapes, black-berries, and hazel-nuts, and gained nine pounds, jumping in weight from 96 to 105.

Sept 23, 1886.

Last night Mr and Mrs Menager were here to tea (how I love them.) Mrs. M had a letter from Clara who is in Chicago. Clara said in it "after dining out and receiving a call from Mr Hough, we went with him to the Third Presbyterian Church," and again, "We are to go to hear Lotta tomorrow night with Mr Hough". So I know he is in Chicago, and alive and well. Some times I have fairly prayed for just a word from him to know that he has completely recovered any sorrow I may have given him. Lately I have thought of it so much, and have had a feeling that I should see him,—so that every ring at the bell has made me start. Ah well, perhaps the less I say about it, and my "feelings", and "starts", the better. Am too busy to think these days, thank Heaven. I iron, sweep, dust, make beds, arrange flowers, prepare desserts, do Temperance work, mend, darn, put away clothes, give painting lessons, clean lamps, entertain callers, paint book-covers, oversee the marketing etc, etc. etc.

Sept 25

Mabel rushed in breathless at tea-time. Can't I get off for three or four days, and go with her to Chicago. She can easily get passes for us both.** She will wait if necessary till Mama and Papa return, but Booth [Edwin Booth, the actor] will be there before then etc. How I caught my breath for a minute at the idea. I *might* hope to see Ned. I *might,* and I guess on the whole I'd *better* stay at home, paint and study and work, and not give myself a chance to make either Elmer or myself unhappy. Dear patient loving Elmer, how happy he has been this summer and is now, and how good to me every minute, and how sorry and ashamed I am that ever any selfish doubts come to me. I *will* outgrow the old sorrow.

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* Maud had visited the Clarks with whom she boarded part of the time at St. Louis.

** Maud seems to have done most of her traveling on passes. It will be recalled that she took her trip to Okolona as guest of Mr. Bates, the railroad conductor; and also her earlier Chicago trip on a pass. Congress ultimately ended the national habit.

Nov 27

Just from theatre; wore my stylish new bonnet and dress. Both milliner and dress-maker thought they were doing my traveling out-fit and laid themselves out. Everybody thinks I was either married last night or to be Christmas. Rumors start from nothing in a small town, and its no use trying to stop them. You see when Mama was away she bought new things,—carpets, wall-paper, furniture covering, etc. and Papa has had the parlors newly painted, not to mention the new kitchen. Every-time I dodged into the dress-makers' people smiled and nudged each other; the dailies hinted broadly, people called to "pump" us, and we even learned upon what day invitations were to be sent out. Isn't it too absurd?

Mama's "Out of the Depths" is being splendidly reviewed in many papers and magazines.* Her stories for little boys have just been sent us—in lovely bindings. She sold the copy-right in the summer.

How much happens these days. Often I want to write you but I have no time for such indulgences.

Dec 8

Am delightfully happy these days—*so* busy. Elmer is home again, am half imbecile over him; he feels it dreadfully. I nearly cried right before the Menagers when he came. He will be here to-night. Elmer and I went to theatre Monday night: Mrs. D. P. Bowers in *Elizabeth*. I flirted desperately with Elmer and he punished me for it when we got back by hugging me within an inch of my life. Every-body watched us, but I didn't see anybody but Elmer.

Last night Mama, E. and I heard D. P. B. in *Lady Audley's Secret*. "Sassiety" all there. Flirted again with Elmer so hard that Schwartze who sat right behind me, couldn't see the play for watching my eyes. Mr Trick spent yesterday afternoon with me—and with Mama when she came in—late. He wants us to think of uniting with the church in January. I talked quite frankly with him. He says my heart and conscience are all-right, and that all of my difficulties are mental,—intellectual. Since the dreadful spells of a few months ago I have compelled myself to drop every form of religious investigation, and simply to take what came in the way of growth and help without an argument or question. Have taught a rapidly-increasing S.S. class right along, and have met with missionary meetings, but religious excitement I walk right out of. If I didn't, I'd walk right into an Insane Asylum. E. and I. have joined the Normal Bible Class to meet in Mr. T's study on Friday nights. What a help Elmer was to me during the time of my wildness; I could confide in no one else. He gave me a sensible reason for the tumult in myself—a tangible physical reason and led me so gently, step by step, into a calmer, happier state.

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* Mrs Laura J. Rittenhouse had many poems and stories printed, chiefly in the denominational press. The poem referred to was privately distributed: Maud recalls painting marigolds on the cover.

[Maud's still troubled state of mind is indicated by 10 blank pages at this point which bring the year abruptly to a close.]

(END OF VOLUME IV)

Sunday Feb 6, 1887

For long I have hesitated to open you, you book of my near future. Never has one volume tided me over so long a time as my last Journal begun March 26, 1884. There are still some pages unwritten in it, but I cannot bear to fill them up—not yet, not till things, now perhaps far in the future happen, and I may end pages recording some of the happiest days of my girl-life also happily. Not that I'm overcome with gray melancholy now—not a bit of it, for no girl has greater blessings; but there are some few things which I feel will happen some-day as assured certainties which now are dark and sadly tangled. Therefore my unwillingness to close just now those pages lingered over so long. Yet now that I am going back to St Louis and school I want to keep some record of my art-work and "convictions of truth" which latter I ought perhaps to have mentioned first. I just went up into the garret to hunt an old packet of letters from my dusty chest. I thought the fire-light shining in from the tower-room would enable me to see, despite the twi-light and the thick-setting fog outside. What I saw first was a little yellow owl flapping its wings in flight against the north-east window. I have but few times seen the funny things and I ran post-haste down-stairs for the boys who are capturing it as I write. Elmer has come and I must go down to him.

St Louis Feb 16, 1887

Art-school once again, and I've fallen into the old paths almost as if I had never stepped out of them. It is hard I'll admit at first, and I find myself making mistakes than which I feel sure I'd have known better three years ago. Have been fearfully homesick though. Elmer brought me up Sunday. I'm a great baby, my friend, and I may as well confess it right here. I just naturally throw my burdens upon other people, as a duck throws the drops of water from its back into the broader surface of a lake. So Elmer came up with me [to the Clarks'] to see that I didn't catch cold, or be stared at by impudent people or perplexed about trains or checks.

In the morning I was up early and off for school. At school I'd have been delighted, if I hadn't been too blue, over the reception the girls all gave me. They certainly were glad to have me back. Prof Ives shook hands cordially and expressed his pleasure at my return. Mr Fry entertained me in his studio awhile and then I set to work in the life-class. Male model—ugly, but strong color. Came home at 12. Elmer met me here, the darling. I was still homesick, but Elmer was so lovely. Beautiful box of flowers came from him in the afternoon. Card simply said, "A greeting from St. Valentine." Felt very blank and sad after I'd kissed Elmer good-bye.

Feb 18—

Red letter day to-day! Nothing special either, now that I think of it; only such days as once I had always. Then I was light-hearted and care-free. To-day for the first time in months it seems to me, I have been free from dismal speculations and grim forebodings. The sun has shone, the merry wind has blown and I have been happy. At school I have been the gayest of the crowd, laughing, singing, chattering all day long. Mr Fry has smiled radiantly every time he glanced at me, and pronounced my morning-class drawing very good indeed.

Tues Feb 22—

Holiday to-day. Felt so happy and bright, that a dear long letter from Mama, and two from Elmer, quite filled my cup to overflowing. Have been having such a good time! When the heart has sunshine in it how bright the whole world grows! Last night went to the "Junior Ex" from Emily's. Some of the orations were dreadful, and the poor young orators awkward, nervous, and stiff. But Will Eliot!—Oh, I must tell you about him. I have always thought of him as a good boy; honest, earnest, and a hard student, but yet as an undeveloped *boy*. Last night after the hurried, uncomfortable orations preceeding, in what contrast he appeared! As he stepped upon the stage, a hush fell upon the entire audience. There wasn't a bit of rant or bravado about him, but he spoke in quiet, impressive style, his clear full voice commanding attention, his gestures as easy, as natural, as graceful, his face as earnest, as *strong,* and his whole bearing impressing one with *reserve* force of his stalwart mind and character. His subject—"An Elective Course" was handled beautifully and with underlying earnest purpose. I didn't take my eyes off his face—I couldn't. There is something about him, so intensely magnetic that you are carried away with the strong influence of his words. He brought the tears to my eyes, and my heart was beating, till I wonder those near me didn't hear it. "Oh," I thought, "if more men were such men." As he concluded there was a moment's hush and then followed such a storm of applause, ringing and echoing through that building, that I fancied even the old casts up in the art-galleries must be opening their sightless eyes to see into the cause of it. I turned to Cornelia. "Have you a pencil?" She handed me one, and she and Emily gazed in amazement, as I began a rapid scribbling on my programme. Almost before I realized what I had done, I had written a short note to Will Eliot and sent it to him by a student who sat in front of me. Through the next oration, I saw him reading it, a pleased look on his handsome, boyish face. Presently the girls were saying "Do look, Maude, he's trying to catch your eye" but having given way to so hasty an impulse, I felt that I'd been a little rash, and I didn't look.

Feb 25—

Such happy happy days! My heart is so full of gladness that I can't keep it all in, but must needs ripple and chatter to the girls, and it seems natural to be jolly as I used to be in the dear old days in Cairo when I worked in the breezy studio with my artist friend. I had begun to think I should never be so truly light-hearted again; but I'm happy as the days are long. Finished my nude in charcoal this morning, and my still-life in oils this afternoon. Have had an unusual number of compliments on this, my first work in oils at school.

March 3, Wednesday—

W. G. Eliot's card was brought me at 8 oc. At nine he left. There wasn't very much said about *my* exhibition at the Junior exhibition, save that as he rose to leave he said, "My special object in calling was to thank you" etc. He rather hurried over the subject, too modest to dwell on his own success, and *I* didn't dwell upon it beyond saying something to the effect that I knew I could trust him not to take amiss "my rather irregular performance" etc. I don't know, candidly, whether he enjoyed his call or not. Conversation certainly did not languish for the shortest instant. At first I talked (generally nobody else talks much when I'm about) but before many minutes I had gracefully resigned the floor to him, and the stream of ideas was steady, and the flow of words graceful, conscientious and strong. It isn't exaggeration when I say that before he left I was half-afraid to talk, for fear of making some abominable blunder before that keen, careful, logical mind. At leaving he hoped I'd return to my old place in the Channing Literary Circle, which I have been intending to do. I was nervous as I made my toilet for that—school-boy. I wondered if the ringlets about my fore-head looked frivolous, and if the sprays of tiny narcissi stuck through the slashes of my coat looked too much like I'd dressed up for him. Doesn't it seem absurd to care? Am going to study *English Grammar* till bedtime. I retire at 10:30.

Tuesday April 5—

Against my better judgment I take a minute for you. How many things I *haven't* told you—all about Elmer's visit, and Mr Goulding's and Mama's. Elmer left for Wichita two days before Mr. G. left for Topeka. The night Elmer left, Papa and Judge Comings [Elmer's father], came through on their way West, and we all had a gay supper together down-town. Elmer has left the New York Store to my unfeigned delight. The close work there was killing him by inches. He has had positions by twos and threes offered him in the West—paying him 200.00 to 500.00 and more a month. In the twenty days he was in Wichita his salary was 260.00 not to mention the moneys made in his own investments.

We've a new Model known as "the beautiful mystery", as she's heavily veiled and no-body knows her. That is no one but me. I found out through a curious combination of circumstances. She is lovely as a dream and the girls are art-mad—especially those who are painting, and trying to get the tints of her transparent lovely skin. Mr Fry says its enough to make a man want to go out and shovel coal for a living, —anything so delicate, and so well nigh impossible to catch on canvas. Am doing the best piece of work I ever did, from her. She's a Hosmer

Hall girl! Wouldn't the principals of H.H. tear their hair even to dream of an H.H. girl ever posing in an art school? She is as quiet a little thing as ever lived, uses good language of-course and talks with a sweet well-modulated voice.

By the way, I believe I may actually say without conceit that in perspective I lead the class. At the lecture room (bliss!) I worked every problem before anyone else in the class, and had three extra ones given me all by myself.

Sat April 9, '87 B.B.—

Elmer left Thursday morning; will return tomorrow morning. Tuesday night he brought Jack out to spend the evening here. We three with Hat in the back parlor had just cleared a small table for a game of eucher, when Viney poked her head in the back-parlor door, said "Miss Rittenhouse, a gentleman," and handed me Will Eliot's card. I wasn't so glad as I would have been under other circumstances, and felt nervous about Jack's bad grammar. Well W.G.E. stepped in, as gentlemanly, grave, and cordial as usual. Talked for fifteen or twenty minutes and then as he insisted upon our going on with our game, we played one game, he watching, and then he left. I was on pins keeping Jack still. If people do not know how moral and nice Jack is otherwise, they wonder with reason, at my associating with a man, who *will* say—"have came" and "I seen" and "if we'd a known" etc etc.

I feel blue to-day, have since yesterday evening, and for reasons which I shall tell you. I have been so happy at the thought of joining the Church of the Messiah [Unitarian], tomorrow, but yesterday evening in Dr Snyder's study one lady asked if all the members always took communion, and Dr Snyder replied that usually they did, and remarked incidentally that some who are rigid total abstainers will not touch the wine. I asked, "Do they use the unfermented wine here?" "What do you mean by unfermented wine?" he asked. "There is no such thing, of-course you mean grape juice", he said, and went on to say that it amused him to hear these WCTU people talking about "unfermented wine"; that there was no such thing in Christ's time, and that it was foolish for people to say they believe the Bible and believe in Prohibition; that they might "think they think it, but they can't think it," etc, that if they'd just be reasonable and remember that the use of alcohol was not so unsafe then as now etc, for the reason that the people lived simpler lives then, and so on ad infinitum. I asked remembering "Look not upon the wine"—"But it certainly *was* harmful then?" "Yes, of-course, but it was taken differently, under different conditions, and drunken people were not numerous then as now." etc.

Evening.

Blue all day, till I got on a pinnacle in the perspective lecture. Had refreshing walk home—such a lovely Spring day. Found here a card from Elmer, and a little letter from Mama which I nearly kissed to pieces. She says, "Your last two dear little letters made me happy next to seeing you. After reading of your having taken the communion and of the peace and joy you felt than and afterward, I felt sure you had done what was the very best thing for you, and my heart was too full for speech and my eyes wet with tears."

I had a little pray all to myself then in the darkened room here, and then moved by some impulse, sent a note to Dr. Snyder.

My dear Dr Snyder:—

Yesterday in the study I couldn't help feeling a real heart-ache at hearing from you, whom I so want to reverence and admire, such slighting remarks touching the WCTU than which a grander, more earnest body of workers could not exist I think. I have known so few Christians who were not fervent in the Temperance work, that to find the pastor of the church I most love, anything else, has a thoroughly chilling effect upon me. It compels me to say continually to myself to keep up heart, "But surely he does not voice the sentiments of the church; surely it is not the fault of the church". As to the use of unfermented wine, or grape-juice as you prefer to call it, I should think you would take immediate action toward establishing its use, if by using wine any of the church members are kept (as you admit) from participation in the blessed communion service. I beg your pardon most contritely for taking any of your time, just now when you must be so busy, but I have felt very sad indeed at finding an apparent flaw in one whose mission it is, to lift to higher planes of action his fellow-men, my humble self included.

I am happy now, but very tired, and not very well.

A long time afterward—

Some-how I never felt just in the mood for telling you about that beautiful Easter Sunday, last April 10th, so now I copy a letter written to Mama the next day, and which I have just come across here at home.

St Louis April 11, 1887.

My dearest, sweetest *Mama:—*

Your dear little lilies-of-the-valley nestled right up to my heart all through the service yesterday, and made me feel that you were in thought with me. It was to me a beautiful and serious service. I had not told you, for I did not know, that the custom of the church has been to receive new members—when they enter at Easter—always in connection with the children's service, that we might all feel "as little children". I left Elmer, Miss Clark and the girls at the door, and went up the cool aisle with just the slanting sun-rays crossing it, to the very front seat before the baptismal font, where I sat quite alone, as the other seats were crowded. There the flowers were banked high and at the foot of the great white cross, Dr Eliot's dear, kind face shone out from amid the Easter lilies and roses. The tears sprang to my eyes when I saw it: I felt he must be really there in the church and in the service he so dearly loved. I bent my head and prayed most fervently that I might be as conscientious and devoted a follower of the dear Christ as noble Dr Eliot had been. The children's banner-song filled me with buoyancy, and I joined in it most heartily. I never heard so cheery and stirring a thing. I felt so very happy, Mama, and yet very naturally sad too, especially when in the benediction Dr Snyder repeated that passage "The Lord bless thee and keep thee—" and I thought how glad I would be if all my dear friends and Mr Trick could only believe as I do, and rejoice with me in the blessed Gospel as* I *understand it. But I felt glad to hear my own name sounding out loud and clear to all the people, as one who wanted to serve God and to live more and more closely in fellowship with his dear Son, our Lord.*

To-day I feel even better over it than I did yesterday. At the very breakfast table there came an opportunity for me to "stand up for Jesus" in a little way. Mr Clark said "I don't see how Dr Snyder could baptize in the name of the Trinity yesterday." "He didn't," I answered. "Why yes he did. He said 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the holy spirit'." "To be sure," I said, "and why not? May we not believe, as I certainly do, in Father, Son and Holy Spirit, without believing them 'three persons and one God'?" "You don't believe in the Son, as the Son of God, in any other sense than as we are the children of God," he said. "Oh but I do" I told him, "I believe much much *more than that; that he was a 'teacher come from God, specially inspired by the Divine Spirit to reveal the truth and the will of God, one 'speaking with authority' from God."—*

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* The Rev. Mr. Trick refused to let Mrs. Rittenhouse take communion in the Presbyterian Church of Cairo because she rejected the dogma of infant damnation.

"That isn't Unitarianism," he said, but added, "Well to be sure Dr Eliot believed that, and Channing and Dr Bellows"—naming over a list of grand Christians—"but they are 'old school Unitarians!" "Well so am I then an 'old school Unitarian'," I said, and I can't tell you what a blessed thing it is Marmee, to feel as I now feel, so fixed in my own faith no matter what other people may think.

Thursday, May 26 (1887)—

In all my experience at the Art School I have never had such an experience as the one I am going through now and to close up my study here with such a disappointed feeling at my heart is pretty bad. Did I hint at discouragements? Well the whole matter is this—that the annual exhibit is now open, and that I have not one thing in it—not a scrap of my work. How different from my last June in St. L. when I had more pieces on exhibit than any other student in school, and in the concour scored my happy triumph over all the other girls—girls who had studied years instead of months as I had. It is like my life, all promise of great things to develop in my nature, which for some reason are never more than promise. I confess I am at a loss to understand this last calamity.

Several weeks ago Mr Fry asked me to bring my still-life work back to school (I had smuggled it home) as he wanted it for the exhibit. I took it back, and he has never asked to see it, or mentioned it since. My nude sketches are not many, as I've only had the one term's work, but they are surely not bad enough to go under without even an examination. You see they have not even been looked at. I hear other students moaning over "rejected" work. Mine is not even rejected, for it has never been on trial. What does it mean? To say that Mr Fry has completely forgotten me does not flatter me much more than to say he doesn't think my work worthy of exhibit. Last night I made up my mind to say to him to-day, "Mr Fry, I'm not usually inquisitive but I am curious to know why none of my work was put in the exhibit this year. I don't so much mind, only it is embarrassing when my dear five hundred friends ask, 'Where is your work?'" But when it came to the test I could not ask it.

Tuesday May 31

What a day this has been! How hard I have worked. While so working I can forget the nasty old exhibit and all about it, but soon as there is time to think, there is time to be tearful and ashamed and indignant. It was to be Aunt Belle's last morning and I worked like a fury, though with little hope of finishing my study. Mr Fry had not seen it since I began the flesh-painting. When he came to me I said, "Good morning", without looking up. I had just told Cornelia how my lips had dried in so purple that they looked like pansies, and I was working over them. First thing he said was, "Lips too purple." Then he studied it a good while over my shoulder.

"You are doing good work Miss Rittenhouse—doing it in the right way. You made a careful study of the drawing to begin with and placed your values, so that you know right what to do. You lay on a stroke, and you *have* it. It is done in an excellent way."

I nodded my head intelligently but I couldn't have smiled at him or looked up into his eyes if my study had depended on it. Shortly after that I heard him talking to Miss Rucks.

"That is no way to work"—(lost)— "Take a canvas and make a good drawing. Don't cover a poor drawing with a pile of pigment and expect to do anything. See how Miss Rittenhouse is working. That's the way to go about it. Now she has a fine piece of work there simply because—" etc etc.

When twelve oclock came I had not finished my study so I had Aunt Belle pose for me privately through the noon-hour and at one oclock paid her, washed my brushes, gobbled a bite of lunch and pitched into my afternoon study. Mr Fry came in at about three oclock. Some of the girls hop right up, eager to have him sit down and work for them. That is something I *never* do. He tells me what to do, and at rare intervals asks me to let him sit in my place and examine my work. Today he asked and I stepped aside. He made a slight change of the chin—not a mistake of mine, but because he asked the model to lower her chin to make a better effect—and then said,

"This is *good*. You are on the highroad to success. Thorough study of the drawing is the basis and the only one of success in this work. You'll go right ahead with it, starting as you do."

He talked, explaining his ideas, and complimenting me for several minutes; once I smiled and then wanted to go off and throw bricks at myself at any little bit of praise when at the same time he was effectually crushing and slighting me in the most pronounced way possible. How happy and sunny I might be during these last days if that old exhibit were not a perpetual cloud over me.

June 3rd Friday—

I don't know what to make of it. To-day Mr Fry came and stood behind my easel while I was at work. I worked on. He said, "I have taken the liberty of taking that head of yours."

At first I thought he meant something about the study I was at work on—thought he meant he'd corrected it in some way. I looked dazed, looked at my drawing, found it unchanged, and then it just struck me about that head I did of Aunt Belle.

"Oh, do you mean you have taken that study—of Aunt Belle?" I questioned, rather perplexed.

"Yes, I took that liberty—for the Museum—the exhibit."

"All right," I said, without looking at him, and went on working.

Has he forgotten that he did not get any of my other studies, or am I purposely ignored? It has done me good anyway, for filled with indignation and hurt pride I have done the best work I ever did in my life. I can't do anything but work furiously and continuously. It was a "Providence" after all, for the exhibit is a small matter and my advancement a much greater one.

Sunday June 5

It has made me feel so glad that this, my last Sunday in St Louis, is communion-Sunday and a fair sweet day beside. Went to church this morning with the girls and then to S.S. This afternoon Harriet and I went down to the Mission-school, and I had my bright little boys once again. Was talking Temperance after the lesson hour when Will Eliot came to tell me that if I meant to attend the communion service I'd have to go. I am more sorry than I can say to feel that I am barred from this Christian service at home, and that this must be my last communion for I cannot tell how long. It is a service than which there is none more helpful or dear to me. Leaving St Louis "for good", and all St Louis holds, is no slight thing to me. Three years ago I did not dream I could feel so at going home.

Tuesday June 7

To-night Mr Fry called me into his studio and talked to me for an hour and a half. He says my head of that darky is a "tri-umph!" Elaborated upon my manner of going at the study and read me a lot of Ruskin to prove the correctness of his assertions and my style. He also says that no student in the school has made better progress than I. He didn't talk for an hour and a half about me however, but having settled me comfortably in a huge rocker, and himself near me in a straight carved chair (quite corresponding with his earnest face, his knee-pants and his low shoes) he began as interesting a lecture—and a good deal better worded and more earnest one—as I have heard in any lecture-course this winter. Art; then what underlies his political economy; and the social and labor problems. Dr McGlynn, Henry George, Homer, Shakespeare, Millet, Corot, Belgian peasants, English miners, Chicago anarchists, two kinds of slavery, the land question, what Christ meant by truth, the possibilities of art when art shall have attained the foundation of truth, established on a perfect basis of economics, tragedy in art, sacrifice in art, no selfish man can be a truly great man—those are topics of the talk. I respect J. H. Fry from the bottom of my heart, if he *is* radical. He is good, pure and philanthropic and if there were more such men as John Fry, Will Eliot, E. A. Engler [a teacher at the art school] and Elmer, this would be a better world. Elmer has been here. Came Sunday eve, and left Monday eve. Went back to Kansas City. Good-night.

Thursday June 9—

This is our last day of school. Five years ago this very day, I graduated from the High School at home. How little to have accomplished in five years! Yesterday Mr Clark took May and me down to the Univ. in the buggy, bright and early. There I got my sketch-book and camp-stool and we rushed for a car meeting Mr Fry on his cycle, en route. Got to Forrest Park and sketched till 2 P.M. The park was so beautiful, if only *we* had such places at home!

Friday June 10, 1887—

Here endeth a happy lesson! Am just finishing packing with May's kindly help, trunks, boxes etc.

Ah, dear school life! Stayed away from school yesterday because I couldn't bear to go, and to see the girls all leaving. Went down in the afternoon to go to the Catlin gallery. No one answering my knock at Mr Fry's studio I went up to the office. Mr Ives was radiancy itself, told me Mr Fry had been inquiring for me at the Museum and that they had all had to go without me in order to get back to the lecture at 3:30.

Then I packed my folio and what traps were left in my various lockers and drawers and pigeon-holes, and Mrs. Connor helped me to carry them to the Museum, where I wandered to the upper galleries. I left the other girls, curled up in my pet seat before Alexander Harrison's "La Crepuscule" and there—cried, remembering how, in the long ago, I had first seen it in Chicago just before my art-school life began, and remembering all that had happened since.

Presently Prof Ives came and gave us the nicest art-talk he has yet. He startled me by asking me to compare Valey's "Love and Riches" with a picture in the same gallery which *I* have always called Mephistopheles. This I did to the best of my humble ability and he nodded his head approvingly.

Mr Fry came and I was so on-the-verge of tears that I had to hurry from him and go to another gallery where I pretended to study Albert Durer's "Knight, Death and the Devil" till Miss Douglas came to hug me and take me back to the crowd.

Professor Ives brought out the beautiful Wayman Crow medal for us to see. He said half-smiling (but rather with solicitude than amusement) at the tears still on my lashes,

"Of-course we are to have you with us again next year?"

"I fear not," I said.

"We will hope so," he said, and held my hand in a very friendly fashion after giving it a real director-like shake.

Then Mr Fry came and talked and talked to me, and insisted on walking home with me and carrying my traps (a mile and a half through ardent June sun-shine). As I was talking farewells with the girls and we were about to leave he asked,

"Oh, you got all your drawings, did you?"

"Yes. I brought them over from school a while ago."

"But I mean the others. Have you them here?" nodding toward my folio under his arm.

"Yes, oh yes," I said. "They've been there all along."

"Humph?" inquiringly.

"They've been there all along," I answered.

"You don't mean—why—*been* here. I mean your exhibition drawings—" Then from my face an idea struck him and he asked in a dazed blank way, "Why Miss Rittenhouse you aren't telling me that you had no drawings in the exhibit?"

"I had none there," I said.

"But I took your work. Why *yes* I did."

"No you didn't," I replied laughing.

Everybody had stopped talking and all eyes were on us, he hugging my port-folio and looking utterly blank, I rather hot and amused. Then Miss Douglas chimed in,

"*I* say it was her fault. She ought to have taken them to you."

"I supposed you'd ask for them if you wanted them," I said, looking squarely but friendly-wise into his face.

Gravely he walked across to where the Laoccoon group stands, opened my folio and examined the work, saying as he untied the strings, "Well, Miss Rittenhouse, I certainly owe you an apology. I can't imagine how it happened. I thought I had all of your work. I can hardly believe yet that I didn't take it. Why I wouldn't have had this happen for anything."

"Then you didn't mean to break my heart?"

"Indeed I am sorry for this," he went on as he turned over the drawings. "We shall want them for the Exposition in the Fall. You may have them now to show your folks, if you'll send them back again."

So ended a sorrow which I had already killed anyway, and slowly we walked home, talking hard and fast.

Here I found an elegant lot of flowers from dear boy to commemorate June 9, '82—lilies and Marechal Niels and ferns and heartsease. Wore some of them on my white gown when we four went down to the commencement exercises. How it impressed itself upon me, the whole scene. The dear familiar hall, Norman F [Flagg] and William G. E. [Eliot] with the fluttering programs, the friendly faces of innumerable friends, and the gentlemanly boys of the University Orchestra cracking college jokes and having good times. Presently the lights went up, the orchestra burst into happy strains and down the left aisle came filing the seniors and down the right the faculty and "boards" all in full dress. Prof Ives looked at me a great deal, and I watched William a great deal, running up and down the aisles showing people to places with that grand look on his face. I don't think he saw us at all. It does give one a faint feeling to think of cutting short such friendships as mine with good Will Eliot might become. The evening was all too short. Norman and Fred Chamberlain came home with us, and I shed no more tears though I'd have given anything if William had come instead, and I could have had one last talk with him. How our characters are influenced by these strong bright magnetic people!

It will be lonesome not having Elmer at home when I get there. Wonder how it will seem taking up the threads in the old places in Cairo, not the home-threads, but the social ones. I like my social ones here better if I could only unite the home ones!

CHAPTER TWELVE

Circumstances Are Very Much Against Me

["The Middle Border began, in 1887, to suffer the devastating effects of deflation after a great land boom. Virgin prairie land, and peak prices of wheat and corn in 1881, had induced an excessive construction of railroads, largely financed locally, and an over-settlement of the comparatively arid western part of Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas. Small towns and counties indulged in lavish expenditure, and their citizens speculated wildly in building lots. . . . After several years of excessive rainfall there came in 1887 a summer so dry that the crops withered all along the border of the Plains. In the four years from 1889 to 1893 over eleven thousand farm mortgages were foreclosed. In Kansas alone and in fifteen counties of that state over three-quarters of the land was owned by mortgage companies."—Morison and Commager, *The Growth of the American Republic,* 1937, Vol. II, p. 238.]

Cairo. Home June 21st 1887 (Papa's 52nd birthday).

Guess I may as well say "How do you do?" to you. The old threads didn't seem to have to be picked up: they just clung to me as threads will, after you think you've dropped them.

At first the house seemed so big and elegant and flower-strewn that I couldn't feel natural after the art-school and the nursery, but that didn't last long. Have fallen into the whirlpool, receiving and returning calls; am doing church work, attending W.C.T.U. meetings and superintending the "Band of Hope". Am also managing the marketing, and spend frequent hours in the kitchen devising wonderful croquettes, salad-dressings and blanc-manges. Mama's been troubled some with neuralgia in her face and teeth, and Fred having crawfished one day was laid up the three following days in blisters, cold cream and remorse. Otherwise everybody has been well and we are the happiest sort of re-united family. Robin is doing well with his music under Mama's instruction, and I am giving Harry lessons.

When I went back to S.S. they united two teacherless classes (part of Elmer's boys too) for me to teach. Had a chance for a talk on social purity and they took it beautifully.

We've had intensely hot weather but to-day has been cooler. Brother Wood works from one till one, at his electrical works.

June 22

Mama and I have made a resolve—to entertain frequently and simply. We believe that both we and our friends enjoy it more. Began to-night by asking Mabel and Emma, Bettie K. and Cousin Edith to tea. Our menu consisted simply of cold boiled ham, sliced thin with lemons, baked potatoes, sliced tomatoes, coffee, light rolls, lemon-sherbet and white mountain cake. The girls were bright and social and chatty. They felt the informality and entered into it. Mama had the table daintily set with flowers. That and the sherbet was all she did. Dora and Henrietta did everything else, and the table looked sweet and pretty. After tea we had music as long as Edith could stay, and then the girls grew curious about art-work, models and methods, and I talked them blind—they eagerly joining in as we rummaged stacks of art periodicals and etchings and studies. They were wound up to as high a pitch of enthusiasm as I, and went home, radiant over the good time they'd had. It was like the happy old days, as we sat in our sweet "blue room" before tea with our "drawn-work" and zephyrs, tongues going all at a time. No little girl ever had happier times with her friends than I, but for the last few years such coldnesses have grown. It wasn't perceptible to-night, and *I'm* so happy to think *they* were.

Thursday July 7

I had to read the Declaration of Independence again at the park on the "glorious 4th." This made my third performance of the sort, so that it might begin to be called, in vulgar parlance, a "chest-nut". Same old story of brass bands and hot processions. I think I was the only cool thing connected with the circus. One unusual thing occurred; there was silence as I read and I was quite able to hear my own voice. Soon as my duties were done I was over-whelmed with thanks by the K.M.K.E. boys, and helped into my carriage. The first time I read (before it had gotten to be a chest-nut) I hardly thought what the words meant, earnest as it may have sounded, as I shouted "We therefore—in general Congress assembled—" for there stood "Teddy boy" not three yards distant, beaming at me and waiting to take me spinning up the Mississippi road. How happy I was! How I wish I could always have been as young.

Elmer will probably have to leave tomorrow, we have had a real good time since he came [from St. Louis] reading *Martin Chuzzlewit.* Have done very little serious talking and more coo-ing, which doesn't really leave as pleasant an impression. Have not felt so much like a girl for three years as when Elmer read me bits of an old diary, kept in '81, where every page was sprinkled with the initials M. R. and he was having such frantic times making engagements with me ahead of the other boys. Such passages as "spent Thursday evening with Maude R.—she was in a splendid mood, and I had the most enjoyable eve, etc"

Dreamed about Will Eliot last night and he wore an evening suit and looked so grand and strong and handsome.

Wed July 20

Elmer is still here. There has been some delay about his plans. I am doing a portrait of him in oils. He poses like an angel, only to-day he *would* get sleepy. Am doing him in his fatigue uniform, and had a lot of fun with the little gold bands and letters and braids on the cap. Am very quietly happy these days. Its blistering hot but I manage to be pretty industrious and the solid work I'm getting in in my underground studio braces me up. Nearly every Cairo girl has decamped. Herr Schwartze and Clara were here yesterday evening. She calls him darling and dear and pet, and "booful". Schwartze is such a funny sort of a big fellow to be called "pet", but I'm glad to see how happy they are together—they both richly deserve to be.

It has been frightfully warm all over the U.S.—deaths even in St Paul and Detroit. I wake up in a puddle of perspiration—I who used to be so cool and dry. Papa and the boys roam the lower floor with cots.

Wed July 27

Awfully hot. Elmer left Sunday night.

July 28

One little youngster when I asked her if she knew what it meant to sign the pledge fastened her mild blue eyes on my face and answered, "It means to promise to fight drunk people."

July 30

Hot as blazes!

Aug 14

Last Sunday morning Mama called asking me to come down if I'd like to see Mr Armitage. I dressed and went down but instead of "the pedagogue" found Elmer in the parlor, who caught me and kissed me amid the shouts of the family, before I could catch my breath. It was well he came. I had had some little worries about him. The correctness or formality of my letters somehow made him feel it, I think. His manner, his actions, everything went to set my mind at rest, and I was so glad he made that flying visit. The preceding Tuesday I had gone to a Midsummer Fete, had a whirling time, danced continually, sometimes having to divide one dance with three gentlemen, eating ice-cream, drinking lemonade, and walking in the moon-light. No matter how much a man loves a woman regardless of the opinion others have of her, the knowledge that she can command attention and devotion does make her a little more valuable. Elmer left Monday night and went back to St Louis where he stayed till Friday. Did I tell you about Mr Stephens' offer to him? Stephens' Lithographing and Engraving Co. is the house which employs Jack and where I got the stone on which to do the crayon-lithograph I did winter before last. Elmer has had some few business dealings with the firm. Mr Stevens is president of the co., and Sidney K. Smith, vice p. These two men never have been able to get on together; Mr Stephens wants Elmer to buy out the vice-president's stock and enter the co. as its secretary, on a salary of $2500.00 per year for the first two years, to be increased to $3500.00 after that. He will have to put 15000.000 into the company, and he finds upon examining the co's books, financial standings etc., that his share of the profits will amount to 4 or 5000.00 a year beside his salary. He will be privileged to engage a book-keeper after he thoroughly understands the business, which would leave him time for a course of study in St Louis. I advise his accepting the offer, and if Sydney K can be persuaded to sell, I guess he will. He had another offer in St Louis which would pay him better but I don't approve of the business. He doesn't really, either, so he's refused it. In a letter which came yesterday, he says, "If I do go into the co. I shall not think of our giving up our Paris trip, only it will have to be made either in the fall of 89 or 90 instead of 88.... You would be right here where you could go on at the University and do lots of good work and be all the better prepared for Paris."

Tuesday evening when Mama joined me on the porch she said, "How much sweeter Elmer was this trip—more like his old self; talked to the boys more, was more thoughtful and courteous in every way." I was so glad to hear her say it. I don't think he realized that he had changed any before he left the other time, but I noted a growing change that drove everything else out of my head and worried me half to death. It pleased me though to notice how few words, and very mild ones, it took from me; and how careful and sweet and good he was—how anxious to be less absorbed in money-matters and more alive to the demands of his fellow creatures.

Wed Aug 24, 1887

Am going to Anna this morning at Mrs Wardner's invitation. It will be a period of mixed sensations for me. My last visit stands out like a great bright star in my memory. It will take some exertion of my will to keep from dwelling continually on it and living it all over. That will not be a sensible or a healthy thing to do, and I should come back haunted with old dreams instead of refreshed and rested. I have long, kind letters from Elmer every day. Friday June 6th 1884 found me in Anna another time and that night occurred the reception and the dear little romance that seems like a delicious dream to me now.—I hate to leave home for even this short trip.

Am doing design in holly-leaves for rose-window on front of new stone church. Mama doesn't feel like writing her paper for the Convention, so I'm going to tackle it for her—nothing like a little nerve!

Sept 1, 1887—

The little hands on my watch point just past mid-night so I *ought* to date Sept 2. Have just finished Mama's paper on Growth. It was a joke in the first place, her asking me to write it, when she got stuck; to-night I stayed home from lecture at High School, and wrote hard and fast. Felt reasonably well satisfied with the out-come. When the folks came home at 11, Mama called me in there to read it for them; when I read the first clause "Its a dirty little shed", Mama sat up in bed looking horrified, and Papa said "What?" But when I got through with shed, necromancer, paper-cambric roses, real ones, granaries, all sorts of temperance seed-planting, and harvest-time, they clapped to my delight, and Mama has said so many nice things about it, such as "It was providential, my hurry. I'd have written some 'tacky' thing and you have something so original and bright and new, unlike anything I ever heard in the line of temperance writing." Harry said "*My* sister!" and Papa said after I got him out of the "dirty little shed" and the blue-smoke of the magic rose-gown he thought it fine.

Party at Dunning's last night. Wore new evening toilet—black velvet, black lace and scarlet silk—geraniums at corsage and amber comb in hair. Schwartze said I was a swell.

Tuesday, Sept 6, 1887—

This is the second anniversary of my engagement. Elmer will be here to-day.

Sat Sept 10—

Mama returned from the convention yesterday. Elmer left at 2:30 to let me take a nap. Then I took a car and went up to Mary Baker's, to the reception.

Mary took me off to the house for a private chat, but soon all the older girls of the crowd came in from the yard, and we had very delicious refreshments. Mary calls forth more and more admiration from me,—her pluck, her capability, and her sweet disposition. I sat looking at her, so dainty in her white flannel with her pretty throat bare and great dark pansies and mignonette knotted in the huge mull scarf at her breast; and I wondered and wondered how different all things might have been if Elmer had tried a little harder to fall in love with Mary when I wanted him to *so* much. "Isn't it funny how things turn out!"

Mrs. Dr. Smith was there, and was very sweet to me. As we stood out on the lawn with Cousin Edith, she said to me,

"Mr Davenport saw Mr Hough away."

She said her "Mister" as though it were "—Sta" and the "Davenport" was so faint that at first I thought she said, "I saw Mr. Hough to-day," and it startled me till she must have noticed.

Then she repeated, "Mr Davenport saw Mr Hough while he was in Chicago. Mr Hough has fallen heir to $15,000.00 recently." She looked at me keenly, and I fancied, a little cool-ly, as I said, "How glad I am! Now if he chooses he can follow his art, and bring out the best there is in him." And I told Mrs Smith, how great talent I thought he had, and that while he was with us, we had not known or considered how little advantage he had had in his work, but that under proper influence and a real master, I felt sure he would come out finely. I wonder if all the old class think I wilfully entered a mere flirtation with him, and then dropped him? That is the one thought that is hardest to bear, the fear, that he may have thought my wild and sudden change of tactics (I can't conscientiously call it change of heart) due to policy or mercenary motives. I wish he could have followed my real motives and my heart, with his "inner consciousness" (how the words remind me of him.) I think he would feel as I fear he does not.

If he has suffered, I have suffered a thousand times worse. He had only sorrow; I had with sorrow the bitterest remorse. What a world it is! I try to work my feeble best in the Master's vineyard, to do practical, Temperance, and S.S. work, work with the children, and some little help in the home. I try as I never did, not to brood, not to look back, but to be cheery, practical, and wide-awake. I need not say to you too, dear Journal, that *never never* will I break my engagement with Elmer, that I do love him dearly, expect to be very happy with him, to do some little mite of good in the world, and to be a happy as well as an admiring wife. Yet with it all, there are days, minutes of nearly every day, when I feel that a talk with Ned, one of the old happy talks—with Ned so full of appreciation, sympathy, drollery, and help—would be the one thing on earth which would do me most good; and fancying I hear his voice, or see his face, I start, and feel fairly weak and worn out with the sudden tide of feeling. It may be all very wrong. It is so hard to know always what is right. Sometimes I feel that it would be better for me *to* see him before I am married, to see him in a new light, and from a new plane. It might all be very different then, for I may unconsciously have changed a good deal in the years since I've seen him. But there, I ought not to talk to you so. It does me no good. I came home from Mary's feeling oddly. They were at the tea-table here, Elmer with them, and he fixed my chair for me, and was all evening, more devoted if possible than ever. God bless him! He is the best boy!

Sept 12.

To-day and yesterday I have felt about as animated as a fossil. It was the greatest exertion to walk to Sunday-school yesterday. Elmer kindly suggested taking me over in a wheel-barrow. Afterward I ate lemons filled with ice-slivers and sugar, while Elmer read *Ben Hur* to me. To-day Mama has sent for Dr Smith. I feel jolly enough, but it tires me out to sit up, or walk, or talk, or do anything. Elmer will have to leave tonight, I guess.

Wed Sept 14, 1887—

Elmer left Monday night; heard from him this a.m. Guess he will surely go into the Litho Firm; has gone west to raise the 10,000.00 necessary. Dr Smith says it will take three months' treatment to make me "good as new". I hate to be sick. Some-times I am wicked enough to hate being a human. Yesterday I cried and wished I could be a rose or a cool white pansy.

Mon Sep 19, 1887—

Am happy today as I haven't been for a good many days. When I got back from S.S. and stepped into the parlor there sat Papa smiling and *Elmer* stepped forth from some-place and I couldn't have been more astonished if he had dropped right down from the clouds. I supposed him still in Kansas.* His trip was as successful as it was short and he raised the 15,000.00 he needed and will begin with the St. Louis firm on the 20th—tomorrow. He will be here today and leave tonight.

Fri Sept 23 1887—

The other afternoon I was alone in the house and I read some of Ned's letters,—never a wise thing for me to do, but I wanted so to catch some of the brightness of them, to tune me into harmony with the lovely September day! Delicious letters! They are like a part of my very self appealing to me so in their quaintness, and their nearness to Nature! That night I was hours getting to sleep. I remember trying to account for myself, and straighten things, decently. Finally I concluded, "However unusual it may be, however contrary to nature and experience, I do truly love *three* men, *now,* at the same time. I love

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* Elmer had also speculated in the land boom.

Elmer and he is the only one of the three whom I could feel safe in marrying, not only kind and patient with me but so pure and trustworthy. I love Will Eliot for his principle's sake; his religion; for his grand, magnetic, strong young man-hood. I love Ned because he is the most congenial soul I ever knew, because he feels, not *for* but *with* me, because how-ever dull and unhappy I am, he lights my mood to sunshine, because he *sees* as *I* see when I see at my best, all that is beautiful and bright in the world. With me he is my 'gospeler of good cheer'." And I thought, "If it were only eminently proper to love three people so, one as husband, one as guide, and one as 'Kameradin'." Of-course when day-light came I felt what wrong thinking I had done. I mustn't let myself go into dangerous philosophy.

[Maud visited St Louis for the Exposition, in October, 1887.]

St Louis Oct 2—

Have been having a lovely time ever since I came. The city has been crammed to its utmost capacity.

Friday Oct 7—

Supper at the Lindell was lovely and the waiters too attentive. Then Elmer and I stowed ourselves away in a large open carriage with beautiful bays and a gorgeous coachman and bowled off up Washington Avenue where they were just lighting the arches and transparencies. The drive out Lindell Avenue was simply grand. Went to see the pyrotechnical display "Last Days of Pompeii." There must have been five thousand people there, and it was a beautiful sight, the brilliant lights of every hue, falling on the gorgeous costuming, the little lake reflecting the brightness, the buildings so soon to tumble and fall amid crashes and flashes and the shrieks of the populace. Enjoyed every minute and the ride home with a great golden moon and lightest clouds in the sky, was charming. Reached here at 10. Elmer did not come in.

Have been shopping all morning. All day Tuesday we were getting ready for the Veiled Prophets ball. Because Mr & Mrs Cleveland were to be there there was great demand for tickets, and fewer were issued than usual. The girls were angelic about helping me. Took the sleeves out of my black silk and put in little caps instead with black silk drops edging them, and underneath a small puff of pearl-dotted tulle knotted with baby-ribbon. The square neck was filled with the "pearly tulle" and caught in places with my exquisite new pins, a gift from Elmer. Attached to my dress one of those high rolling collars, the edges hung with the silk drops. Had my large fan attached by white ribbons from the shoulder, a white sash draped behind, and carried Marechal Niel roses. The other girls looked awfully swell. Saw the parade first, from the Granite Building on 4th and Market. It was very beautiful—all the floats were biblical. Ball-room the most brilliant scene imaginable. Thousands of superb toilets! Mrs Cleveland in ruby velvet and diamonds. It was too "crush" for much dancing, and partners couldn't find one.

Next night was the good time, out at Fred's. I wore my fixed-over pongee, and fell in love with it myself as did the girls. Put five strips of warm brown velvet down the side of skirt, panel-form, and Clara draped the over-draperies beautifully. Sleeves and front were striped with the velvet, and there was a tall velvet collar doubly *doubly* plaited behind, and rolling over in front. Wore tulle or silk net the color of the pongee in V in front, bronze slippers, and cream ribbons and fan. Marechal Niel and Cook roses. Clara dressed my hair beautifully with Rhine-stone pins. Elmer of course said, "You are *beautiful,* you darling," and though of-course poor old Elmer's judgment can't be relied upon there, yet I felt pretty good myself.

Oct 12—

Went to call on Mrs Gray yesterday afternoon. Mrs Bacon said, "And what do you hear of your friend Mr Hough who once called here with you?" It isn't always easy to say in a matter-of-fact way, that I hear of him indirectly, once in a great while, and what. Mrs Gray told me more than I could tell her of him. She and Mr Gray were there last fall and took tea out at Mr Hough's home. "We didn't see the young man—what is his name—Mr Edward Hough—at all, but his father took me over the road for which he has just, after many years, obtained a charter, and he told me that while he didn't object to his son's painting, he hated to have him do nothing else; and that his son was then holding *the* responsible position in the office, while he, the father, traveled over the road looking out for things outside."

Wed Oct 19—

Things reached a place where I felt a need for unburdening. Made an appointment with E. He came at 2—didn't know he was coming to act as father confessor to his sweet-heart. We took a long slow walk, and I told him all about my tendency to scatter my thoughts toward another friend.

Cairo Nov 18—

Elmer has been down for two days—left last night. Wednesday afternoon we went to "Booful's" wedding. They were married at 5:30 at the Church of the Redeemer. Clara wore brown and carried white flowers—a bunch of pink ones on her gown. Schwartze stood up so straight he curved backward. "Booful" said farewell to me as 'I.Maude D.P.S.' and calls me now *ex*-professor, or *ex*-doctor of Platonic Sciences. Too bad.

Yesterday was Harry's birthday—his eighteenth. Elmer spent the day. I guess I was tired of the warm room. I told Elmer a good deal, that I didn't love him and didn't believe we'd be happy married. He is St. Ellsworth to stand my caprices. He gave Harry a handsome solid watch-chain—a beauty. Mama thought it too expensive a present, but Elmer wouldn't hear of Harry's giving it back.

Monday Nov 21. '87

To-day an unexpected feather was thrust into my cap. Mama brought a *Union Signal* and pointing to a paragraph said, "Read that, and see what you're coming to." There in their list of regular contributors, right along with such names as Helen Gougar, Prof Mathews, Mrs S. M. I. Henry and Neal Dow, was my own name. They published my paper on "Seeds", not long ago, and they must have liked it, to have accepted me as a "regular"—that means money for further contributions. I don't know what I'd do with money earned that way, I should be so proud of it.

Thurs Dec 1. 1887

Sunday, dear boy came to visit me. I had been sick for several days, and was particularly used up Sunday morning. When Robin called up announcing Elmer I couldn't go down for several minutes. Supposed Elmer would be in the parlors with the others. It was snowing hard and fast, and the light came dimly through the hall shutters. I had gotten nearly down, creeping fairly, in my soft wrapper, before I saw dear Elmer Ellsworth standing at the stair-post with his heart in his eyes. My pace increased surprisingly till I reached the out-stretched arms and heard the blessed old boy saying over and over, "Oh darling, my darling, its so good to be with you!" He looked so good to my eyes standing there in his dark suit, with his clear bright eyes, his erect bearing and even the tie I preferred—a small dark one instead of the big flashy things that are "on" now.

Isn't it the blessedest thing how I am growing to love him, this man whom I am to marry? You see, Journal, there has always been this to consider, that Elmer's character is the sort to come out strongest *after* marriage. This I know. He is as pure and clean and upright as man can be. As to Ned, I can only hope that Ned is the true man I want him to be, for I can't honestly say I know. If he ever does marry I hope his wife will see how much goodness as well as lovableness there is in his character, and use the right sort of influence to bring it out. I often sit and wonder what he can think of me now. Oh! what would I not give to call him friend again! I am glad Elmer knows I think of him. I want so many times to send him some story or book I read, some sketch I see, to write to him—if you could know how hard it is at times not to write to him. I have written long letters a good many times, but they have never been sent. It might hurt him, and it had better hurt me.

About our talk, Elmer's and mine, that day in St Louis—I told him that if he were really in earnest in loving me he must prove it by working for me harder than he ever did in his life—and not at money-making. I told him I knew of his beauty of character, but that goodness and gentleness in the heart could not, unfortunately, overcome harshness and stiffness on the exterior. He certainly is proving in dead earnest that he thinks me worth the wooing, and I am getting to love him more and more.

Wednesday Jan 4. 1888

The new year has come,—the year in which if all goes well, I shall probably begin the new life, with new cares and new happiness.*

I have been playing invalid for three weeks now and I confess I do not like the role. It all began with a bad cold. Now it is all weakness and a nasty little cough that will not go away, and one day a few drops of blood on my hand—too red to give me the blues, as they did. I am petted and spoiled, fed on oranges and oysters, allowed to sit in a "tea-gown" all day, and be generally indolent. Elmer rushed for a bottle of

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* Maud's wedding was set for Sept. 6.

"Piso's Cure for the Consumption" soon as he came, and I have been well dosed. Am lots better now.

Sat Jan 14, 1888

Fred's sixteenth birthday. Last night we had a Temperance Jubilee here over the decision of the Supreme Court on the right of Government to abolish breweries etc, without buying them out. About one hundred were here and they all enjoyed it, I think. I like the Rev Mr Phillips, the new M.E. minister. Mr McNemer was here too [Baptist minister]. For reasons I avoided him, but he was introduced of-course. I stood at the piano sniffing hyacinths and narcissi and talked nonsense to Mr Henderson and Dede as some folks were leaving, all the while quite conscious that he was watching from the hall. The first instant there was a lull he came toward me to make his happy adieux. I hope if he had any silly idea that I had interested myself in him, I cured him of it. To-day the expressman brought me an elegant box of candies from Elmer. Am beginning d'oylies for our house, dear boy's and mine. Doesn't it seem like a joke? It is sleeting viciously against my window pane. Have been sick today and yesterday, but happy.

Wed Jan 18

Mama wants to give me a party next week. I'd like it immensely, of course, but feel that it'll be pretty expensive for us just now when Papa's money is all tied up in real estate. Mama would have to pay for it, and it would cost about thirty dollars, for band and refreshments.

Sat Jan 21

Wrote another story to-day—"Amy Gale's Easter." Mama likes it. Have copied it, and shall send it to *The Interior* after I've read it to Elmer. Good many sleighs out to-day—cold and cloudy. Have been half-sick again but feel jolly and busy. Now I must go to bed so that I may make big bright eyes at Elmer tomorrow.

Mon Jan 30—

Surprises yesterday! First Elmer bounced in, early in the morning though I had not thought to see him till next Sunday; second, the mail brought the following:—

Dear Madam:

Your story is accepted and we shall be glad to hear from you again. We *shall take pleasure in placing your name upon our mailing list and will send you the Magazine regularly.*

Yours very sincerely,
Editor of Woman

Per S Dictated etc.

The story referred to is "The Man She Despised", and is a white-ribbon story. *Woman* is a new magazine and a very good one with the most artistic cover. Such writers as Louise Chandler Moulton, Edgar Fawcett and Julian Hawthorne are among its contributors. Am glad now that Demorest didn't accept it first, for I'd much rather have it in *Woman*—its such a swell looking thing. I had no idea they would accept the story and it tickled me half to death.

Friday Feb 3, 1888—

Wrote another story Wednesday, "Barbara's Strategy." Mama laughed over it and likes it very much.

Feb 22 Wednesday—

I didn't tell you about Sunday afternoon, how I doubled up with a silent ecstasy of mirth when I saw "the dear Baptist" peeking through his window down to our window where I had been, and where he had smiled at me from his front gate. Elmer says that what with "the little Baritone" and the smiling Baptist, he's going to have to station a guard over me. Well, when I came home I found, guess what,—a note reading so—

"We hand you herewith our check for $4, in payment for your article entitled 'Amy Gale's Easter' printed in The Interior of the 23 inst, a copy of which has been sent you. With thanks for the favor, we are—" etc, and the cunning little green check came with it—my *very first penny* for a story. I'll just write them in stacks now. Wrote one yesterday—or Monday rather—"Gladys" or I think I'll call it, "Through a Neighbor's Window." Its a love story. Mama says, "Well I suppose you're satisfied now that you have that poor little minister in tow". I suppose *he's* satisfied; I don't think he'd have minded being towed a good while ago.

Sat Feb 25—

Thursday evening's *Argus* contained a short poem addressed "To Miss Maud Rittenhouse. On reading her account of her Loyal Legion work", and signed "S". Have been terribly blue and have written some abominable letters to Elmer.

Tues March 20—

May sends news of Will Eliot who is interested it seems in learning all he can of me, particularly of my little flights into print.

Did I tell you about the Minneapolis paper that asked for my photograph which will appear in one of their numbers in their group of contributors? Had a very friendly and encouraging letter last night from The Writer's Literary Bureau, at Boston. Have had a frightful cold and had to keep to my room. During the time wrote another story—my best effort, Mama says. Haven't been in a very cheerful frame of mind for the past few weeks. If Elmer were not the most long-suffering and devoted of sweet-hearts he'd have told me to throw the "bond that binds us" into the bottom of the Mississippi, long ago. I am too variable to live.

Tues Apr 10, 1888—

The fruit trees are a-blossom—the pink of peach, the white of cherry and apple and plum, mingle all out-of-doors—and Isabella is now bright, now blue, more variable than the most April of April days. Elmer comes every Sunday—with flowers or nougats, magazines, chocolates, my "cleaned-over gloves" from St Louis, and various things charming or useful. Sunday he brought a beautiful red setter—Irish setter—we have named him Rex in honor of the old Rex, Mr Menager's dog, who was somehow mixed in with a good deal of my fun four years ago,—perhaps you don't remember the "tick-tack" on the "ranch" window, or the Drama at the Opera House where Rex figured as Fidelio.

Papa is in Wichita, and our luck is down on us. For all that, we are a happy family no matter if we had to re-darn the library carpet, cut down desserts occasionally and wear our old clothes. I am so *proud* of the boys, and all my home family. Got another check from a story last Monday,—from New York. Elmer counts 150 days till our wedding-day, now. He knows pretty nearly to the minute, always, just how far off it is. Have to recite for the G.A.R. concert Monday night. Goodnight.

Apr 30, 1888—

This is Marmee's 47th birthday, and we are all jubilant over something that has happened just as though in honor of it. In the mail to-night came a note from Harper Brothers accepting her story "Unto Death" and enclosing a check for $40.00! Isn't that something to be proud of? I feel like I've had a special hand in it too, for I insisted upon her sending it to *Harper* which she was loath to do, and I got her to kill off her black hero, which put the finishing stroke on its effectiveness. She sent it only on the 11th of this month, and I call that a pretty prompt acceptance. That "Through My Window" which I wrote way last Feb. and sent to the American Magazine, they kept all this while and returned to-day with the usual "no question as to its merit" etc. I don't let a little thing like that daunt me though, when Thursday brought me $5.00 from the *Interior,* and to-day brought a *Signal* with my "Making Amends" in it. The *Interior* story, "Alice Gannett's Vacation" Mama and Elmer think the best thing I have scratched off yet. Did I tell you about my check from New York for "Alfred's Mission Money"? Mama took a first prize for a story only last week. This makes $64.50 she's rec'd in a month.

May 7, 88—

Elmer and I had looked forward so long to the sixth of May expecting to spend it together and so happily. But I doubt if my poor old boy ever spent so miserable a day, and on his account it was nearly as bad for me. It is all because of a terrible piece of business dishonesty on Walter's part [Elmer's brother], for which there was no earthly excuse, reason or justification. It has nearly killed Elmer and I cried myself half to death over it, because its the sort of disgraceful thing that can't be wiped out, or gotten around, and I couldn't do a thing to help him.* He felt that I would be perfectly justified in breaking our engagement and casting him entirely off—as though I wouldn't be the meanest, most heartless, most contemptible creature in the world to treat him so when he is in such dreadful trouble, through no fault of his own—my good, upright, honorable boy! He has done so much for Walter—had helped and advised him, given him financial aid and advantages and been so proud of his success. Walter's brave little wife is nearly frantic with grief and horror, and Walter has no excuse to offer—only says he ought to be killed, wishes he was dead, and so on. It not only crushes poor Elmer completely, and fairly breaks his heart, but will cost him a great deal of money. To raise ready money just now will necessitate having to sacrifice his real estate and business properties in the West, and we shall have to give up our wedding-trip and our large home in St Louis. But *now* I'd marry him if he hadn't a penny on earth! Yesterday seems like a long horrible dream!

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* Elmer's younger brother joined The New York Store before Elmer left. He was accused of false entries and Mr. Patier, the president, engaged accountants to investigate.

Sunday June 3, 1888—

Cool, beautiful days when all the world ought to be happy. I am disgusted with myself that I am not. Am sick all the time and too blue and listless for words. Don't know whether the end-less back-aches and physical weakness cause the despondency or are brought about by it. There must be a root to all evils I suppose. Wish I knew how to brace up, and be strong again full of vigor, vivacity and sunny spirits as I once was. There are only causes for rejoicing, yet I carry a heart like lead, and the hot tears fairly scorch my cheeks in my darkened room, night after night when I can't name any positive cause for unhappiness. Well, enough of myself. *Harry graduated Friday night June 1,* and we all felt so proud of him. There were seven in the class.

Elmer did not come today. Mrs Clark wrote urging me if I had any regard for Elmer to marry him now instead of in September, or it might be never. She thought he was pining himself to death for me. She knew nothing of Walter's affair. Elmer *is* all used up, thin and depressed. We are a joyful pair. He is better now,—was here last Sunday full of the idea of sending me to the lakes for the summer to recuperate, and of marrying me first. He has set the 14th of June as the date for our wedding so that I might make St Louis by the 16th, and take the St. *Pittsburg* when the Clarks do, for St Paul. The thought of marrying made me sadder than ever, though I tried not to let Elmer see it. Oh, its *so* hard to know what one ought to do. Mama will *not* consent to my getting married now, for in our present condition, after Elmer's losses, we shall not be able to keep even one servant, and Mama says I would simply break down trying to do the work, when I am hardly able to sit up, and then Elmer would have trouble to meet with a sick wife on his hands. How different everything is from what we had planned! If only I can get well, it will be all right. When Mrs Clark learned of my ill-health she wrote a very different letter, says I mustn't get married but go to the lakes with them and stay all summer. Mama wants me to go, and the boys, and Elmer, but I can't make up my mind to it. I should be crying all the time and I'd be a regular ghost at the banquet, and beside I haven't enough physical energy to get there. I don't feel like moving *any* place. I'm a regular stick.

Sat June 16—

I have braced up, pulled myself together so to speak, with a tremendous effort. Whatever comes, or worse, whatever does not come into my life, I am *I,* and I needn't change my characteristics, grow dull and miserable and lose my chance to do some little good in the world, because the sun doesn't shine all the time. I am growing very much stronger. I sleep so well. Mr McNemer sent me to-day a great boquet of lilies and roses.

June 24, Sunday—

I rather expected Elmer to surprise me to-day by coming. Well he surprised me "contrarily" by staying away.

Have had no inspiration at all toward writing, but desperate for money, came up here on the 18th and ground out a story. Sent it to the *Interior* next day. Yesterday a postal came "We were glad to get your little story. It will appear in the Interior of July 5". Mama says grinding pays. Wrote another on Thursday, "Ma'y Jane's Sherbet". Sent to *Young Crusaders.* Also last week wrote "Tom's Prescription".

June 26—

Just heard thusly from ed. of *Young Crusader,*

Dear Miss R—

I have laughed till I cried over "Ma'y Jane's Sherbert" so you may imagine it is 'available'. Please accept most cordial thanks for the sending. I like it much,—shall be glad of more.

July 3—

Mr McNemer was here tonight, looking not very well. Have been busy to-day doing a study of nasturtiums in oil. Mama insisted I show them to Mr McNemer. He seemed to admire them very much. "It is all so wonderful to me! Why, I couldn't paint one of those flowers, if my life hung in the balance for it."

"Well, neither could Maude preach one of your sermons", Mama said smiling; but she smiled harder when the good Baptist replied, in tones of the deepest conviction,

"But she could, oh, yes she *could*. She could preach such sermons as I wish I could."

Mama spoke of it afterward. He was so eager in his response and so evidently sincere.

Sunday, July 8, 1888—

On Tuesday my letter from Elmer said he would be here the following morning, the 4th. I had been asked to spend the day with Edith but broke the engagement for you see Elmer had not been here since the 27th of May. All the money he saved by not coming was laid away to be used for a little trip for us together after the wedding. This I have just learned. I had supposed we would have to give up our trip entirely. We shall enjoy it the more now; in fact I guess we shall really enjoy everything more for our reduced circumstances. It gives us a sort of mutual sympathy. We had a lovely day together, talking and reading and planning. It was a quiet fourth. Mama's brave plan and the growing temperance sentiment defeated the beer-selling projects for the park celebration. Elmer is a grand good boy and proves his devotion to me in every possible way. If only I could forget Ned, and my wretched treatment of him, I believe I could be entirely happy.

Strange to say it was a sort of regard for Ned as well as for Mama and Elmer and my friends that made me want to fight my way out of the clouds of despondency to a brighter atmosphere where I might make the most of my growing womanhood and whatever powers I possess. I want Ned if ever he meets me again to respect me, and to find me a sunny-tempered soul "full of faith and good works". He would be pleased too, to know that I am developing my voice, am writing stories, have many friends, and am busy and bright, for it was my very "bright sauciness", chatter and enthusiasm that he most liked, I think. Well, Elmer stayed till 1:30—train left at 1:40. We sat on the porch and some of the others of course were with us most of the time. Harry came in from a croquet and fire-works party at 11:35, Wood came from the plant at one, and made us some lemonade, Dora came from an excursion to Paducah at a little past one, and Fred filled up the gaps with an attack of neuralgia of the bowels which frightened us and sent Elmer and me tearing round the kitchen for mustard-plaster ingredients. Elmer said it was like a bit of heaven to be here again after all his loneliness. It has been awfully hard for him, staying away. Next morning came a check from the *Interior* with my story.

July 9—

Had letter from *Godey's Lady's Magazine* this morning naming a price for the story I sent them. Wrote and told them it was satisfactory. Mr McNemer called this afternoon and left book on logic.

July 29—

Up bright and early Wednesday for the fishing party. Put on the wool skirt that has draggled through so many boat-rides and sketching trips, and wore my English blouse and big brown hat. Caught myself on my hook the first thing and Mr Butt worked patiently for ten minutes to cut me loose. Well before eight our well-loaded hack was on its way to the ferry only stopping at Weil's for a freezer of cream. "Blauvy" * had thought he could not go but for some reason changed his mind.

The breeze blew beautifully and we were all talking like mad in it. I saw that most of the gentlemen were supplied with cigars, that the crowd was evidently used to sanctioning it, and that Mrs Dunning too approved, so I could say nothing, though I am not accustomed to allowing gentlemen to smoke with me. Dr Bower is the gentleman of whom Della had raved to me—the "cultured, elegant, cosmopolite". I hadn't been talking to Mr Hopkins (who by-the-way gave the party and must have a big bank acct) five minutes, when Dr Bower with a grave "Excuse me Miss Rittenhouse" bent down to me, and I thought brushed a willow-fly from my belt—couldn't quite tell what he did do, till Mrs Dunning sitting by me, said with a smile, "Do you know what that means—the significance of a cigar placed by a gentleman in a lady's belt?"

"Well no," I answered, "I confess the language of cigars is something I have never made a study. Is it there?"

They all laughed. "Maud's waists are notorious," said Della thrusting her hand up between my belt and my blouse (you know I hate a little waist) but the cigar was evidently there.

Mrs Dunning said something about its expressing a desire for everlasting friendship, and all the girls began to say,

"Why are we left with no cigars in our belts?" and to cry for scalps.

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* Mr. Blauvelt has not figured in the Journal since the advent of Mr. Butler, in 1883.

The doctor only looked unutterable things and walked to the other end of the deck to look out over the water. I couldn't admire his taste in singling me out thus. I had never looked so dowdy I know but I didn't mean to let that detract a mite from my pleasure.

We were a hilarious crowd. Mr Blauvelt kept alongside with his old-time persistency and would have referred more pointedly than he did to old-time occurrences if I hadn't done some fencing. As it was he looked at me with long would-be pensive or wistful glances (which coming from him only amused me) and made a few melancholy speeches about life's disappointments.

The trip by hack on the Missouri side was bouncing and funny. The morning's fishing was rather a fizzle. I had my line fixed, my hook baited, my seat selected, by Dr Bower, Mr Hopkins and Mr Butt in turn, but caught nothing, too much racket. Della actually took off her shoes and stockings to paddle her feet from one end of the dug-out. I think Mrs Dunning didn't like it; it didn't seem to me just the thing before all those men, though her feet *are* pretty.

Mr Butt is an odd character to me. The most entirely quiet man I ever saw not to be stupid. His fair face has something handsome and strong about it, despite the effeminate curl of the light mustache, and the mild eyes. He catches a remark with an intelligent expression and a smile that warms up everything around him—a sort of cool, clean, indulgent, caressing smile. All day he looked immaculate—quiet, cool, appreciative, handsome, and I didn't mind at all that he constituted himself my silent aid, baiting my hooks, finding my places etc.

On the way home Blauvy was with me constantly, and the doctor talked into my other ear, experiences at Vienna, in New York, and where not. It was seven or later when I reached the gate under the escort of three gentlemen and two rifles.

At eight Mr Blauvelt called to take me to the impromptu "watermelon party" at Wint's. Mr Butt looked cleaner and calmer if possible than before, and all the gentlemen looked rather more civilized with their polished shirt-fronts and low vests. We ate our melon, fruits, and bon-bons, sang, and talked and danced and star-gazed until pretty late. Mr Blauvelt begged to take me horse-back riding at "five oclock in the morning" soon, and wants to lend me that book, *He Fell in Love With his Wife* by Roe. It was twelve when he left me.

I did not sleep till long afterward. Expected Elmer in the morning and felt generally wide awake. Elmer had written most urgently to ask Mama and me to go to St Louis Wednesday to select our home, but Mama was too weak from her illness to go; so as we needed a talk Elmer came down.

He was here before I was dressed Thursday morning, and took breakfast with us. We had the day pretty much to ourselves, no company until late in the afternoon. Took tea at E's home by invitation of his father who came in after dinner. I wish he didn't have any family but us,—Elmer I mean.

Well "dear boy" and I have found rough sailing with a vengeance. We were about to settle all arrangements for our September wedding. I came up here at 8 P.M. to write a note to George Corliss, and Papa came in and interviewed me. He it was who said so impressively that day three years ago, "But there must be no more changing of your mind. If you enter this engagement it must be final". This time he said our plans must stop short, that he could not sanction our marriage till Elmer's various difficulties, financial and otherwise had cleared. Of-course the dear Papa is only anxious for my happiness, but I went down stairs to Elmer with a heavy heart. Poor fellow! Entirely guiltless himself he has had *every*thing to suffer for Walter's sin, and I didn't enjoy telling him that his cherished plans, the hopes which had sustained him when he would otherwise have given up, must be dashed.

He took it characteristically, which means as you might guess that he agreed promptly to do what*ever* might be for my good,—regardless. Said he didn't blame Papa in the least, that he felt himself, it would be a cruel wrong to marry me now. The day might have been happy though sad, but—oh well, I tried to forget everything and be only gay.

Slept or tried to sleep Friday; taught the Band in the afternoon; in the evening went to choir-practice and from there to a party at Tene's. Wore my pongee with the slim velvet-striped skirt, scarlet geraniums and grasses en corsage. Don't know when I was quite so giddy or made so many witty (?) speeches. Played Loto, talked nonsense out on the piazza, danced, made eyes (in return) at Dr Bower, and had that gentleman say, as he stood looking down upon me on the porch, "I never saw anyone so happy as you." That's how I "fool 'em". All the time I was making saucy comments on his compliments, dancing, laughing, sipping ices, my inner consciousness was dull and lead-colored. The doctor asked leave to send down some specially pretty trees for our yard—even mentioned coming himself with his little spade if I'd let them be planted here.

Came home with Mr Blauvelt. On the porch holding my hand rather closely, his eyes intent on my face he stepped very near to me with an intention painfully evident. I drew away my hand very hastily, said good-night and withdrew in a hurry. If there is one thing which more than another would make me loathe myself it would be to let a man like William Blauvelt kiss me. I remember years ago when I was not engaged, (to E.) and before he (B.) proposed to me, he kissed my hand, and that was considerably more than I cared to tolerate.

Tues Aug 7 (1888)

It has been impossible for me to write to you of the trouble which has lain nearest my heart, it has been all so dreadful. But now I am only going to quote you parts of a letter just received from Elmer. He says,

Your blessed sweet letter came to me yesterday; I went to the office for it. I could not write yesterday or Saturday and I can scarcely do so to-day. I am so tired of all that has come upon me and of studying a position whose every out-look is dark.

I knew of, and made it a business to see Mr P. about those forced balances I made to get through with my work and to save time,—a frequent occurrence I am ashamed to say,—and he said he would have them looked into. Now this is a thing no reliable or honest bookkeeper should do; and I have never done it here, or anywhere where there was time for a search for a true balance. I see now and will always see the folly of my carelessness. It is likely to be an eternal curse. There are so many errors, they claim, that I know nothing about; and I know Mr Patier [owner of the New York Store] fully believes me guilty, as do most of the good people of Cairo. I've been in correspondence with Mr Patier and get no satisfaction from him; he puts off my coming. I wish I could come now! There is one decision I've come to. This affair is very black against me, and I may not be able to convince Mr. P. of the purely clerical errors on his books. I know he will not be satisfied because of errors; and he says in a letter to me that no matter what the outcome, he will not give me the written statement your father wants and which I should have. I love you dearer than you know, darling, and I cannot let you remain longer pledged to me for life.*

* Note by Maud: A statement exonerating E. and signed by Mr. P.

There are duties that I owe to others that I can and will fulfill. I owe it to you, to your family, to the good friends you have, to say to you: take my ring from your finger, and as you care for me I know, keep it as a dear memorial of some of your happy days. There are good men, noble men, men with no shadow of stain on their fair names who have loved you, who are loving you, and who will love you. There will perhaps come a day when . . . oh, I hope a day of perfect joy, of rest and comfort will come to you, and it has not, cannot come through me. I have years of hard, cautious, economical living to endure, before I can be even with the world; and I cannot know now that my name even then will be an honored one. I am buckling on my armor for the battle, and I am going into the fight, but I cannot ask you to be so constant, and to believe in me while I am so long under the shadow. Circumstances are very much against me. I could give you all the particulars if I were with you, and I will do so when I see you, but I can no longer entertain the grand dream of my life. In truth I can no longer live; only exist, and work out my own salvation. But no one shall suffer through me, least of all you, my Heartsease, and your dear good Mama and all the big brothers. I wonder at you not asking me to give up every thought or dream of you, but no, God bless you, you cling closer, and it is almost more than I can do to say what I have said. I wish we were children again. I think I shall feel like a child someday, be it ever so far away, when I can say to everyone and know in my own soul that I owe no one a penny and am honest and upright in the sight of God and man. That day will come: it must. I want to come to you very soon, dear heart. I must see you and talk to you, and I must settle this bad business either for or against me. I'll not get sick, dear. I'll keep well and use the days well. God bless you always. Pray for me now and ever, my love; that will help me and keep me true to myself and to your desires. Give my helpful courageous words when you write to me, but I know you will, dearest. For days there has been a mighty struggle in my soul. I would rather die, if it were possible, an hundred times, than give you up.

I almost wonder he doesn't die. He was so full of hope and ambition; everything looked so bright. Then came the real-estate collapse in the west which nearly broke him up financially, followed by Walter's disgrace and the terrible trouble incident to it. When E. left the N.Y. Store the books were examined at his desire and pronounced all right, but after Walter's defalcation, Mr. Patier sent for a bookkeeping "expert" to look them over again for years and years back. Mr Patier must know that these "forced balances" *are* only clerical errors and when he has known of them all the time, and sanctioned them, it seems to me a dreadfully unjust thing that poor old hard-working Elmer should be accused of dishonesty because of them. Heaven only knows how it will all end. In this strain, with Elmer no stronger physically than he is, I do really fear for his life. I feel like a mother to him, and I do so long to smooth the troubles away for him. This terrible, constant "tired" feeling of his is not to be wondered at, when you consider the shock after shock he has had, the intense heat, and the close, hard work in St Louis which keeps him often and often from 7 A.M. till 9 and 10 P.M. He is completely worn out. I write him as cheerfully as possible, but oh, I don't always feel cheerful. Not that I doubt him one instant. I *know* he is up-right and honest. Nothing but his own assertion to the contrary would shake my faith in him. I have entire confidence in his integrity. He has been careless perhaps, but dishonest *never*. My poor old boy. And we were to have been married within a month,—bridesmaids asked, and dozens of little tricks planned for our home. He has never really had a home; it would have made a different creature of him. I work away and try to keep "out of the fog" as much as possible, but it isn't easy. I sew some, call, and write stories every day nearly. George Corliss was here again yesterday to spend the evening. When I look at my friends I am often wondering, "Can *you* believe he has done wrong?" and I should hate them if I thought so.

Wed Aug 8—

I had begun to think I had seen my last check. The "accept with thanks" were getting monotonous. This morning heard from *Cottage Hearth,* Boston—"Will be glad to use your story 'Enid'—pay 3.00—Let us know if satisfactory" etc. Well, the story is worth five or seven but when a girl hasn't anything but addresses and samples of dress-goods in her pocket-book she isn't particular as to the size of the checks. Wrote them to take it, or keep it rather, at 3.00. Wait till I get better known and they'll not offer me such small sums. This noon heard as follows from *Young Crusader,*—"Dear Miss R.—Enclosed find check for 'Ma'y Jane's Sherbet.' Please read between the lines an earnest wish for other stories as good."

Monday Aug 13 1888—

Since August 9th I have been living in a hideous nightmare. The very foundations of the earth seem to have been knocked from under me. It is too incomprehensible, too appalling and horrible for me to trust myself to write of it. My engagement is broken. Thank heaven I was not married that fourteenth of June "in time to get well and strong at the lakes." What irony that now sounds! And above all, thank heaven that the 6th of September will be no more to me than other days. Oh you do not know what agonies I have endured,—what absolute horror!

Tuesday, 14th

And to think that for all these years the very *name* Elmer, has been a synonym to me for *honesty,* candor, purity of heart! I feel still like it must all be a hideous, uncanny dream! And knowing all, he who vowed he loved me better than life, would have married me and made my life one long-drawn horror to me. All the time, I am thinking how Mr. P said to him on the 24th of May,

"Yes, if you are going to marry Wood Rittenhouse's daughter, you'd better do it d— quick."

And the next night E came here to hurry up the wedding—that I might be made "well and happy" at the lakes. The mockery of it!

Thurs Aug 16—

The Clarks are writing urging me to come to them at Prior Lake. They only know that my wedding is post-poned, and think I must be in ill-health. Can't go of course. I have been on the rack waiting since Monday for one proof of a spark of honor in E. It has not come yet, and I think only of his *soul,* and its awful peril. The appeal I made was one I thought he would not *dare* to resist even if he were heartless enough to do so. But if I had called to him over his grave the silence could not be deeper. Oh if he had only died *years* ago!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Can We Ever Know Anything in This Wicked, Wicked World?

Sun Aug 19, 1888—

It must simply be the beginning of a new life for me. At first I felt such a sudden and terrible revulsion I could only abhor him—the deceit had been for so long; so much worse than a quickly-committed deeply-repented wrong. Now I do not hate him, it is only a queer feeling of pity and sorrow for the wreck of my old "dear boy". The real boy as I knew him seems dead. This other under-character is so unlike, so startling and so far from me. I can't feel on the same plane or in the same world. I can't even pity in the same way I once would, for I am not sure that he suffers as I thought he would. His sensibilities can be neither deep nor keen, or he'd have gone raving mad to have heard me, his betrothed wife, talk as I did of Walter whose crime was so petty and open in comparison. I wish he had answered that appeal of mine, though. It would make me feel more hopeful for his future and his eternity, if I could feel sure that he really realizes the extent of the long and hideous deception he has practiced. I wonder if he really lacks fine moral sense! Can people be minus such moral qualities as they are mental ones sometimes, do you suppose? It unsettles everything. I only wonder. I do not know anything of his character. I am not even sure that he ever loved me. He acted it; but it has all been acting—perfect acting. I used to miss it widely when I said he had no talent in that direction. He seemed to love me. He seemed to be also upright, honorable and frank as the day. I didn't know he had a thought I did not share. Oh, "dear boy", "Guardie", where *are* you, the *good,* true, generous friend, to whom I have so often fitted that old line, "His strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure." Where is the boy whom I'd have trusted with my life, with anything? If I let myself think I feel like I shall go mad. It isn't over the broken engagement. I only feel freed and glad-hearted over that. I see more plainly than ever that I never loved him as one ought to love a husband, but he was none the less "my fortress and strength", the one man of whom I felt sure, the steady, reliable, long-known friend. Can we ever know anything in this wicked, wicked world?

I try to keep my mind off it—it does no good; it only makes me wild.

Wed Aug 22—

Yesterday Wood asked Major Halliday if we couldn't use Ed's skiff for gathering milk-weed pods in Kentucky when we found our's full of water. He said, "You mustn't; river's too rough. We wili place a tug at your disposal."

Immediately he telephoned for the *Theseus* and then for Abbie and Vesta. They came with little Mattie and with Winthrop. We put great big easy chairs on the deck and had the loveliest of trips. The sky was intensely blue, the wind blowing fresh as could be, the sun a blaze of glory after the storm and great white clouds drifting in all directions.

When we came to the "meeting of the waters" little Mattie said,

"Now wish, and the wish will surely come true."

And at a signal we all wished, just over the line where the yellow Ohio and the brown Mississippi mingled tones. I felt like a child for a minute. Looking out across the white-capped river, feeling the bracing breeze and the cutting motion of the tug I remembered delicious old days, and wished very fervently indeed.

Thursday Aug 23—

Had a fearful cry again last night. Every development is a new shock. Sometimes I hate him for the cowardly deception which would have made me a victim to endless misery and despair. Yet I pray, *oh* how I pray, "God make him truly penitent. God make him realize the enormity of his sin." What kind of a man can he be to have lived that long lie! And to have lived it so blithely, so light-heartedly, planning for a glorious, helpful, future!

Fri Aug 24—

These are hard old days! It is go, go, constantly, laugh and talk and see people, and underneath it all such a weary, frightened, dreadful feeling. I can't get used to it. It is a new shock all the time and sometimes in the middle of a talk that wild smothering feeling comes over me till it requires every effort of my will to keep from gasping and screaming. It is so hard to be misunderstood by other people, too, people from whom you'd not have expected it. Aunt Dele wrote a letter to Mama which has hurt me till I can think of nothing else. Oh *why, why,* was I fool enough to let Elmer keep on coming here and giving me things? Never, never have I accepted presents from him for any love of them! Many times I have first earnestly requested him not to send them and then positively forbidden him to do so. Often too I have (as gently as I could, trying not to hurt his feelings) refused to take his gifts and lectured him soundly for his extravagance, and then he has kept those same things year after year only to urge them upon me again when I'd nearly forgotten them. No one need *dare* say that I ever encouraged his extravagance or wanted him to be rich. He knows how often I have said, "Riches are nothing to your credit in my eyes, Elmer. I want you a grand, good, true man, and I'd rather have you intelligent, well-read and pleasant-mannered than rich as Croesus." Not only did I not encourage his lavish expenditures for me, but too often, as he knows, they were positively distasteful to me. It seemed too often mere show, as though he were trying to outdo anything anyone else might do for me. I remember when Mr Hough gave me "Memories" (that dear little book we both loved so) how Elmer tore off immediately and got the whole set for me bound elegantly in tree-calf, and how it displeased me when he put them on the piano where the one simply-bound little volume lay. All those things I tried to over-look then, thinking, "What training has he ever had, poor fellow, to teach him little courtesies about such matters"; but now when I hear of his telling about presents he meant to give me, and *their cost,* before he even sent them—ugh! it is too vulgar and coarse and ostentatious. If he gave me things as I foolishly supposed, simply because he loved me till he felt he must be doing for me, how could he ever have boasted about the value of them? And to think that I only know these things *now,* now after it has gone on for years. How sacred and beautiful and thought-filled some of his later gifts seemed to me! Lately I hadn't scolded so much. Our wedding was so very near and from his own representations to me he was making money so fast and so easily from his various investments, and it seemed such a pleasure to him to give. Heaven knows, I never wanted his presents. He knew I did not even care for jewels. He has heard me say a dozen times, "No I do not care for diamonds. I love my engagement ring because it is my engagement ring, and I love the sleeping fires in my glorious opal because of the association. I don't care for jewelry or want it." But if I had been a girl to long for finery and show, to urge him to spend lavishly, even then there would have been no excuse for —oh! I can't write it. He knew that I could only despise him for the course he took. He *knew* that to me *honor, truth, purity,* come *first*!

Papa says that from all he can learn Elmer seems to take his broken engagement very philosophically—Elmer whom I once thought it would kill if he thought he had lost my love. That night, the last time I saw him, July 26, what would I have thought had I known what the next two weeks would reveal. At the time somehow that parting struck me vividly and left a queer feeling in me. The moon was shining. I wore the white gown he admired with the quaint puffed flowing sleeves and the broad sash, and I stood there in the stillness and the moon-light throwing kisses at him, my eyes filled with tears. If I had known then that he, my ideal of manly honor and integrity, was vanishing forever from me to leave only a wreck of the old nature. Oh, "dear boy, dear boy", how can I make you one with the soul-less creature who has wronged and deceived and lied to me, and made me feel that his best friend was his relentless enemy—how can I help wishing *my* "dear boy" had died while yet I trusted and honored him!

Sat. Aug 25—

Ned Halliday and Fred Galigher took all our photos yesterday with their "amateur cameras".

Wed Sept 5—

A wild, unhappy letter came from Elmer asking if he could come to see me just once more. The letter was almost incoherent.

"I cannot tell you all there is to report about this disgrace". . . "if I make one answer to your letter I will be abhorred by you; and if I do answer truly it will seem a lie. I could unfold the whole truth if I could once more come to you, just once," and begging to see me there Sunday afternoon.

However little feeling he may have had over what has gone before, he certainly suffers now. Oh, it is all so appalling. I do pity him from the bottom of my heart. If only it were possible to undo it all. How can he ever be happy again!

Later—

Papa would not consent to his coming on the 6th, of all days, but he may on the 7th or some day later. From his letter he seems still to expect me to correspond with him, begs me to give him "some ray of hope or light or comfort, somewhere, someday." How can I comfort him! What can I do! Not marry him surely even if I could marry, for now I realize as I never did before what a mistake I should have made anyway in marrying him. It was his morality, his uprightness I loved. So much of his personality was uncongenial to me. And now I cannot feel that he is the same person. I tried to write him, but I felt the most awful feeling of strangeness to him. I don't know how. It is worse than writing to a stranger. If he suffers as I once imagined he would under such conditions, I shall feel such depth of pity for him. But I hardly know if he suffers as I understand the word. He is so different from what I thought him. To-morrow will be a wrenching sort of day. I'm almost glad Mama is away just for to-morrow. I shall have the house to myself on my "dear September wedding-day."

Oh, what have I escaped. I ought to be only thankful. And yet, poor, wretched Elmer! I had thought of sending him a box of fresh "heartsease" to reach him tomorrow, but I couldn't do it. God comfort him. *I* can't see any earthly comfort, for years to come. I hope he will be able to justify himself to me when I see him. If it had only been one crime done on the moment—but four long years, years when he loved me, when I thought him the best man in the world—oh that is the terrible part of it.

Night—

I had cried and was getting fearfully blue down in the library when Wint came with Mr. Scherer to spend the evening—a very delightful one too. I think Wint is trying to be good to me, and draw me out of myself. It takes tact to deal with me. Was talking in hurried animation to Mr. S. when I suddenly found I had stopped, half through a sentence, and had no idea what I had been talking of.

Oct 14 [date written but no entry]

Nov 22

I'd rather have kept the old dazed feeling than to enter this "dawning". It is terrible, this realization that *he* is Elmer—and now the memory of the old kindnesses begin to flock in scores. Little Emily writes me—"It is all strange—strange," she says. "If he were engaged to a girl whose highest ambition was wealth, position etc., it were more easily understood, but you, my dear little girl, you so earnest, so full of the real happiness in life! You had no such ambition! You had no hand in leading him on!"

It gets harder for me rather than easier. At first I was simply numb. Now—oh, how I work, and work, and hurry and dissipate! Theatre night after night, and parties and luncheons. Men whom I wouldn't have looked at six months ago, bring me flowers and write me notes. I have no defense. Then these men were below my ideal. Since my ideal dropped below them how can I stand higher now. One night Mr Blauvelt said in the parlor something about drinking.

"I'm afraid you are wicked," I said.

"At least you shall know my wickedness," he answered, and I felt the color change in my face.

Nov 25—

To-night I watched the slow hands of the clock going from 8:55 to 9. It is the same five minutes during which, last year "Anie bodie" and I were always to think the hardest little 'God bless yous', across to each other. God only knows where he may be to-night—this his birthday night!

It is rush, rush. Committees piled on each other. Half a dozen entertainments! Mr Blauvelt here again last night. Rushed me all over town to see illuminations and things. He is really trying to be very kind to me I think.

Thurs Nov 29 '88. Thanksgiving Day!—

It ought to be a real Thanksgiving to me!

Mr Blauvelt and Mr Kent dined with us. I felt half afraid of the latter (until he came). He is a New Yorker with funny little ideas, dreadfully proper, a great reader, bright and all that! The only trouble about him is that he looks like Elmer. When he dropped naturally into the old "Sleepie Hollowe" I had to talk very fast indeed to keep away the tears and the thought of—what? the "best man in the world," who was not the best man? the "upright, honest truthful friend", who stole, who lied, who deceived, who was a hypocrite through and through? It is at this thought I hate him. It is when I remember him as he was to *me,* when he waited for me at the foot of the stairs, when he kissed my hair and said "God bless you little Heartsease" his valise strapped across his shoulder, love in his eyes,—the love that I thought strong enough and pure enough to keep him true and good for my sake—it is when I remember his little kindnesses that I want to rush off away from voices and faces and cry till forgetfulness comes. If he had *died* only, how different it would have been!

Dec 11—Tuesday—

If I had time to dwell upon it, the unwelcome memories of Elmer would drive me wild. For days and days I have been in such a whirl of engagements that it was just to rush from one to another. Last night I sat working till nearly twelve (Mr Blauvelt had called earlier in the evening) and there in the warm back parlor thoughts of Elmer as he is, memories of Elmer as he was—or as I thought he was—surged upon me. In so short a time! Less than five months ago he was in my eyes the purest, truest, most honest of men, while now—do you know I think I hate him. Instead of praying, "God bless him", every minute of the day, I am begging rather, "God teach me to pity and forgive."

I had need for such a prayer Saturday morning for old Mr. Comings came and stood in the cold hall talking to me. I never could bear him; it was only because he was Elmer's father that I could endure his loud, bragging talk and disagreeable manners. This day he said he had come to tell Mama, but guessed I would do, about Elmer. This was his news: Elmer is in Paris. Had a stormy trip of sixteen days across the water, spent a week or so in London seeing things—the British Museum, Westminster Abbey etc., etc., then went to Paris,—told me what lovely and wonderful things he and "Thad Cannon" (who went with him) had seen. If he had gone on a jaunty pleasure trip instead of as a fugitive from justice the old man could not have been more elate. It incensed me that he could dare expect any interest or kindly feeling from me. Does he think I have no sense of honor to go on caring for a man who had deceived and lied and stolen, and who would have had me blind-folded to it all that he might marry me and make me unutterably wretched? You do not know, I could not begin to tell you all the horrid details of the thing, that have grated upon me till I have felt drawn up in a hard cold shell.

The presents, for instance, horrible things! When Elmer would not have them we bundled them all off to Mr. Patier. Think of sending one's engagement ring, about which such hallowed memories had clung, along with other truck as so much money value back to the man from which so much money had been stolen!

Then to hear that dreadful old man say to me,

"Have you a list of those presents?" And—

"Mr Patier wanted me to set a value on them, and I told him there would be time enough to do that before a jury. He shall not have those things!"

Isn't it enough to make me rave? The presents which I thought simple evidence of the thoughtful love of the best of men! Those presents to be wrangled over, and priced. Before a jury! Mama says Mr Comings shall not have any list of them, that he has no right to them or their disposition. So far as the money justice of it goes, they or anything else of E's would be at our disposal, since E. is in Papa's debt, ever and ever so much money. Papa is out $5500.00 in one place alone, and every now and then some new lie of Elmer's comes to the surface, as when the other day a piece of land upon which he assured Papa he had paid the taxes, was sold for taxes. I could have screamed that Saturday morning to hear Mr. Comings say blusteringly: "Mr Patier has brought suit against Elmer in St. Louis. I'll fight it out! Patier is nothing but a robber!" *He* to talk of *robbers!*

Last night I could not sleep. Even my good glass of milk failed to make me drowsy, and lying there with my head thumping and all those horrible things running through my brain, I thought how glad I should be if I could forget forever any thought of Elmer Comings and the whole unprincipled family. It drives me to a sort of impotent fury to think I even tried to bury my indignation and write him kind, forgiving letters. One ought not to handle wickedness with gloves and daintily. I have been too gentle with him. Every-one has. I can even fancy his thinking his position romantic and interesting. The fact of his sending me a book of marked poems, a small box of withered pansies—If I could only forget that he had ever been kind to me! That is more terrible than anything now.

Jan 3, 1889—

The WCTU presented Mama with an elegant silver salver and goblet for the silver anniversary present. Wasn't that lovely? She was perfectly overwhelmed by it.

For Christmas Mr O'Hara presented me with a blue plush star-and-crescent calendar, with the cutest real baby owl roosting on a spur of the moon, and Mr Blauvelt gave me a blue plush tomahawk thermometer.

My dress for the New Year's party was a little beauty if I do say it. The white lace caught at left shoulder with a pearl ornament dropped in true Greek fashion down loosely across the front caught up at right side and falling again to the gold border below, while in the back it fell very bouffant from the pointed back of basque. Wore pearls around neck, high white mitts and pink aigrette in hair. When the old year went out I was in the midst of the flowers and music and brilliancy and yet I saw too plainly the coming in of the same Old Year when Carrie and I talked here in my blue room, and the pink lamp burned all night in the window for Elmer.

Cottage Hearth came yesterday with my story in it. Another check from the *Interior* to-day.

Sat Jan 5—

The late mail brought a package of books with a foreign post mark. I could hardly touch them, but there was company with me and I thrust them into a drawer and talked on till tea-time with a booming head-ache. Called Mama alone into the parlor then and told her the package had come from Elmer and I wanted her to dispose of them. She finally decided I must open the package and then send word to E's father that it must not occur again. She thought it best not to hurt E's feelings. I began to open them. There was a small "Village Blacksmith", for Robin, an "Onward" for Mama, but when I came to "Harpstrings" and "Little Heartsease"—"for Maude" it unnerved me completely.

Sun Jan 6—

I couldn't go on writing last night: it only made me cry the harder. I only asked Mama to bundle them off some place out of my sight where I might never come across them.

Then another thing. Down in the parlor with Mama, when I said how terribly I regretted my engagement to E. and all the tender memories that are such ghastly things to me now, she said, "It was the most flippant, heartless thing you ever did! I can't understand yet what object you could have had in plunging into that engagement as you did. I should think Mr Hough would have cursed your very name!"

Isn't that a dreadful thought? And I *loved* Ned Hough then, and didn't love Elmer. I myself have tried often to think why I did as I did that dreadful time, too. It seems to me to have been for this reason. I loved Ned and knew if something or somebody didn't stop it I should some day marry him, when nobody approved of him, and everybody thought it would be a wicked, heartless thing for me to do, when Elmer had devoted himself to me for so long. On the other hand everybody approved of Elmer, thought him good—beyond reproach in any direction—trustworthy, unselfish and faithful. Add to that the fact that he was with me all the time, and apparently breaking his heart silently over my possible engagement to another.

I feel an unconquerable desire to write to Ned. I can't bear to think of his feeling contempt, anger, disgust at me. If I could only send him some of the old letters I have written and never sent! If I only dared.

Jan 7 '89—

I've done it! Have written to Ned and have sent him two of the old letters. There were reasons for and against doing it, but I could resist the desire no longer. He may never forgive me, but there is some satisfaction in having said, "I am sorry" anyway. I am sick to-day, but ever since I watched the postman taking that big envelope out of the green box, I have just been singing inside me. One of the letters I sent him was written January 1, 1886, the other was in Nov (I believe) of '86. Think what a time they have been smothered under! Mama agreed to my doing it, though at first she demurred "under the circumstances". He will surely understand that there is no motive of coquetry underlying.

Jan 10, '89—

Monday I was sick. Mr Williams had threatened to call. I gave instructions I was too ill to see him if *he* came, and fled to my room after tea. Just a minute after seven the bell rang, someone was ushered in, and Fred ran up and said,

"He's come!"

"Not Williams?" I asked, feeling faint. "You didn't let him in?"

Then Fritz grinned broadly.

"Mr Blauvelt!" he said.

Well I went down liesurely and Wilhelm was very sad because I was ill, but that didn't keep him from staying till nearly eleven,—though he did tie knots for me and help me with my drapery-scarf of Mama's.

Yesterday he wrote a solicitous little note and last night took me to the theatre. I don't want him fancying himself in love with me again. I have passed all that! He is *so* matter-of-fact yet he has said some very impressive things. I mean to tell him with all possible honesty that I never can love him on earth.

Jan 14, 1889—

Poor Williams has written me in his fine bold hand an invitation to the next club dance on the 24th. Of course I want to go to it, but I can't encourage the attentions of a man whom I consider so far below my intellectual and social level.

Blauvie must not ask me either. He is kindness itself, but the kindnesses are growing too marked. He came last night again to take me to church, and afterward we took the tiniest walk, because the moonlight was so lovely. He brought me a huge *History of the Crusades* which I had been wanting to read, and he stayed again till nearly eleven. But that wasn't the worst of it, for he dared admire my pretty foot, say my nose was dearer than the "most classical-est" one, read me his sisters' letters, and draw his chair up very close.

Then when I noticed that the two chairs were Sleepie-Hollow and ye little Brown Rocker, and it made me suddenly wild and ready to choke, he said, "Don't be blue. You mustn't be blue little girl," and touched my hair soothingly, till I sat up very stiff and straight and talked about the sermon, my class at S.S. and everything else very hard and fast. He has made two engagements with me for next week, and wants to take me to see *Adonis* on the 21st. So you see I'd rather he'd not ask me to the party on the 24th.

A note has just come from the *Interior* accepting the story I sent on the 9th. That means a check and a new gown.

Later—It seems I had a lovely serenade from an Italian Band (in care of The Den) last night and I have only just found it out.

Sat. Jan 19—

It was lovely walking up to Dede's last night in the glorious moonlight. If you could have seen the boys, one with each arm, jumping me across the crossings! They were telling me about the serenade, how sweet the waltz from *Nanon* was, how they wanted to throw pebbles at my window, how Blauvi sat on the platform and cried because I didn't hear. I felt jolly going up but we had not been long there when Edith to show us some new photographs, got out the albums. Mr. Blauvelt who had been interesting himself in some likenesses of me turned to find them. Opposite each of mine there was one of Elmer, just as they have been in the album for a long time. I remembered how I used to look at them there with such pride in Elmer's clean-looking, earnest face, how we have looked at them together, smiling at their nearness in each instance, how good and right-principled I thought him; and then the fun all went out of me, and I felt glad to get into a corner with baby Winifred and hide my melancholiness behind her roguish little face. We played Hearts and Blauvi threw good plays into my hand, and then we had music, and ate pop-corn, and took shocks from an electric-battery and at eleven, started home.

When I got up the moon was still shining, but the square of it on the floor had changed position. Got lots of work done before breakfast. Feel full of energy. Mama says its unnatural when I've lost so much sleep and worked so much harder than usual. Perhaps the battery did it.

I may regret much that "might have been" in my idealized life with Elmer, but as Eugene wrote, I am living to be glad that I can never be his wife. After last night's heart-ache for instance, Mama said this morning

"Mrs Ince—Lena Comings—lives down next to Mrs Allen, and Mrs. Allen hears her *swearing* and using the most frightfully vulgar language."

Think of having such a woman for a sister! Oh! they *are* a coarse, horrid family. Elmer always seemed different from them. He said his association with our family made him so. And yet his foundation instead of being the best of him was the worst, and the exterior which I thought the worst, was really the best. How wretched I should have been.

Mon Jan 21

Oh, I have been so blue! Saturday two unmounted photographs came from someplace, with more foreign stamps. You don't know how I dread them. They are views, one of some sea-port city, the other of marble columns, an avenue and trees, and they are marked "Madeira" on the back. I got them out of sight as fast as possible. They were wrapped around a little cleanly-whittled stick. I could forget the photographs, but that awful little stick with his knife-marks in it! It made me see so plainly his familiar old knife, his clean cuff, the long white hand. I tried to burn it and couldn't. It was like burning a spirit. I could fancy it would writhe about and haunt me afterward, and here it lies in my room, haunting me anyhow, like his ghost. Saturday night trying vainly to sleep I could see such frightfully real pictures of him in the dark that I wanted to scream. They were so vivid they grew to be like real presences, till I felt I could touch them, and I tossed around and hid my eyes under the covers to get away from them. Sunday went on a visit to "The Den" with Mama with everything jolly and busy and bright but I felt like creeping off to dark places all alone. You don't know what a bewildered sort of feeling I have all the time, how lonely in the midst of the brightness. These old ghosts around me, and then, while I thought I didn't even hope to hear a breath of forgiveness from Ned, I know I did for mail after mail that brought me nothing, has left a dreadfully aching disappointment. Last night again I could not sleep till way into the morning. Then I dreamed such droll things. Ned had come here, as light as a butterfly, wore the oddest jauntiest clothes, told me he was so glad he never had married, had taken to literature and had written a set of essays on "The Sugar Bowlers" in St Louis papers. It was so vivid and surprised me so that I felt queer and unnatural when I woke up.

Heard from *Cottage Hearth* Saturday.

Thanks for that pretty fancy, "My Sunrise Room". Same terms as before.

Yours cordially,

W. B. Allen, Ed.

Nice? Surprised me, too, for I had forgotten about sending it to them. It was most as kind as this note from the ed. of *The Woman's Magazine:*

Dear Miss Rittenhouse,

"A Juno Retouched" is a most delightful story; new, practical. None but a young girl would have brought such honey out of such a barren garden. It is an artist touch you have, dear child. Cultivate it, and may every

blessing be thine. I will remember you in a more practical way than even honest appreciation, as soon as possible. The story brightens up our Oct. number.

Yours cordially,
Esther T. Housh.

But the practical remembrance has not come yet, and I am afraid there was some policy under *her* "honey".

Wed Jan 23—

Check from the *Interior* to-day. Makes thirty-four dollars I have had from them in less than a year for little stories.

Feb 9 Sat—

Tuesday night I tried to tell Mr Blauvelt he must not think of caring for me. I had to do it. Things were going, much against my will, too far. It isn't fair to him to let him fall into the snare again. I want to shut myself up and stay shut up. That night I made a mess of it. It was a hard thing to do anyway, to tell a man not to propose to you when he may not have meant to. I don't know what I said. It may have been incoherent but he must have understood. It was hard then to have him receive my hurried statements in utter silence, only saying finally, "Don't talk about such things. It will make you feel bad!" Can he think it doesn't make me feel bad to have him trying to treat me as a lover?

Feb 17th—

Brother Wood has been elected one of the "Elites." The boy means to come out in a full dress suit. "Then," he says, "I mean to have silk hose, new shoes, some diamond studs, a tall silk hat and a cane with a gold dog on the end of it. After that a horse and buggy." I think I see him now, the level-headed old boy!

In the evening tried to write a little down with the family. I want if I can to cultivate a habit of writing in a chatter so that my work will not banish me from the family-circle.

Mr Blauvelt comes to take me to church to-night.

Feb 18, Monday

Well it poured rain and Mama said I mustn't go. But we had a very good talk, Mr Blauvelt and I, and some reading. After he left, Mama said "Are you falling in love with Mr. Blauvelt?" Well it made me indignant! "Isn't he falling in love with you?" Mama persisted. "Well I don't know," I acknowledged very honestly. "I have been afraid of it and have told him he mustn't, but I don't think he really cares any more for me than for Ella." Then Mama said that Papa felt sure the man was earnest, and he worried about it. Poor old Papa! My love (?) affairs have always worried him in one way or another. "I only wish he wouldn't come quite so often," Mama continued, "or that the others would come oftener." Well, to give "the others" Entree I have asked a very little party for tomorrow night.

March 4, '89—Monday—

This is the day of the president's inauguration at Washington [Benjamin Harrison]. We aren't thinking of that very much though. I have been down the deep valleys again for days and days. I am pretty nearly losing all control over myself. I may come singing into my room, and in another instant, with no special provocation, find myself prone upon my bed crying uncontrollably. If I could only shut my eyes and trust God to lead me, but its so hard to forget, to not know, to wait patiently, and to "Do ye next thynge".

After all, I guess Winthrop wasn't so far from the truth when she said, "Go with the men if they divert you. You can't hurt *them*." I try to do them good. Then when they call *me* good, I feel like a vile hypocrite. I wish I could forget. Yet why should I? I may think myself mad with conflicting emotions, yet presently when the odor of scalloped oysters comes up the back stair-way, and I remember the snow-gelatine and whipped cream for dinner, I shall go down comfortably enough and find my appetite as good as though no sin and deception and hollowness sounded in the world. I should have had more respect for myself if I had found it impossible to mingle with people either in work or play during these past months. I think I cannot have much heart or much depth of feeling!

If I can get to the door without another cry I'll run downstairs, call up the boys, and have a sing. The birds are singing outside my window, and the sun is beautiful. I ought to be happy—how many blessings I have!

March 10—

You don't know how wild and desperate I get, or again, how utterly tired of everything. My mind is one whirl of contradictory arguments. Now and then I find myself back many months, and utterly forgetful of what has passed since, as to-day when the sun came in warmly and the smell of the hyacinths was sweet in the parlor, and I heard a quick walk on the pavement and I looked up expecting to see Elmer bound up the steps to look at me as though adoring me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot. I could see the look, could hear the flutter of the new-cut pages of the late magazines he'd bring. Oh, could he have loved me, *could* he?

March 22—

Mr Blauvelt tries to be lover-like and I cannot stand it. Last night I told him I thought he'd better quit coming. He isn't a bad man I'm convinced. He means no wrong and no disrespect to me I am sure. When he left there were actually tears in his eyes.

"I—I have something to tell you sometime," he said as he left, while I, feeling very worn-out and world-weary, came back to the parlors. The brilliant lights from the back parlor threw soft shadows through the Madras hangings down upon the old sofa, and there I stood choking with tears, with my face buried in that little old tear-stained pine-pillow of yellow silk that is one of the few things connected with Elmer which I have kept. I ought not to have anything about me to remind me of him. I remember the night he gave way so dreadfully with his head buried in it too—the night after Walter's disgrace, when I paced the floor feeling so powerless to comfort him. Comfort him for *Walter's* disgrace! If I had but known!

I don't know how long, after putting out the lights, I tramped about that parlor. There was the window where the flowers are, through which the moon-light streams; the window where we stood that peaceful night after our engagement watching the great moon rise over the cloud-banks. There was Sleepy-hollow warm in the light from the base-burner, where he has tucked me up a hundred times to read to me, to rub my head-aches away or sit and plan for all those high, good things, that grand "right living" which we were to have in our dream-home. There on the rack stood the same old music-book from which I played him that little thing that always made him think of his mother; there was the little table where our marble Hermes stood and where laughing like children we gave him his Sunday baths; there was the spot by the window where he knelt at my knees begging God's blessing upon our lives and our love. Do you wonder this house has ghosts in it for me, or that I am blue or half crazy half my time?

Wed March 27 '89—

If I am blue and dull and ugly I am gaining in one way, I am conquering the tendency to dwell on the old days of "my one congenial friendship" with Ned. At first, and for a long time, I have hoped that he did not get my letter, had moved, or was out west or something, and I looked for it every day back from the dead letter office; but now it is too late for that, and feeling sure that he did get it, I know that not only his love for me is dead, but even his interest. Like Brigham of old I begin to feel a little pride rise in me. Can he not see that I was not all to blame in that terrible affair, and that I suffered by it more than any one? Might he not have been generous? Now I will not let it conquer me! Enough of my life has been wasted. Now I will hope nothing. I *will* get beyond it. I *will* make something of what is left of my life, and not spend it in fruitless hopings and longings.

Sun March 31, '89—

Mr Blauvelt is coming to-night. He was in Wednesday night too. I can't seem to scare him off.

Mon April 1

Last night it must have been mid-night when I came up to my room, and I stared into my glass and wondered. An ugly, black-looking girl, with tired eyes and mussed hair, and an expression which would have better become a great-grandmother! And that ugly, unattractive creature had just heard again that "old, old story," has sat like some sort of stony fossil and seen a man crying for love and pity of her. He tells me if I had been happy, I never should have known that his old affection for me had not died years ago; that when he heard "it" (that night-mare trouble of mine) he walked miles and miles restless and excited with wildly conflicting emotions; told me how he had felt last summer when he had a talk with Edith at Villa Ridge; how he had gone upon that fishing party in August, with the sole idea of keeping some sort of guardianship over me, fearful that some thoughtless soul might mention a matter which everybody but me knew; told me how he too suffered for me; how he came here hoping he might in some way help me. Even now, though I have told him he must stop coming, he wants me to feel that he is loyally a friend, and will be eager to serve me in any strait, in any way, at any time.

I didn't know the man had as much feeling! It was horrible to me though, to hear it all. I simply felt deathly sick and worn out and anxious to get away. Yet how kind he has been. That is the second "loyal friend" offered me lately. I put much more faith in friends than in lovers.

April 4—

You don't know how sweet all out-of-doors has grown. All about, the once bare tree-limbs are seen through a delicate green film. Our cherry-trees are white as snow; and I, though compelled to lounge about in my wrapper, enjoy none the less heartily the little bunches of pale violets, of bridal wreath, or fragrant crab-blossoms which our botanizing Fritz brings me to sniff and to wear.

There is a sort of exhilaration in the thought of conquering the old demons of melancholy and making myself over into a thoroughly bright woman—bright through, I mean, not on the surface alone. Perhaps the friend who finds me now of too little importance or worth to forgive, even to scold or to notice, may someday find me worthy of even better things. I *will* climb out of the valley and breathe a better air! I try to get lots of exercise everyday. I weigh 104 (! ! !) and my face is actually getting some color.

April 16—

Walter Comings died last night.

Thurs May 2—

I have spent some retrospective days in spite of myself. It makes me feel the oddest to read over the old days in my out-grown Journals, when I danced and laughed and sang through the days, finding such jollity in that studio down town, interested in Ned and his bright speeches, scolding Dr Benson, rushing through Dramas, and dances, and League receptions, with Mr Parsons and Will Korsmeyer and Albert Galigher, conning three and four invitations to each dance and frolic, revelling in flowers and drives and boat-rides and sweets,—what a fly-a-way happy girl I was! Sometimes I wonder dully why I'm not more attractive now. I guess the secret must lie in the fact that I have no longer the same capacity for enjoying. It isn't a pleasure to others to give me pleasures that are so half-heartedly received, I guess.

Friday May 3—

Mama wanted to have an informal little Milk-maids' Re-union here Saturday afternoon but I said "to make such a thing jolly and informal, the hostess must be merry and bright, and these days Mama, I'm just so darned dull and stupid."

"That's the reason I want to send you to the lakes," Mama answered. "You are worn out." But we went ahead and asked them.

May 5, 1889—

Well our Milk-maid Luncheon was a jolly success. Hardly seemed any trouble either. On Friday we made three cakes, a white mountain, chocolate and Neapolitan, and Mama made a great bowl of chicken-salad. Then in the afternoon I went down town with Blanche and got bread at the Woman's Exchange for our sandwiches, yes, and the ham was boiled Friday, of-course. Then yesterday there was only coffee and ice-cream to make and brown bread, plates, etc., to wipe and arrange, and pickles to slice.

The house looked sweet. Remembering my attempt at entertaining on the 19th of Feb I was actually nervous for fear it would be dull. I could imagine them sitting in stately semi-circles round the double parlors, each person talking to one other person in subdued tones. The thought made my blood run cold and I immediately decided to convert the hall into a sitting-room and do a little managing! So I arranged some tete-a-tetes there, and put some little rockers in breezy places, opened both the front doors wide, so that the porch, too, was thrown into communication, and tried to make things look as free and homey as possible.

Well, when Mama came home from the Temperance Meeting you ought to have seen her expression!—for the hall was alive with chatty groups, Col. S held one crowd on the porch, and the stairs were profusely sprinkled with pretty girls, flower-decked. Pete had too much fun for worlds, and Blauvie helped me do the water-girl act. We talked and talked, a ringing chorus; and then we danced, too, and it was not far from 8 oc before they left. We never did have a jollier affair in this house. The girls were all *so* enthusiastic over the good time they had, and I felt *so* glad. Do you know that though I have really been far from well for a long time, I am told particularly every day by some different person how well I'm looking? The whole change lies in the fact that my complexion is clearing, and that makes me look fresher, I suppose. Della said, "Well Maude, I must tell you now what I could hardly keep from telling you the other night when you were all swinging over my gate, how remarkably well you are looking. Your cheeks are getting *such* a curve!" Now I'm not a grain plumper, but the fact that walking or talking, or getting excited will bring color to my face makes them think I am getting plump too.

May 8—

To-day have been emptying, washing, and straightening dresser and wash-stand drawers. Have been in extremes of smiles and blues the whole time. It had to come—the time for tying up and disposing of the hundreds of loose letters which have made me wince every time I've come across them. And then there were the old gloves with always a tiny place in the left third finger at the palm worn through, where my engagement ring had peeped after cutting its saucy way; and there was the old blue locket which somehow escaped re-shipment to C. O. Patier's store-rooms, with May's sunny face smiling across at Elmer's equally sunny, in it. I tried to wedge the pictures out, but my hands trembled so I couldn't and I shut my eyes tight and dropped it into a heap of tulle and ribbons and things, out of sight. Oh, and the old dance-programmes of his with Maude, Maude, Maude and only Maude upon them,—not many dances but all with me, and *my* old dance-programmes, with E. E. C. and E. M. H. alternating with delightful impartiality through all the waltzes, and bits of pressed grasses and scribbled concert-programs, and cards from serenaders, and the long "Spring-poem" Ned wrote for the League, and which turned up unexpectedly in my "silly drawer" where were also the thin pink shells he gave me the night of our famous drama, and the spool of linen which pulled the tick-tack on "the Menagerie" window, the night he and Schwartze stayed there. But the terrible things were all Elmer,—the samples of wedding invitations from M— Jaccard's, the dreadful, dreadful letters!

But I mustn't write of this. I ought never to mention him to you. Thinking is bad enough.

May 11 Sat—

Such a looking family as we are. I have to stop in the middle of the rumpus to laugh at us! House-cleaning! A volume in a word. Harry is taking up some last year's birds-nests of straw from under Mama's carpet, Fritz is beating said carpet (alleged carpet I had almost said for it is principally hole rather than carpet) poor Robin Claire, looking like a "tough" from the Irish quarter, stands on the back porch sweeping screens, and then spreading them under the cherry-trees where he may turn the hose on them. Mama rushes wildly from the kitchen where she is making a cake (to keep from wasting any time) and gives directions hither and yon; I in a dusty wrapper decked with a Bon Silene and wood-bine to keep from losing *all* self-respect, dash about with buckets and scrub-rags and ardor. Oh, its great fun!

May 13, '89—Tues

After tea I was swinging in the hammock lazily watching Robin picking cherries for me, when I saw Blauvi coming up the street. As he was here Friday night I hardly expected him. Sure enough he went on up to Ella's. I can't help "suspicionin'" people and I don't more than half believe that Mr B. isn't as much in love with Ella as with me, though he told me confidentially that Ella cares very much for some one else, and that his affection has been mine always. It isn't that I don't want him to love Ella. I never could love him, mercy knows. He only shan't think that he is my one expected. Tonight the Alumni meeting takes me—he knows that, for he directed the notices for me. But Tuesday night he's morally sure to call; so unless something prevents I'm going to be away. George Corliss wants me to call at Mrs Gray's. That will take another eve. I *must* manage not to see Blauvi this week.

May 19—

The magnolias are in bloom and the cherries are ripe, and this has been such a beautiful week. I am growing to feel so free and well. Monday night the Alumni; Tuesday Eugene *—George Corliss called in the eve too, but Eugene and I were walking. Wednesday night the band concert at the park with Mr Blauvelt, and with cool and strawberry accompaniments; Thursday night the pretty party at Mrs Howe's which I attended in evening dress and where music, refresh-

* Eugene Lyons was on a visit from Chicago.

ments and moon—for there was lots of moon—were lovely! Friday night a party at Mrs Henderson's. It was only an 8 to 10 affair, and so there was no time for cards (I hate cards. They make things so still). So I got to talk. There were Dr Malone and Mr O'Hara and Charlie and Blauvie and the dear Colonel and all the girls and we had such a good time. Then yesterday the picnic, and last night the rehearsal, and tonight Blauvie; and Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the historical pageant, and Sat. an engagement with George Corliss! Have so much to tell you if I ever get time.

Do you know dear Journal I am changing somehow, though I don't quite trust either the quality or permanence of the change. It surprises me as though it were occurring in another person. All the old sauciness Ned used to love, is coming back, and with it a returning confidence in and love for people, at large. Yesterday I chattered away to Captain Howe till the profane old fellow in a burst of confidence told Blauvi afterward, "Never met Miss Rittenhouse till this morning. She's a nice little piece, I say, d— nice little piece!" Wasn't that awful?—and I didn't feel the slightest "pulling the other way" while I societied with Mrs Howe and Mrs Ross and any and everybody else.

Last night I felt all made over, full of excitement, brightness, friendliness and chatter. It was like a tremendously big progressive conversational, for there were over a hundred there on the stage or in the auditorium for the historical pageant and I seemed to have "special messages" for all of them. I have been letting Mr Kent severely alone for months. Imagine therefore my surprise when finding him alone in a box I found myself engineering Ella in there and beginning a jolly talk with him over the tailor-made girl and other things. He insists I shan't return the book, by-the-way, as he wants to call for it,—has something special to tell me—confidential he says (as he understands I'm a sort of universal confidante). Well and in a few minutes Ella slid out and Daisy and Mame Halliday came into the box. My "passive war" with Daisy is of long standing, but do you know I felt like patronizing Daisy and fraternizing with Mame. Had a real enthusiastic little art-talk with her, and invited her to call and continue it. Didn't leave till I was handed out over the railing (jumped out rather) for another tableau. Lizzie Shields was nominated half way to the flies as Goddess of Liberty.

"Choose your maids", some lady called. "Little ones!" and Lizzie began, "Tene, Blanche" and hesitated, looking around. I knew she couldn't see any of me but the tips in the top of my bonnet, but in my new-born confidence I felt just as sure that "Maud" would be next, and so it was. "Maude, May", and then we four were boosted up, and Lizzie decided upon which of my features I had best catch the tallow, sure to drip from the torch.

Well, I had a funny little maneuvre with Blauvi too. You see he was here Tuesday noon, took me to the concert Wednesday night, to the party Thursday night, to Mrs Henderson's Friday night, came to the boat Sat. morning to bring me his field-glasses and see us off on the picnic, and then came down on the last boat to come home with me. I was wet as a rat (nearly) for it had poured, and though Charlie and I had tented, and the party had crawled into chicken coops, wrapped in table-cloths and finally invaded a fish-boat, we got pretty well soaked. Blauvi was properly worried for fear I'd catch cold and during his process of drying me out by the steam pipes asked about coming tonight. I did a little fencing but was worsted and he is coming.

Knowing all this I quite decided that he ought *not* to play the devoted to me at that rehearsal. He didn't make any engagement fortunately about it as he had a lot of work on his books to do, but I could see in his eye that he meant to get there in time to take me home. Sure enough while I was prominent on top of those high boxes he came in the stage entrance. Waylaid me of-course, but every time he did so I talked a blue streak about other things and raced off talking, so he couldn't get in a word. As we were finishing he and George C. were both waiting for me, I saw. I took a time when Blauvi didn't see me and George did to slip in past the box to the parquet circle where I sat in the dimness talking to Bettie and Mr. Butts. In a minute George followed, adjusting his glasses to find me. As a matter of-course he promptly asked to take me home and while he did it I could hardly help smiling to see Blauvi in the full glare of the foot-lights blinking and straining his eyes to search me out of the semi-darkness.

George and I, instead of going then, made our exit the front way, stopping so long to coquette with the colonel and Mrs. D. that by the time we reached the walk, Blauvi in solitary wrath was bolting past us up the street. It *was* sort o' mean when he's been so lovely to me, but it was "for his own good." Since Sunday-school I was picking cherries when I heard him call. Most of me was up in the tree, but I descended precipitately and gave him a cherry-spray with a dozen beauties on it. Tea-bell!!

Fri May 25, '89—

Things are getting interesting.

Wednesday night while Mr Kent and I promenaded the cafe and sipped cream he indulged in confidences regarding Mr Hopkins. Last night Mr Hopkins joined me in the parquette-circle and poured forth confidences regarding Mr. Kent. Then afterward Mr Kent took up the thread. He's coming again to-night, too. It is all very entertaining and I rather like taking up my old role as sympathetic confidante. If I'm to receive confidences from all Winthrop's adorers however, it will keep me so occupied that I think I shall demand a salary, or at least a commission on scalps.

As to Blauvi—Blauvi and I are "out". This time I think its for keeps, though I've said that with confidence before when it turned out differently. It is better so. He was getting so dreadfully loverish that I told him he must either alter his manner entirely toward me or quit coming near this house. That was Sunday night. It made him both angry and blue, I think. I couldn't help laughing at him a little, which wasn't nice of course and made things worse. But it *is* such consummate nerve in a man to look offended because you decline little demonstrations which he has no earthly right to make. Why, do you know he has even attempted to kiss me!! It makes me perfectly furious to think he would dare. Yet he's such a queer man; you can't scathe him as you could anybody else. He doesn't seem to realize that he is daring, or that he is showing lack of respect. I talked to him like a grandmother. It was good for his health, too, but he didn't seem to know it and went stalking off pell-mell, raising his hat icily, and not even offering his hand. Then I laughed again but said hastily,

"Oh now don't act like that. I don't want you to go off feeling hurt and offended. I'm the only one to feel offended. I'm the abused party!"

Well he stood mournfully then for a few minutes, shook hands lingeringly, and said good-night. He's just been rushing it with Ella ever since. Ella looked so charming Tuesday night as Helena—all in lace and pearls, and he was her devoted slave.

Just had another letter from that nerv-y Brigham.* Isn't he a wretch? I answer thus—

Mr Brigham;

You are entirely right in supposing your letters surprises to me. It can-

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* He had sent verse and odd presents to Maud for several years.

not but be surprising that any man with either spirit or honor, could in the first place persistently urge a correspondence so evidently distasteful, and in the second place pursue it when his own marriage has made it eminently improper. Had I not lost your address you should have heard very emphatically from me on the subject long ago. Now I am not in the habit, Mr Brigham, of corresponding with young married men. If you are anxious about Cairo news or old Cairo friends, you must really learn of them through some other source.

Yours,—

Hope that will settle him. Unless he is an imbecile, he ought to be shot.

May 28, 1889—

Have been head-achey today and nervous, but tonight something so funny has happened! When I answered the postman's ring I found one little letter, and disgusted, came up-stairs, saying to Mama,

"Only one, and that a temperance or missionary letter I fancy."

Ah, little did I dream what brilliant chances were enclosed within that bit of white. You'd never guess in a year. It was from a dear "old bachelor of 36" at Galesburg, Ill., who having seen the photograph the *Housekeeper* published of me, has fallen in love with it and *wants to marry me!* Nothing small about him—or backward you know. You remember the editor of the *Housekeeper* asked me to write a chatty letter for their column, "Timely Talks". I wrote on an old string, "Gratefulness as a policy" being the main thought, but did it up in my own fashion. They have signed it "One Old Maid" as I gave them no fictitious name (and from the sound judgment used in the article they have evidently thought me mature in years) and they sign only nom de plumes in that column. Well this man has read the letter and seen the picture, and is "captivated" with both. He has always been too busy, he says, to think of anything but business, but now having acquired wealth desires the friendship of some good woman. He trusts I am about his own age, and apologizes very humbly for daring to address me in this bold way, but didn't know how to manage otherwise as we are "so far apart"; and he wants to come here and call upon me if I will permit. Thinks my face very pretty and "sweet to look at". He is a farmer but just now is traveling for a Chicago house.

Mama and I have simply shouted over it. Its really a very honest, straightforward letter, comical as it all is, and he will feel gratified as well as honored, if I will kindly write him. He has blue eyes, he says, and that would come in very nicely you know. If he has oodles of money and will promise to adore his mother-in-law-elect I think I'd better smile upon him.

This comes of Notoriety! Ah, my literary laurels are coming in in most peculiar ways.

Wed May 29—

My correspondence is getting positively exciting. To-day a crushing letter from the Brigham, who, making no apologies or explanations, takes on a tone of injured innocence, and bids me a last good-bye.

May 30, '89—

Green peas and strawberries,—and the thermometer at forty! Fires all over the house, the wind blowing a chill gale, extra comforters in demand—and in the yard, magnolias, roses and migonette. Our weather has gone mad! Well, Blauvi held out for ten days, though during those ten he made a sort of promenade of Walnut Street [i.e. to reach Ella, rooming with the Dunnings]. Last night he came—I felt sure he would as though he had made the engagement. But he was as bad as ever and tried to kiss my cheek and made me too angry for words. Then he said how sorry he was, said he never would offend me again, and begged me to forgive him. My forgiveness, I told him, must depend upon his future behavior, and we parted stiffly, I relentless, he downcast.

June 2—

New developments every day from that unsigned picture of mine. Yesterday a letter from some good soul in Millard, Wisconsin, who forgets to sign her name, but who calls me "sister Housekeeper" (!) and says she likes my little sermon on "thankfulness".

Well, and to-day there comes a long, sweet letter from some good, rather sober-minded young girl in Ypsilanti, Michigan, who, after reading my article and seeing my face opposite, "just couldn't help sitting right down to write" to me. Six closely written pages! She says she feels sure I'm a young lady. The old lady is sure I'm an old one, and the old bachelor is ready to venture his hand and fortune on the assurance that I'm an old maid. Mama has always said that my forte lay in letter-writing, and I'll declare I begin to believe it.

Wed June 5, '89—

That idiotic old bachelor has written again—a lot of mush about my "great, dark, lovely, laughing eyes" etc etc., and sent his photograph—taken during his last year at college—a good enough looking face but dreadfully soft. Mouth sort of characterless. Must squelch him next—soon as I have time.

Blauvi here last night. Weather moderating.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The Dear Adorable

Thurs June 6. '89—Midnight.

To-night I have met one man whom I can call a peer of dear old Eugene. Mr Mayne. Everybody in town knew him but me. He is deliciously bright and well read and talks like a fairy story set to music. Brother Harry took me to the lawn social, went sailing off with his boy friends and left me the entire evening with Mr. Mayne. I have promised Corinne anything she will name, for introducing him. I've been really anxious to meet him; he attracted me the first time I ever looked at him—eyes a brilliant blue and luminously soft and dark, cheeks rich with color, hair the blondest, teeth white and even, figure erect, walk quick. But his delicious intonation,—and what pretty histological bits he told me! I feel as though I had read a charming book! Was actually sorry, when he asked to bring me home, that I couldn't let him. But Harry *took* me.

Friday June 8—

Who was it said "Until the three graces are united in one man, one man shall not be my grace"? Alas that when innumerable graces are found the man is not to be taken. Positively the man is a—not beau ideal—but man ideal, and to think that other girls have known him a year while I have but just met him! To find in him these graces and then to know that they are laid at *Mary Baker's* feet—oh isn't it pathetic? I believe I've lost the miserable remnant of heart left me. As I shall probably never see this man ideal again, I may as well write my little "Here endeth" right now. At breakfast, Harry said,

"That Mr Mayne reminds me of Eugene Lyons—only he's better looking."

Isn't it funny, Ned's initials are E. M. H. Mr Mayne's are E. H. M., Edward M. Hough, Earl H. Mayne. *He's* the dear man, who when Mrs Robbins was cleaning house and had no girl and Dot had gone off, went down and washed dishes for her. I'm afraid he'll die of cold. The mock trial was long, and lanterns and moonlight aren't warmin' after all. My wrap is two or three yards long and I gave him one end to throw over his shoulders, for his suit was light. He wears the dearest blouse and slouch hat while he's "on duty". He's a college bred engineer, you know.

Night—

I see plainly that I'm going to make a fool of myself over that man. I can't get him out of my head. A dozen times to-day I have caught myself stopping utterly still in the middle of my work repeating some phrase he used, recalling his delicious voice and laugh, or the flash of those softly brilliant eyes. Isn't all this absurd? To be raving over a man I have met but once and who is probably *most* engaged to another girl. But he's such a clean, bright, handsome, winsome fellow! Think I'd better get my mind into normal balance by studying the Shorter Catechism awhile. Lots of work tomorrow. I'm chairman of the decorating committee for Children's Day. It means work and plan all day.

Tuesday June 11, '89—

Have been out in the "wet windless rain" delivering Alumni invitations and getting soaked. Met Clara Schwartze and had a lively talk with her. She says, "Mr Schwartze doesn't take to many men, but he thinks that Mr Mayne perfectly grand! Goodness knows, I wish he and Mary *would* take to each other, but you can't always tell about men, and Mary's so funny. Then Albert Galigher is going there so much."

Isabella (with warmth)—Albert Galigher can't compare with Mr Mayne. If I were Mary I wouldn't be able to *see* A. G. if Mr Mayne were within a mile.

Then the rain came down and wet-blanketed me.

Night—

This nasty rainy night I took the small boy with me and went off on errands to miss Blauvi if he called. A light in the parlor when we returned told me he was probably here. But when I entered I found Mama talking with—*Mr Mayne.* You don't know how glad I was or how I have enjoyed the evening. I think my heart isn't quite so fluttery over him, and now I shan't be silly or absent-minded because of him, but I am just glad to know him, and hope I may know him lots better. He's a good, bright, well-read, high-principled man!

June 12—

I warned Mama at breakfast not to be surprised if I spent half my time trailing to the library to pore over the *North American Review,* or if I pitched frantically into the study of Histology, Biology, Theology etc etc., whereupon Mama remarked,

"Well, I shall be very glad of it if you find it necessary to do some polishing."

Truly I have known so many men whom I had to polish that the sensation is novel and delightful to meet one who will polish me.

Let me tell you what I did yesterday morning—sent him an invitation to the Alumni reception. Told him last night I had sent him the thing and he seemed very glad and will go. Know a good deal about him. He was raised on an Iowa farm—hence the fresh color, clear eyes and good physique—and worked his own way through college.

7:30—

Pretty soon you'll not know me Journal. Already I am deep in a great volume on *Principles of Sociology* included in Spencer's System of Synthetic Philosophy, and after this I'll talk you blind on Superorganic Evolution and feathery little things of that sort.

Thanks to the Adorable I can crow over Mr Armitage too, justly to punish him for beating me at "Sinch." Such an inappropriate, senseless sort of name it struck me, but when I said "Spell it" he responded promptly, "S-i-n-c-h". Now the Adorable tells me it is *Cinque,* which (as the fives are the strong points of the game) has some sense to it. Have just written loftily a card informing his pedagogueship how to spell the game at which he came off victor.

June 13 (14) 12:30, 1889—

Here I have waited over a year to meet the Adorable. It was but a week ago to-night I really did; then there has been that long evening under moon-light and swinging colored lanterns, the delightful call Tuesday night and tonight I found him at Dougan's little party. The party took on such a different atmosphere too, and they had to squelch us for talking *Popular Science Monthly* when Mr Mayne was expected to show Miss McKee how to manage her hand at Muggins.

But beside the fact of his asking me to play Cinque with him and our laying the others out, this little incident pleased me. Miss Risley (who boards you ought to know where the Adorable does) told me in whispered asides, "The man (*the* man) is delighted; you don't know how delighted or how brightened up! It is a surprise to him, your being here. He asked me if you would be, and I told him I thought not."

So you see he must have given her some reason for thinking me not entirely distasteful to him. He says he has an article to show me. Oh, and I'm going to hunt up a paper on Botany written in the June number of aforementioned Monthly by a friend and professor of his.

I am puzzled to know whether his sense of humor is keen. He laughs the sweetest laugh in the world when he does laugh, but often he seems rather grave. Goodness though, when he finds how shallow I really am! But if you could see how hard I'm wrestling with, and enjoying, Sociology. *Am* I Maude, the Maude of a year ago?

June 14—

Fritz's graduating day! Baskets, bouquets and dainty gifts have been coming in all afternoon. Fritz has gone down and it is nearly time for us to go. I am trembling so I can scarcely write. Why? Why because a *man* just passed, a man in brown working clothes and a soft brown hat, erect, whistling, and walking with quick, strong step. I hardly know the man, you know, yet busy in my Mama's dressing-room I heard the step away down Walnut and saw his hat through the maple trees and my heart began to thump. Saw him look toward the windows though he was fairly racing, and then I raced in here to watch him out of sight. Fool! Fool! Fool! Not the man, but Isabella Maud. Am so glad my eyes are dark. Oh-uh! ! I think of Ned's old saw, "No fool like an old fool." Could I have been such an idiot at 16?

June 15, 89—

"The ides of March, remember!" Blessed be the Association of C.H.S. Alumni! The first greeting from Edith as I entered was "A man has been enquiring wildly for you." Ah, and hadn't I seen the man, tall and bright-eyed, one from all other men in those parlors. When I came downstairs I had to be busy arranging programme numbers and things, —but he had his eyes on me, bless him. Presently a girl in a group said,

"Did you find it?"

"It? What?" I asked, and then they all said "that anxious man."

"How can I tell, until somebody tells me who he is."

"Your latest", Edith said impressively. "Now I'm sure you know."

My latest indeed! But Fate is kind. Within fifteen minutes we were snugly cornered in big chairs near a jolly window and our tete-a-tete, which I enjoyed so heartily, seemed to distract our friends without measure. Such rolling of eyes at me, such shaking of fingers, and finally Corinne dragged me off by main activity. It didn't matter though. He found me again and the tete-a-tete continued.

Oh, the bright, *good* man. I don't mind being a fool over a man who is so worthy all the eulogizing I can give him. It is midnight and Mama will call. Tomorrow I'll tell you what we talked about.

June 16, '89—

Did I tell you Mr Butler's remark about Mr Mayne, "He's such a clean fellow." That is what I have felt sure of about him. Commend me anyway to a man with six sisters. Though I felt sure of his cleanness I was glad to have my belief confirmed by his own speech last night; for we touched upon those things seriously, and I felt so glad to hear some of his views. When he said with the greatest gravity, "Miss Maud I am just a crank in the extreme of my belief on those things" it went to my heart, for crank is the very word so many of my girl friends have applied to *me* about the same things.

They have told me what a quiet, timid man he is. Ella said they couldn't make him talk at Wint's. He can't talk eagerly and quickly enough to me. We both just seem to have volumes ahead to say all the time. Col. Simpson made the most comical grimaces at me everytime I looked at him, and I could see Mr. O'Hara's perplexed glances. As I've never known the blessed man before, it must look funny to people to see us upon such terms of good fellowship. The time passed so quickly with him that I didn't realize we were so much together till afterward, when even Mrs Miller, the hostess, said suggestively, squeezing my hand, "Yes I *know* you had a good time, two of you."

Once when Corinne (who constituted herself our special guardian) simply dragged him off to a back room, and I stood tete-a-tete with the colonel, it was so pleasant to know that the tall handsome fellow standing apart was watching me, and ready to meet my eyes with such quick sympathy whenever I looked up.

Oh, he *is* adorable; and even more so in his working clothes when he looks so full of life and energy and enthusiasm that he is like some handsome embodiment of congenial intelligent Labor. The article on Fungi which he recommended, I went to the reading room for yesterday, and found charming, deep yet simple and beautiful.

Monday June 17—

Yesterday *he* sent down a package with the articles which he thought would interest me. They were in the *Engineering News,* and one of them, an architectural thing all about those elegant St Augustine hotels, their novel material, Portland cement, etc., I could understand easily. The other made me gasp and wonder what sort of head the man thinks I have. The slip on the back of the things are directed "E. H. Mayne, Asst Engr. C.B." What *do* you suppose the C.B. is for —Cairo Bridge?

Do you know what I have just done? Have sent in an application for a position as teacher, to the school-board. Have weighed the thing well. If accepted, and then if I pass the examination satisfactorily and really begin to teach, I can keep up my literary work just the same. Miss McKee suggested the idea to me.

I don't care if I do bore you to death on one subject, I must find an out-let in some direction. I can't go about all day remembering all the pleasant, the good, or the bright things he has said, all the floods of light from his beautiful eyes, all the soft sweet intonations of his voice, without overflowing in some direction, or making a consummate fool of myself.

Think, Blauvi and Charlie and the other lazy boys I know get up sleepily at eight in the morning. My Adorable is up and away, wide-awake, bright, energetic, at five oclock. There are funny little boyish traits about him, too. The other night we had been talking so learnedly, when ice-cream and raspberries were brought to our little table. Somebody said something about water colors, art. The Eyes Beautiful were fastened seriously upon his dessert-plate. "If there is anything *fine* though," he said,—and I held my breath to hear some world-renowned painting mentioned, or some system eulogized—"it is red raspberry jam."

Positively I shouted. But I'm going to make red raspberry jam this summer.

Sat June 22 '89—

We had no idea that the Board would think of my application for two weeks yet, but do you know they have already accepted it, and they tell me that Prof. Clendenen is really delighted and immediately stated in what room I would exactly fit. Am I not a lucky girl? Somehow I always have been, and people have always thought me so much smarter than I am. You see they have not even waited for me to take an examination, and get a teacher's certificate.

Another piece of luck: that dear *Home-Maker* has accepted my story to my wild delight. They will pay me ten dollars for it. They have such good writers I'd feel honored to give it to them.

Am afraid I have made a very great fool of myself over Mr. Mayne and I beg your pardon, Journal. Mama has just told me I might ask him to dinner tomorrow, but I declined with thanks. Some day I'll ask him perhaps, but I have a horror of making advances, and am afraid I have already let him see that I am interested in him to an unusual degree. Therefore I mean to be very careful, and above all, careful to impress Edith and Corrine with my disinterested admiration for him. They make such reckless speeches, especially Corrine. The idea of her saying to us that night at the reception, "This tete-a-tete must break. Think how bad Mary would feel."

Night—

Positively I'm too excited to sleep tonight, and you see how my hand trembles. There never was a girl so smiled upon by kindly Fortune. Called at Mary Baker's. Sweet as ever. Visit lovely. Told me delicately that Mr. Mayne pronounced me the brightest, most entertaining girl; said I had the loveliest eyes—and oh, how hard those eyes tried not to dance fandangoes when she said it!

At supper dispatched a note to Blauvi inviting him to dinner. Next repaired to the porch with a huge Physical Geography to study awhile. In a minute Mr Mayne came by on his bicycle, stopped it, and came in. Brown suit, soft hat, cheeks aflame, and I did love to look at him. Before he left a note came from Blauvi: other engagement; deep regrets. Of course I read the note after "The Adorable" had gone spinning up the walk on his wheel. Then Mama said (she had been on the porch too) "Don't you wish you'd known, and had asked him to dinner while he was here? Fred Noble will be here, and they are friends."

Then I said impulsively,

"Ask him yet," and while Mama wrote the note I dashed up to Miss

McKee's. She and Dougan were waiting and with them Prof. Clendenen.

He was simply lovely to me! Says Mr Howley, the sect., himself made the motion acc. my app. and that the vote was *unanimous*. But this is what is particularly complimentary to me. New teachers always receive $30.00 a month, and they voted to give me $35.00! Mr Howley even then feared it was not enough, and that I wouldn't accept it. They argued that I had had so much experience with children; so my "Band of Hope" work is bread on the waters coming back to me. Miss McKee and Dougan have taken me right under wing, and are going to coach me for the examination, which comes August 24.

June 23—

Going down stairs just now with my arm full of books I came upon the Adorable, standing with a note, on the front porch. It was a reply to Mama. He thought nobody'd be up. Told her that upon returning from the Library last night he found her very kind invitation, which he gratefully accepts. I said I'd be errand boy for him, and I took the note. Hand still shakes Journal.

6. P.M.

Well, Isabella is getting so spoiled. This afternoon I have had children simply begging me to teach them.

One handed me this:

"Dear Miss Maud, I thought I would write you a letter . . . the reason I wrote it to you I want you to ask pefecer (professor) if you can be our teacher in school. We haven't got any teacher yet, and ask him if they can't get a nother teacher for the 3 reader instid of getting one for us, and let you be our teacher. If you don't we will try to fall below. Pleas ask him we want you so bad," etc, winding up with "1000 kisses" underscored.

Well and the Adorable came, and dined with us, and oh! *oh! !* he *eats with his knife*. Positively it gave me a queer feeling way into my hair. I was so afraid he'd cut his lovely mouth or jam one of his white teeth. His knife! The "one altogether lovely", eating with his knife! I know he must have some real good scientific reason for doing it, but it made me look the other way. How *can* such an Adonis do anything so plebeian even with reason.

June 25. '89 Tuesday

I don't care, I'd choose for a friend any time a man with good morals, clean habits, wholesome vigorous physique, warm heart, and clear intellect even if he did eat with his knife, in preference to the sort of dissipated, shallow creatures, one meets usually!

Am studying furiously! Had no idea I was so rusty. Don't know a thing. Blauvi called last night and had the fun of sitting all evening behind a huge Geography reviewing me on my day's study. George Corliss comes to night. Here Sunday night too. Blauvi again tomorrow night.

June 29. Sat—

Mama is at Mrs Menager's for the day. I am holding the fort in the midst of four or five Grammars, little and big Geographies, fat and slim Physical Geographies, histories red, yellow, brown and black, slates and Arithmetics. My head seethes!

The Adorable stopped on his wheel last night and came in for a talk, leaving me a list of books to choose from,—such as *Man's Place in Nature*—Huxley, *The Conservation of Energy*—Stewart, *Data of Ethics,* Spencer, *Mind and Body*—Bain etc. I gave him a rose for his coat. When George and I called at Mary Baker's Tuesday night he was there. Guess they *are* about half engaged, but the solemn truth of the matter is I haven't time to speculate upon it, or even to think of the dear Apollo. My head is too full of Land Surveys, Domestic Commerce, Syntax and Colonizations to think of men—Man rather. I guess that is why so many teachers are old maids.

June 30—

It sort of disappoints me that I can't keep up my first eager interest in Mr Mayne. There was something so exciting about it, and it keeps off other thoughts and blues. But last night he came by on his wheel again, and instead of finding mind out-pouring to fellow-mind, I'm afraid we rather bored each other. I was thinking about Distributive Proportion and the last example I had attacked, and he was thinking, I guess, of whether he could make an easy start with his wheel from the particular point where he had stopped against the fence.

If I didn't do quite so much idealizing I shouldn't meet with quite so many disappointments. A good long talk with his Adonis-ship might restore my waning delight over him. After all, the knife episode to the contrary, he is just as good and lovely as I first thought him. It is only that my attention is absorbed by other things, I guess.

Did I tell you of the articles I have been noticing by "E. Hough"? There may be several E. Hough's in the world, of course, and the name certainly ought not to interest me. I can't help resenting Ned's treatment of me, even though I may deserve it. He might have shown a little generosity, when he knew how honestly penitent and unhappy I had been over everything from the first. I try not to think of him, excepting just for one little minute each day.

July 4—

Well I've had an "attack" to-night. I marveled all day that I was getting through the day so well—the anniversary day—the day of so many memories and the day spent last year with my then so revered,—but it began to tell on me before dusk. Even Aunt Belle and Mary came down in the afternoon and took tea just as they did a year ago, and we swung in the hammock just the same and climbed for peaches, only this time "Dear Boy", who then found the good things in the magazines, and discovered the ripest peaches to smuggle them all to me—Dear boy then so pure and true in my eyes, was only a dreadful memory. If he had died only, how sweet and dear all the memories of him would be: now they only make me choke and cry.

I went up to Mrs Fisher's though with the crowd and the boys had very pretty fireworks. They are organizing a tennis club, too, and I am invited to join it.

Coming home we found that Mr Mayne and Mary had called in our absence, leaving a little note to that effect.

The cherry trees form the roof, and the hammock the tete-a-tete to our present evening reception room; and a carpet of grass with cherry-leaf patterns in moonlight isn't half bad.

Friday Night—

I'm all broke up to-night. Think of a girl popular enough to be entertained seven nights in the week by charming men, and not popular enough to be asked to the one thing of the season for which she pines—tomorrow's moonlight excursion on the *New South*. A lark? Yes—but not for Isabella. This is the only affair the Elite Club ever gave to which I had no invitation, and I don't believe I ever before cared specially. Why, it never occurred to me I shouldn't be asked by somebody or other. I have just as confidently expected to make some man happy, boo-hoo! With the trustfulness of a three-year-old I have answered every ring of the bell today, so's to waste no time answering the note—the note conspicuous by its non-appearance. So there's nothing to do but grin like a philosopher and bear it.

Mr Mayne has been here this evening. He *is* so earnest. And *he* is a Unitarian too. He and Mama have talked lightning streaks and Mama is just in love with him—worse than I if possible. A letter from my farmer tonight. I had never answered his second letter. He tells me a lot of stuff about pasting my picture on a card and putting it in his album as "Queen of the book", about how he has hoped to hear from me, how honored he felt at my writing the once, etc. Do you know, a good many times the absurd thought has flashed into my head that this "Joel" might be Ned, sounding me for some reason or other. Isn't that a wild enough flight? If he is Ned, he is disguised to a skillful depth though.

Mon. July 15—

The first literary criticism I have had for a good while came this morning from a Chicago editor for whom I had written a story to a cut she sent. She says, "I have placed your story 'Mended' on the book, for though to the practiced eye it bears marks of having been sketched to fit the cut, the diction is light and attractive so that with practice, if you care to try, I think your efforts may be successful and appear to be illustrated by the picture rather than descriptive of it." She enclosed two more pictures for me to write to, and I think I'll do it for it pays tolerably and is quick work.

Did something bookish and nerve-y yesterday with a deep, deep plot. If anything ever comes of it perhaps I shall tell you.

Friday July 19, '89—

The party last night was lovely—big rooms, plenty of breeze, flowers, music and ices in abundance. Mr Mayne was there. If only he were not so evidently *Mary's* little lamb, how I should love to monopolize him quite.

July 21—

Such beautiful days! Within and without my life is full of sunshine and thankfulness. Yesterday was such a lovely day. I started to Alice

Halliday's to take her *Vassar Song Book* back, and while we hung over the gate Ed and Fred came up in the new donkey-cart—the cutest thing of polished wood with corduroy cushions of dark green. They pulled out the funny little back seat, determined to honor me and I took Fred beside me, while Alice mounted in front. So we came trotting home, jolting and laughing, with all the neighbors looking through their screens to see the sight. Then I turned to a 19-pager just received from Ella, and felt so "sot up" when I had done reading it. It isn't really vanity, I think honestly. When people say kind things of me, it doesn't alter my opinion of myself—only of them.

After tea I took Miss McKee part way home. When I came back after dark, found Mr Mayne here. Didn't see him till I was fairly up against his chair. Startled me so, and they all laughed. Spent the evening on the porch talking of everything from the anatomy and domestic life of the mosquito, to mental development and general morality. The Adorable (only I mustn't call him the Adorable anymore unless I ask Mary about it) loves flowers so, and we gave him our one magnolia.

Taught my hinfants this morning. My ten little girls still follow me into the baby room rather than be taught by anyone else. Had a rousing lesson on Samuel the Reformer, and I divided the chicks into Philistines and Israelites, and had the poor little Israelites captured and made slaves of. It was fearfully impressive and the naughty Israelites were very glad when at Mizpah they reformed, and turning against the Philistines defeated them and won their freedom back with light hearts. I love to teach them.

When I contrast my present life and prospects, my happiness in my home and friends and work and study with what my life might have been, I feel that I ought to be just thanking God in some fashion or other from morning until night. How frightfully near I came to the verge of that other horrible life. Tied for life to one who had proved base, ungrateful, unloving and dishonest.

July 25—

Have been *almost* cross! About Blauvi too. Oh the horrid thing! Just when I began to think him really a good friend, he calls me "dear" or "sweet" or tries to be spoony, and disgusts me. I like your distant devotion—cool, respectful, and tender, but at long range. Took him to prayer-meeting last night,—through the rain, too, and with us there were just half a dozen there. Then I made him read the War of 1812 to me, and he kept sitting so near that I had to move my chair to the other side of the table, two or three times. It makes me *so* angry. Then once he went to turn the student-lamp, and just the movement made me think of other cool nights, when another whom I thought possessed of all the tender courtesies Blauvi doesn't, turned it to shield my eyes from the glare; and suddenly again everything in the room made me think of him, from the foot-stool under my slippered feet, to the book in my hand. And so I have been restless, and was feeling perturbed and cross.

Now I must conquer all of British America, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies before tea-time.

10:30 P.M.

After all, the day has wound up beautifully. Mr Mayne presented himself, and how we have talked! Our tongues have hardly stopped a minute except when he asked me to play for him, during which time he sat over on the sofa listening in a rapt sort of way that was positive inspiration to me.

Fri 26th—

My Chicago editor-critic has turned friend. In answer to my last Ms. and note I have—"Yes, I can use it; follow my instructions to be brief and you are all right. I should like to make you one of my 'reliables', as Fanny E Newberry has been for eight years" etc.—and enclosing another cut for me to write to. Orders are fun. And they pay well too when its regular work. Isabella's getting there!

July 28—

Now to 'fess up about the nervy thing I did. I felt I must know if the E. Hough of the *Globe Democrat* were Ned. It might help me to find whether he received my letters of Jan 7. Yet if it proved to be Ned, I wouldn't for worlds have him know that I cared to find his address or anything about him. Finally I hit upon a plan. Wrote a school-boyish letter in a labored careful round hand, dated "Prior Lake, Minn, July 17" and told him I had read his pieces in the *Globe Democrat* and that all us fellows enjoyed them so much and we wanted to get him to tell us the name of a fish of the northern lakes which I described as a *"vorashus* eater, of a dirty color, with spines, a big mouth," etc, telling him how swarms of them would come to the docks for pieces of loose food thrown out. Also confided to him what a crack fishing outfit my uncle had, and how uncle laughed when he read in the *G. D.* about treating the "black bass like a gentleman." And I signed "Robbie Allen, Prior Lake, Minn. Care M. E. Clarke."

Then I wrote a note to the Editor of the *Globe Democrat* asking him to forward the enclosed to E. Hough with a short comment of appreciation of E. H's articles, and signed that M. E. Clarke.

Sent the batch enclosed in one envelope, in a letter to May, and she mailed them there, so that they got the Prior Lake postmark.

Yesterday she sent me "Robbie Allen's" answer, which came from #175 Monroe Street, Chicago. He says,

Mr Robbie Allen,
My dear friend;—

I have just received your letter of July 17. I am truly glad you like fishing and fishing articles, and I will send you a copy of my paper, "Forest and Stream", for which I do most of my work. You and your uncle can read it.

I think the fish you speak of answers very nearly to the description of the common fish called "the bullhead" in the lower West.

Well, I'll not write the whole letter—a very nice one—but he signs, "Very truly yours, E. Hough".—Not a bit like Ned's, as anyone could see. So "here endeth" again. Shall write another boyish letter thanking him for the information and the paper, and so bid adieu to Ned's namelike.

Mon. July 29, '89—

Another delicious visit with E. H. M. He hasn't been very well. Malaria! Only we Egyptians born can stand this climate long. But he looked particularly handsome. Came down on his wheel; wore the brown suit and the dearest flannel blouse of white and "baby blue". We lit just the tiny lamp in the parlor. He brought me Bain's *Mind and Body,* and Huxley's *Origin of Species.*

Miss Rennie was telling me to-night that "the little Allens" had come across some of my stories and were showing them to her. "But," they said, "it can't be our Miss Maude who writes them, for you must be awful smart and live in a big city to write stories." Wasn't that funny?

Did I tell you, Robin is doing his first work, and tickled to death over it? A printer's devil, think of it at three dollars a week. Kiddie is so proud of his bankbook he wishes school might never begin.

Sat Aug 3—

And to-night Mr Mayne. I wanted to snub him a little for his exasperatingness the other night. It grew dusk as I sat on the porch reading to Papa and I thought he had gone by when he came spinning up Seventh. I didn't look up. But the gate being wide open he simply turned the wheel in and brought up grandly at our feet, dismounting, and leaving his "horse" under the frontest porch. He carefully explained that he was on his way to Mr Candee's. I "did up" the preoccupied to perfection and looked miles away when he talked. It sort o' puzzled him I thought. I wanted to be very unattractive, but it had a contrary effect. He stayed and stayed, finally getting a cosy tete-a-tete on the step with me. Papa vanished to the library and lamp-light with his paper. Every minute I thought he'd go. It had been dark a long time and he had expressly said he didn't like to run the wheel after dark. It was getting almost funny, and when he did go he didn't seem in very much of a hurry and I noticed he didn't continue down the street toward Mr Candee's, but turned the other way. Aren't men funny!

Never again shall I let him think me anxious, really anxious to waylay him. I wonder if he could have thought I cared. Its very silly. After all, it only amounted to about this conversation, but it left me feeling I had been forward, silly, eager, presumptuous:

E. H. M. Well I must go.

Isabella Silly. But its very early.

(Silence!!)

Isabella Silly (who doesn't love silence) Someday, if the temptation grows much stronger I think I shall steal out here and *smash* this wheel. Then you couldn't get away.

E. H. M. But I could *walk.*

Then silly I. Maude, turning a good many colors, and feeling very much of a fool and very badly crushed, stole into the home with her vanity worse smashed than his wheel could have been.

Aug 4—

Perhaps its naughty to write jokes on Sunday, but I can't keep this over till tomorrow. There's another article in *The Globe* on "The Merry Bullhead" by that "other E. Hough" and the way I have gulled that innocent and unconscious man ought to make me blush till my hair turns pink. In the large-letter heading, the words "A School-boy's Essay and Query" caught my eye, and there down the column I beheld word for word that Robbie-Allen-letter of mine. Didn't I do it up well? I'm sure no one would ever have suspected that some freckled-face, bare-legged boy didn't write it. He calls me "a youthful angler up in Minnesota" and a "young enthusiast who evidently has in him the making of an angler", and says I've given a pretty good description of that North American institution, The Bullhead, etc etc. I didn't expect ever to see my blotty fraud of a letter in print. This E. Hough is cute as can be, writes brightly, and winds up his article on the humble Bullhead with,

"Better is a fried bull-head and contentment therewith, than a stalled shad with envy on the sides."

Aug 6 Tuesday—

Perhaps the Adorable didn't come simply because he thought I expected it, after all. So I left the porch empty and no one to nod to him if he passed or to make any specious excuse for his stopping. Well, I hadn't been ten minutes at my desk before I heard Harry calling, "Maude, Mr Mayne wants to see you," and I found Mr Mayne smiling on the steps and holding a package. "I brought down this photograph-holder. You see I *will* find some excuse," he said laughing. It was a lovely thing which his sister Marguerite had made him, and he needed to tell me the history of the photographs. When, in an hour or so he started, I said on the way,

"Oh, let me find you that Bon Silene. Its only a bud but it will open tomorrow."

"Don't, oh *don't,*" he said.

"Why not, pray?" I asked, rather surprised. "Don't you want it?"

"Ah, very much! But if you let it open on the bush, don't you see that I shall have an excuse to come for it tomorrow?"

So I left it on the bush, and Mama gave him a whole handful of Bon Silenes and Geranium leaves from a vase in the parlor.

Blauvi hadn't been over for nearly a week—but alas! for Blauvi, I hadn't been a bit lonesome. Fancied he was spending most of the time at Villa Ridge (with Ella.) Well, I heard somebody come and ring, and presently Blauvi appeared. He said, in rather stagey tones,

"Maude! have you been well and happy? How have you been all the while I haven't seen you?"

"Ah, busy and well, and happy as the days are long," I answered gaily, and good friend that he is, he looked as though he'd have thought it more cheerful news if I had said, "Blue and lonesome and depressed". Then he began to tell me of Ella's illness and of what a good friend she was to him,—the very best of friends. I said everything I could in corobboration and his enthusiasm warmed so, and his manner grew so peculiarly earnest that it popped into my head, he must have won her at last, and come to tell me about it. But he didn't tell me and finally when he kept saying what good talks they had had, I thought I'd draw him out a little.

"And what did you talk about? Tell me. I am interested in it all, believe me. What *did* you talk about?"

"You," he said, so suddenly and with such force that I jumped. After that I didn't urge him any further, you may believe. But how entertained Ella must have been to have unconscious "Maude" poured into her poor ears all that while.

Played my first game of tennis yesterday.

Aug 9, '89—

I could write all night—and I don't believe I can say as much for my sleeping probabilities. But I must take out the hairpins and turn out the light anyway.

I am keeping a tight rein on myself to keep from doing something silly, i.e. writing the impulsive thoughts I feel to E. H. M. It is so hard to keep from telling him how much brighter he makes the world for living up to his own ideals, and for keeping those ideals high.

You're shaking your head Journal and saying "The poor fool is in love with another girl's sweet-heart," but really it isn't that. It is only the honest thankfulness over a man who hasn't a coarse, bad grain in him, who has noble aspirations and sincere ones and who lives a clean, useful, beautiful life.

Aug 12—

Am scared to death over the examination coming. Feel so nervous I fairly shake. What if I shouldn't pass. Causal conjunctions, conjunctive adverbs, illatives, temporals, bacteria, and areas are seething in endless muddle through my head.

11 P.M.—

To-night Mr Mayne came first; next Mr Kent and Mrs Menager; then Mr O'Hara and Harry Hughes. We had so lively a discussion that we could hardly break it up even when Mrs Menager came out and said she must go home. And E. H. M. is no older than I, if quite as old! For some reason he didn't want to tell me his age but I have found that he graduated from the high school at seventeen and that was in 83. 89 — 83 equals 6. 17 plus 6 equals 23!! Boo-hoo. *I'm too old for any use* not to know more than I do. He knows so *much* more and seems so much bigger and older and stronger in every way. Now if I can sneak in a little study without Mama's catching me, I shall.

Aug 13—

The clock struck one just after Isabella closed her books last night. Mr Kent gave "the Adorable" a little dig, and I'm waiting for a chance alone with him to call him to time for it. Greatly as I admire and like Mr Kent, to me there is just the difference between him and Mr Mayne that there is between a shower of fireworks, and a steady, clear-burning light, unflickering and pure.

Mama's occasional observations amuse me. To-day she said, "One thing: one may see very easily that Mr Mayne is not here as much as he really wants to be."

Aug. 16, 1889—

I want to remember this date. Never *mind* why.

Miss Chase was here this morning to see if I could not decline the public-school offer and teach the kinder-garten of her private school. She guarantees *twice* the monthly salary, the Pub. school pays. But of-course she did not know that I had positively accepted the offer of the Board of Education. Her offer is open to me if for any reason I should "change my mind".*

Had a very unhappy time last night. To-day am nervous and blue to the last degree. Feel in a perfect strain of excitement, yet not the happy sort. Presently I shall dress and take a long walk up to Mrs. Taylor's. Perhaps the sunshine and fresh, cool, air will dispel the mists.

Later—

Mr Blauvelt came and took me walking. Went to Saup's where under the Madeira vines we ate cream and bananas and amused each other.

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* Though money was now a thing of consequence to the Rittenhouse family it never occurred to Maud to break her verbal agreement.

Aug 17 Sat.

Am still nervous but not blue—have the fluttery sort of feeling that is a premonition of something exciting.

Thursday night I found Mr Mayne here when I returned from the tennis-court—this I did not tell you. This morning's mail brought a dear little letter from him telling me how truly eager he was then, and is at all times, to remain here (in the evening) only fearing he "bothers" too much. Tells me how much pleasure it has given him to find in some one (as he has in me) one who manifests so much interest in such subjects and to whom he can talk freely and unrestrainedly.

Aug. 25—

Who said, "The world is my plum"? Anyway I believe it is my plum—so sweet and round and lovely. Am on the other side, you see, of that terrible 24th of August and am sailing my little flag to the breeze. I have worked so hard, and though nearly worn out physically am feeling too jolly and bright for anything. Everybody and everything has been *lovely!* I simply went swimming through the Institute for the teachers. But when the Institute closed Friday night (not till six) I crept home just about dead-tired. From seven-thirty till night is a long session of nervous strain, for five days.

Carrie and I didn't get up here till midnight. Then I studied till half-past two. Got up at 6:30, packed dinner, choked down a little breakfast and hurried to the court-house. Well, why inflict you with the long, busy, nervous day? I have talked everybody else blind about the different questions and my nervey answers to some of them. What I didn't know I made up, and it is perfectly surprising what close hits I made. For instance, I had no idea when the Stamp Act passed, but just figured around and put down 1765 sort of blindly—and do you know, it is right!

I actually believe that if I had failed, school-board, Supt. institute—instructors and county-supt. would have combined to put me in somehow. Such blind confidence in me, makes me blush. I trod air coming home though my back ached with righteous wrath for the strain it has been put through. It was seven oclock when I got through. Mama met me at the gate.

"You poor little limp thing!" she said, "Aren't you nearly killed?"

But I wasn't.

Went to supper before I could dress and before we were through Mr Mayne came. I was all frowzled up—hadn't seen a mirror since morning,—or a wash-bowl—but I went out to him.

Then May Irwin came. When The Adorable left, I went to the gate with him and we had such a delicious talk. Then I dashed up to dress. Before I was through Mr Wenger and Mr Blauvelt came "to help me get drunk and celebrate properly". Sent Carrie down. It was a life-full evening. I felt perfectly bouyant. We danced in the parlor—Wood, Carrie, Blauvi and I,—while Charles Augustus played, and then we went up town to get "gloriously full" as I had threatened. Only we only took strawberry cream and bananas. After that the whole crowd of us got into our mammoth hammock and swung and sang till we were hoarse as crows, and my hair-pins were so suspiciously missing that I suspected the boys of designs and really did look as though I'd been on a spree.

Am so happy! Three jolly weeks now for tennis and sailing, and taking naps when I please, and reading all the deep things I want to. Blissful! And Carrie here, and Prof. Heninger coming and my dear little school to look forward to. I took yesterday, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Reading, Pedagogy, Geography—Mathematical and Physical—Orthography, United States History, and Civil Government.

Didn't get to take Grammar. It was so late, and I looked so pale-ish that the supt. wouldn't let me. She said, "It's easy. You can pass it without an effort, but you're worn out, and you'd better take it in a couple of weeks or so." I don't need any special study on it and shan't worry.

Aug 27—

Last night I heard the clock strike one before I reached the Land of Nod. Then we got up before daylight—about 4:30—for a trip on the river with Wood and Harry. Saw the sun rise from the bank while the boys bailed out. Lovely rowing but chilly, so that I wrapped up in Harry's light flannel coat.

Got off at the bridge* just before 7 oc. I didn't much want to, but the boys were determined, and Harry went for our little Harvard friend, Mr Davis, to take us through.

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* The Illinois Central bridge, completed at a cost of nearly $3,000,000, was two miles long—the longest metallic bridge in the world in 1889. It opened uninterrupted rail transportation between the Great Lakes and the Gulf.

Up the steep, high, giddy stairs! I was scared to death, and up on top with those ghastly cracks all around and the dizzy bank so far below, I felt light-headed and wild. Couldn't be persuaded to budge from where I stood. Carrie was almost fearless and wanted to start straight across. I saw Mr Mayne, then, flying along on his wheel way down below. After awhile he turned his glass on us, and waved. Then I saw him start from the office toward us. Felt desperately ashamed not to be able to walk bravely along when Mr Mayne had looked forward so long to showing me the works. But I simply couldn't. I felt I should reel giddily and plunge right through.

By the time he reached us the others were starting, and I could almost have cried at being so silly.

"Don't be afraid," he said reassuringly, looking really sorry for me. *"I'll* take you over."

"Oh that is so kind of you, Mr Mayne, but I can't do it, I really can't. I had no idea I'd feel like this. I believe I should go right through."

"Why *no* you wouldn't. You'd not be afraid with me—with my protecting arms," laughing brightly. "Why, I wouldn't let you fall for anything."

But I only shook my head.

"You'll see so much that is interesting from beyond there, and once across this span the ties are all much nearer together. If you'll only let me I'll lay a way for you. It'll only take a minute, and I'll take you over it so carefully."

Leaving me on a broad place then, he sprang along over the ties and carried great long planks till he spanned the bad places—but it made my blood run cold to see him stepping lightly and fearlessly over those gaps, balancing the heavy boards.

Then he caught my arm very tight and close and guided me right along—but my breath came fast till we reached the other side. Learned a lot, and the water was beautiful in the early light. We watched a tow-boat and barges pass under us too; and afterward the gentlemen took us to the office, and the Adorable showed me pages of queer plans and drawings and interesting things, and took me to see the yawl and pulled me the loveliest vines clambering over the rocks, and then took us all to the skiff.

Fri Aug 30, '89—

Have been for a week going like a humming top, spinning and buzzing incessantly..Mr Mayne says—but there, I quote Mr Mayne too much. I am a dreadful idiot to think of him so much. No doubt he loves Mary Baker, and dear little Mary is just the girl for him—sweet-looking, sensible, young, and such a capital little manager and housekeeper, not to mention her delicious voice when he *loves* music. All this sounds as though I might have presumed to consider myself a sort of applicant for his affection. I don't Journal. Even if I had any thought of ever marrying, he is the last man I could marry. He is younger than I am anyway.

Now I'll tell you why I wanted to remember the 16th of Aug. On that day—having learned through Edwy Reeves in an incidental way that the address of my one-time friend E. M. Hough was unchanged—I wrote the following, and wrote it, feeling perfectly sick at heart to think he could have treated me so:

A few months ago I wrote you, wanting very much to make peace with myself by telling you how sorry I felt for the unwomanly, hasty letters I sent you in the early fall of '85. I feel pretty sure that you cannot have received my attempted explanation, apology, or what you will call it. It is not like you not to let me know at least that that poor apology was received, whether accepted or not.

. . . I don't want to compel any word of any sort from you, further than to know whether you did or did not receive the letters I sent last January. But I must *know that. Will you not let me know in the way I suggest, for I have tried to think of a way to be of least trouble to you. If you did* not *hear from me in January will you kindly drop into the nearest post-box the enclosed letter addressed to "Maude Rittenhouse, 703 Walnut St., Cairo, Ill." If you* did *hear, will you send the other, addressed "Miss Maud* Rittenhouse, Cairo, Ill"?*

If you could know how deep a favor you will be doing me, I think you would decide to do this simple thing for me without a moment's reflection.

But though that has been two weeks ago, neither envelope has come to me. I don't know whether to be most sorry, most angry, or most humiliated, but rather think I am most sorry.

11:15 P.M.—

Here it is after eleven and since early twi-light the dear Adorable and I have been talking rapid seriousness out under the cherry trees, Harry with us, part of the time. Harry admires him more and more; so does Harry's sister. Tonight I felt as I used sometimes to feel toward dear "big brother Eugene" that I just wanted to say "Bless your *heart*" and squeeze his honest, lovely hands. But I'd probably never like him so well again if ever I gave way to such an impulse. I know myself too well. Where "spooniness" begins, admiration ends, and it would break my heart fairly, to feel that my friendship with good, bright, handsome Earl Mayne could reach that low level ever.

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* Maud was completely impartial in spelling her name, in this instance combining both ways in one sentence.

How dreadfully I shall miss him when he goes away, and he will have to go now, before very long. He and Harry talk over their medical plans together, and he gives Harry new thought and motive, besides lots of good advice.

Aug 31—

I simply can't help raving over him and inwardly rejoicing at every evidence of his thought of me. Last night when he kept fearing I'd catch cold in my white dress Harry went for my long shawl-scarf. Just as I was wrapping it about me he called my attention to the crescent moon, sinking in the west and looking big and bright through the plum-tree. "Do you remember how it looked the night I met you?" I asked. "Why," he said with a little start, "that is just what I was thinking of. And that little shawl—do you remember that its the same one you wore that night and loaned me part of?" The very fact that we generally talk scientific, educational, temperance or religious subjects makes every little personal thing of that sort more effective. I'm glad he remembers all that; glad every time he says, "To-day I was thinking of what you said," or "Last night I wondered why you had felt" etc. Its only fair when I think of him so much.

Sept 1—

This has been all wrong, dear Journal, this constant talk of Mr Mayne; all wrong of me not to keep perfectly cool and level-headed remembering that we must be simply mental helps to each other. I'm afraid I haven't kept myself "well in hand".

Sept 2—

After all, I needn't mind "letting myself go" occasionally if I do it only to you, and if I find that my good friend does so too.

This morning I have been racing around with broom and dust-pan thinking nothing but Mr Mayne and our last talk. And Mama just called saying "Maude, the postman must have forgotten this and made a second trip. It's a letter for you." And when I picked it up I nearly squeezed it into shapelessness for it was in the dear Adorable's writing.

It is written Saturday evening at 8:30 and he says he's been sitting there wishing he could talk to me but not daring to come again so soon; and so hopes I'll let him write a little instead. Let him! Ah if he could know into what raptures I am thrown over everything he says, how glad I am to read that I have done and am doing him good, that he can talk freely with me because I have passed as he has through hard struggles over religious things. And he tells me that to find me still with "brave heart and soul" makes him feel stronger and fills him with additional life.

"You are so different," he writes "in many respects from most girls, and so in keeping with my ideas of a woman, that you can hardly estimate the good effect you have produced on me,—but perhaps I am saying things that had better be thought."

Sept 4.—

At tea Mama said Mrs Menager and Mrs Standish would be over for the evening. I took some light work and went into the back parlor. "Will Mr Mayne be down?" Mama asked. I hoped he would, but I only said, "Why nonsense, no! Not when I've been up there sailing at the bridge all afternoon," but in two minutes the door-bell rang and there he was. I wanted to *sing* I felt so glad, but folks fortunately don't always do what they feel, and I only said, "Did you get wet?" in the most matter-of-fact way.

"No, but I felt uneasy to think of you taking that long walk. I ought not to have let you. Mrs. Rittenhouse they walked *two* miles home." I'd walk two miles every afternoon if like causes always produced like effects (not that I told him so!) Well we talked hard and fast, for every minute I thought our tete-a-tete would end, but a terrific rain came up and we had it all to ourselves until half-past nine. Bless his true, pure heart! He is what I have always called him, a man ideal. And, too, he is physically so fine and strong and wholesome. The parlors never seemed to sweet to me as when he sat there in the tinted glow shadowed over with the little figures of the portierre, his bright eyes flashing like soft fire in the half light. I had finished my "down" pillow (of milk-weed silk) and perfumed it and put it in softest yellow silk. He thinks it such a dear that I'm going to try to get enough more milk-weed to make him one.

Well all paradises have their limits and as the rain checked I heard Mr Kent and the others at the gate. In half an hour the A. rose to leave and excusing myself rather abruptly to Mr Kent I stepped to the door with him, for I knew he had used up his last excuse for coming, and needed a new one.

You ought to have seen his face light up when I said,

"Do you want me to paint your name in your umbrella? If you'll bring it down just *any*time," etc.

When I returned to the parlor Mr Kent was ready to continue the talk. I am so proud of both those boys! Mr Mayne, Mr. Kent and Mr O'Hara, are my favorite friends. This statement must surprise you —as concerning Mr Mayne particularly.

11 P.M.

This evening I found my self listening just as anxiously and wishing just as hard that Mr Mayne would come as though I had not seen him all yesterday afternoon and evening. But of course I knew he couldn't come; it really would be a little dreadful to begin to come every evening. Mr *Blauvelt* came: it was very dull for him. I will *not* let him find me entertaining any longer. I couldn't reason him out of his fancied regard to me, but it'll cure itself if I'm stupid enough. When Mr. B, trying to look impressive, began to draw up his chair, you ought to have seen what chills I threw him into. Looking at his heavy face and comparing it with the fine, pure, clear—pardon me, perhaps you've heard all that before!

Fri Sept 6, 1889—

And this is the 6th of September, and the clouds have blown away, the air is cool, and the whole world a-glitter in the sunshine.

Instead of gloom and objectlessness in my life I find it fuller than ever of brightness and purpose. Last night, sitting by the grate-fire listening to my good friend and watching his earnest face and flashing eyes, I wondered it didn't make me miserable; for he sat in old Sleepie-Hollowe with his head against my new silk pillow—Mama had fixed it for him because a lot of close work and study had made his headache—and it was the eve of the day that last year would have been my wedding-day. But I wasn't miserable. I remembered it all, all the talks with Elmer, all the sadness he had brought into my life, all the disappointment in, and present sorrow for him, and yet all the time three little lines of Emerson's were singing in my ears till I wondered he didn't hear them:

> Heartily know,
> When half-gods go,
> The gods arrive.

It has often seemed to me that I never again could talk over the things I once talked with Elmer. But Earl Mayne talking there in the fire-light made them all as new and beautiful as if fresh-created. He has all the purity, the tender chivalry, the moral worth I thought Elmer had, and with that a fine strong, handsome body, graceful, easy manners, and a strong keen intellect.

Last night I did want to see him so, yet I hardly dared to hope he'd come. At seven oclock, leaving my work and book I suddenly ran up-stairs into the dark to see if I couldn't bump some sense into my head. And while staring through the windows, and saying to myself, "Fool! Fool! *Fool!* He was here Tuesday night. *Don't* be a silly! Go and study!" I heard the bell ring, and Fred's voice saying heartily,

"Yes she's here Mr Mayne. Walk in. Mau-ud-de", and honestly, Maud's voice shook when she tried to answer carelessly,

"Yes, I'll be down in a minute."

"Perhaps I ought to apologize for coming so early," he said; while I stood there looking so glad I felt ashamed of it, and thinking rapidly how he must have hurried to be so early, and how pink his cheeks looked from it, and how clean and tall he was in his dark suit and soft silk tie, with the fair hair brushed up from the thoughtful forehead. We seemed to take perfect strides toward a better understanding of each other last night. If any other man had called at seven and actually stayed four hours, I should have been a total wreck, sleepy, and tired, and bored, but when the clock struck we were both amazed, and the Adorable with one of his looks of boyish penitence, always so funny, said "There! I didn't mean to, truly. I said the last thing, 'Now Mayne, you *mustn't* stay later than ten.'" And all evening long there were occasions to say, "Oh, let me bring you that; its fine!" or "Next time I'll show you how to do those problems we were speaking of."

What shall I do, when these "next times" end, and I must study alone!

What could happen, when, the "half-gods" having gone, the "gods" follow?

Tuesday night or Wed. morning—

The dear Adorable stayed till after eleven tonight and I had just gotten asleep on such philosophy as, "You're an old girl, Maude, and you mustn't *think* about the boys at all. Be capable! Be practical! But don't be sentimental or fancy yourself still in the land of Love's Young Dream", when I was fully wakened by the sweetest music under my window.

I slipped to the gas and pulled the electric lighter. They applauded! Then I knew it must be the Den, delighted at having wakened me for once.

Never heard sweeter music. Rolled up in my big rug and ate chocolates and marshmallows E. H. M. had left, and wondered where that 'old maid' could be who had gone to sleep in my bed an hour before.

Mama went to Chester to-day. Now I *must* go to bed again!

Wed Sep 11—

Found one of Mr Shearer's cards this morning containing the names of W. C. B. (Blauvelt), G. L. Barney, T. J. Jackson (Petie), S. G. Hopkins, and Frank Shearer (Croppy).

Threw them a rose, but the geese didn't see it although it nearly struck Petie's light flannel coat.

Night 10 P.M.—

Now I am going to make a resolution,—rather an unusual thing for me. And it isn't New Year either. I'm going to learn self-control—emotional control I mean. It has taken me some time to feel the need of it, but I do feel it at last, convincingly. E. H. M. was here last night,—came early and stayed late, and we had a charming visit. Then *why* in the name of all that is sensible need I, to-night, have pranced about wildly from one window to another, hoping he would dare to come, and also hoping that no one else would, for fear the "one else" might interrupt our possible tete-a-tete? Of course he didn't come; it would have been idiotic if he had. But that isn't the point. Why do I want him every evening, why do I want other callers to be obligingly minus when he is here, why do I never tire of talks with him no matter how long or how frequent? And why, tonight, did I find my only comfort in the cheerful concoction of a mess of marsh-mallows, because I know he loves them? Well it points to just this: either I am falling in love with him, or I am laboring under a mental delusion to that effect,—and either is dreadful, and greatly to be discouraged.

I *must* remember that he is younger than I—that of itself ought to be sufficiently dampening—that he has not even definitely settled his vocation in life, and that *my* life is to be devoted not to man individual, but to man general, as found in the young idea I'm to mold.

I am shocked and surprised at myself since my enforced self-analysis. What kind of a fickle, shallow creature am I? Why, a year ago I was a heart-frozen sort of woman; a year before that I was trying to persuade myself I loved one man when every impulse of my soul told me I loved another. Now I am thinking from morning till night of yet another—a stronger, purer, better than either. Can it be possible that in this little while I have let this tall, handsome, *boy* usurp everything else in my thoughts, till books, music, and all out-of-doors thrill with his voice and eyes and smile!

I tell you, worthy as he is, it humiliates me, and I will not be such a vacillating child. I'm old enough to be his auntie—old enough to have a few little scraps of common sense. And I *will* get right over this nonsense! Tomorrow I shall study, read, dig, entertain our expected guest and forget that men live in the world.

Half my life has been wasted in pure sentimentalism over some man or other. Here's an end to it all! Here's greeting to maidenhood in earnest, and to work, and purpose, and mental training.

Check from *Interior* today. Sent it, plus $1, to Mandel Brothers, Chicago, for the China silk for my bridesmaid gown (at Jennie Schutter's wedding).

Fred and Harry have been squirrel hunting today. Mr. Mayne went yesterday for but two hours, and although he hasn't touched a gun for three years, brought down seven squirrels.

Friday noon Sept 13—

Oh I am the gladdest girl in the world. My face in the glass as I happened to see it a moment ago, looks sort of illuminated. A great wave of happiness caught me in its surge last night, but I didn't dare give it free play. Under the new resolution I kept my mind carefully fixed on study and to-day's examination. Now the exam. is done, and I have come home feeling like Aurora for freshness and brilliancy. I can hardly walk. I want to fly! And everything has gone well with me, and now for a little while I may say,

"Down conjugations and synthesis," and give myself a delicious day thinking of the new gladness there is surely coming into my life.

Yesterday evening—but it takes away from the loveliness of it to talk it over in chill English. Enough to say that I had two superlatively happy hours with the Adorable before a nine oclock engagement to go driving with Mr Kent; and all the while Mr K and I were flying over the gravel road through the moonlight I could hardly keep my mind on the deep conversation he was drawing me into, for all the time every fibre of me was a-tingle thinking over the two hours *previous,* and the delight of knowing just what dear things that blessed man had said.

Long past midnight I slept, and waking very early my first frightened thought was "Oh-h those Grammar!" and then as a whiff of heliotrope from the little pillow passed me,—the little silken pillow *he* loves—I forgot Grammar and everything and catching the fragrant yellow thing hugged it rapturously *shouting* soto voce (if you can imagine such a paradox) "Oh lovely, lovely, lovely!" Lovely what? Never mind, I enjoy being a fool.

He wants to take me driving Sunday afternoon to Beech Ridge. You know Sunday School is in the morning now. I set four oclock as a pleasant hour. He wanted, too, to have me take a boat-trip to New Orleans when he does; said he'd write for his favorite sister (Mary) who lives in Marshalltown, Iowa, to come down and chaperone us. She is married, of course, and that would make it all right. But he had forgotten that Professor Maud begins to teach Monday, and must bid adieu to all such jollities.

I am too nervous these days; fairly shiver with nervous excitement from morning till night. I am well, but just a little crazy I think. I can't settle down to anything, and eating and sleeping are nearly impossible feats.

He took pains to tell me last night that he had ever and ever so many gray hairs. "Your dark hair will not turn gray till late in life," he said, "but I shall be entirely gray in just a few years." Do you see the drift of such assurances? Bless the boy!

Sun. Sept 15, '89—

Poor Maud! The rain is pouring in straight, relentless sheets and not a speck of blue sky anywhere. And we had expected such a good long talk during the pretty drive to Beech Ridge this afternoon! The thunder is crashing and waking echoes from east to west and from north to south. I got up very early this morning and then the skies were serene, excepting for one pretty gray cloud-bank in the east which the rising sun tipped with clearest gold. Am trying to take it like a little philosopher.

The Adorable came early last night on his wheel. Mr Butler was here and we were on the porch. When men came to see papa on business, and Mr B had gone, we took the pillows and willow rocker and went to the hammock. The moon came up a little after ten and the night was divine. It was half past eleven before we all realized it, and then it seemed wicked to go indoors and leave the moon-light and deliciousness without.

Mon Sep 16—

And now the day has come! "Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea" I keep saying to myself as a bracer. I have been up since an unearthly hour; dressed, studied, ate an early breakfast with Papa and straightened my room before the rising-bell rang. I want to go right up to school now, but Mama won't let me. Its still cloudy and chill; would have preferred a bright first day, but mustn't knuckle under to a little thing like weather.

Sat. Sept 23—

And now more clearly than ever I see why people who teach school never marry. I can think, talk, sleep, dream, eat, nothing but SCHOOL! Its perfectly awful! When the Adorable came Wednesday night I thought the dose of kid-lets and "methods" I gave him would put a flat stop to his ever coming again. He did come though, last night, and we concocted marsh-mallows and French creams out in the kitchen till eleven oclock. But even the sight of the Adorable in a big gingham apron lighting the gas-stove for me, seeding dates, and beating eggs, couldn't for one instant drive away visions of that little restless nervous Louis Hasenjaeger on the back seat, or bad vicious-looking Elmer Cushman who talks out loud and plays truant, or the dear little pale kidlet in the third row back who couldn't for his life tell how many fingers would be left on his hand if two were taken away; and all the while I picked the walnuts and moulded the creams I was wondering whether I had selected the best side of the room for recitations, whether I could get the definition of 'city' and the meaning of 'Cairo' into simple enough phraseology for them, and whether I shouldn't yet have to shake one little rascal out of his boots to make him stop laughing so incessantly.

I don't know whether I'll pull through alive or not;—the thing seems a little doubtful. They all tell me, from Prof C. to the primary teacher, that I'm doing splendidly for a beginner, but my school is discouragingly below my ideal school.

But I sat down to try to keep from thinking school a minute, just for a rest.

Tomorrow E. H. M. and I are going to take our drive to Beech Ridge. The weather is charming!

Sat. Sept 28. '89

Why aren't you bigger? Here I must say "good-bye" without telling you about that delicious drive, the flowers, the sun-set, the star-shine, the discovery that "Earl Hugh" sings as musically as a nightingale, or about our afternoon yesterday, or our visit last night, or my gradual gain in the school-room, or the preparations for the wedding [Miss Schutter's] or anything. I hate to leave you—nearly three years we've been friends, and through some pretty dreadful times. Last night I sat a long time by the fire-light after the Adorable had gone, and pondered many things. I wonder how my life is coming out. *You* are finished, but the story isn't. Elmer, all recollections of him, seem more like phantoms than realities. I pray for him nightly, but with the same sort of feeling I imagine a Catholic has praying for the soul of one dead. Shall I ever see him again, ever know in this world or another what was true and what false in him in the days when I thought he loved me?

Yesterday my letters to Ned came back from the dead-letter office.

All my past seems dead nearly. So far as Ned is concerned, I have a superstitious feeling which will prevent any further attempt at resurrecting it.

(END OF VOLUME V)

[On the back flyleaf of the diary is a list of books, apparently those read by Maud over a period of years, as follows:]

Jan 1, 1888—

Mendelssohn's Letters from Italy and Switzerland
Grammar of Painting and Engraving—Blanc, trans. by Doggett
The Hoosier Schoolmaster—Edward Eggleston
The Terra-Cotta Bust—Virginia W. Johnson
Hygiene of the Home—Susan Burr Barnes
My House: An Ideal—Oliver B. Bunce
Temperance Physiology—Mrs. Mary H. Hunt
Jess—H. Rider Haggard
Political Economy of Art—Ruskin
Madame Delphine, "Carancro," "Grande Pointe"—G. W. Cable
The Quick or the Dead?—Amélie Rives
Honored in the Breach—Julia Magruder
Old Spain and New Spain—Henry M. Field, D.D.
The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation—James B. Walker, D.D.
The Graysons—Edward Eggleston
In Far Lochaber—William Black
The Old Adam—H. H. Boyesen
The Gates Ajar—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps
Through the Long Nights—Mrs. Lynn Linton
Mammon—Maud Howe
Hand and Ring—Anna Katharine Green
An Echo of Passion—George Parsons Lathrop
Herod and Mariamne—Amélie Rives
The Rock or the Rye, burlesque—T. C. De Leon
The Story of Margaret Kent—Mrs. Ellen O. Kirk
What Will He Do with It?—Bulwer-Lytton

'89

Robert Elsmere—Mrs. Humphry Ward
The Moonstone—Wilkie Collins
A Tale of Two Cities—Charles Dickens
Saracinesca—F. Marion Crawford
Contemporary Art in Europe—S. G. W. Benjamin
The Marble Faun—Nathaniel Hawthorne
Bracebridge Hall—Washington Irving
He Fell in Love with His Wife—E. P. Roe
An Original Belle—E. P. Roe

Mahomet—Washington Irving
Spanish Papers—Washington Irving
Principles of Sociology—Herbert Spencer
Boots and Saddles—Custer
On the Origin of Species—Huxley
Mind and Body—Alexander Bain
The American Constitution—John Lord
Jonathan and His Continent—Max O'Rell
The Story of Creation—Edward Clodd
Religion and Culture—Sharp *

* By this Maud may mean *Culture and Religion in Some of Their Relations,* by John C. Shairp.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Life Is Such a Delight

Sat Sept 28, '89—

It makes me shiver somehow, beginning a new journal. How cold and empty you look! And heaven only knows what you may have to tell of me before I am done with you! Not saint nor angel could have made me believe that my last Journal's pages would reveal the things they do.

But I mustn't be blue over it. I'm getting too old for indulgences of that sort.

Mama and I were enveloped in seas of China silk in the library, when callers came and I ran up here for a minute. We "rehearse" Jennie's wedding tonight. My dress is dreadfully unfinished yet.

Sun Sept 29—

Some-how, persistently above all thoughts of the vanities and frivolities of this wicked world, visions of the Adorable will hover,—a statement which proves me an insufferable goose to you, before you've known me two days.

Mama thinks that the Adorable cares for *me*. Mr Blauvelt thinks so too, and having again turned his wandering foot-steps this way, makes vicious little allusions to the fact. *I* don't think it,—I mean that he cares more than for dozens of others whom he may have admired some time or other. He comes a great deal, but that proves nothing; people do that sort of thing from mere force of habit. He has too, a serene way of establishing himself and then holding the position so quietly that you hardly realize the fact. The other night for instance while he was here, Mr Kent came in, eager for a talk, but though he looked at his watch a time or two and paced across the parlors once or twice to ease his restlessness, my Adorable sat, persistent, quiet and smiling, until he had gone. You'd have thought him utterly unconscious of Mr Kent's mild desire to pitch him through the window.

Mama has lost her heart completely to him. Yesterday while we were sewing she said, "When he asks my consent I'll tell him not until he gives up civil engineering and decides to go into partnership with Harry and settle in the medical profession."

"You needn't worry, dear, over that little speech. It will never be called for," I replied.

"Then I shall tell him to quit coming, before he ensnares my young affection completely," she said with a laugh.

And I'm beginning to echo that thought. How can one *help* thinking about a strong, fine, lovable fellow, who sits in the glow of one's fireside three or four nights a week, whose luminous eyes dwell upon one with volumes of thought and intelligence in them, whose locks are so golden, whose teeth are so white, whose smile is so radiant, whose voice is such music, whose mind is so clear and pure and well-balanced!

I'm enough of a worldling not to fancy that every soft glance from luminous eyes means unutterable things; and a good deal too "experienced" to apply any of the telling little things he sometimes says. Not that he has ever *approached* love-making! We *never* get down to that line of talk, and I take special pains to render any approach thereto so general, and my own bearing so *motherly* that the dear boy must be evidently impressed with the hard and dreadful fact that in spite of his "great head" his tall inches and his Herculean strength he is two yawning years my junior.

Its cold and cloudy today and Sunday School will be in the afternoon. Last time it was in the morning, and in the warm, sweet, afternoon, Mr Mayne came and took me driving, forbidding me even to think of school for the whole long afternoon. And how restful it all was—all the sweet woodsy sounds and sights and odors! Half-a-dozen times I held the lines while he sprang through road-side tangles to get some plumy spray of golden-rod, or hair-bells or dainty vine for me: And the lovely sun-set, the long settling veils of purpling smoke and haze over the woods and fields, and the soft stars stealing through. I felt content past all desire, and yet I wanted to cry. There always is to me something touching about the stillness of the twi-light time, away from the "madding crowd". As we left Beech Ridge and drove along near the new levee works, we found it all decidedly picturesque, —the long rows of white tents, the camp-fires glowing through the woods, with showers of sparks fluttering up till sparks and stars were indistinguishable, and the odd shadows dancing on the tent walls. And once the Adorable stopped "ze wheels going round" to let me hear the far-off lonesome hoot of an owl. It made my teeth chatter fairly, till the blessed, matter-of-fact Adonis thought I must be chilled through, and immediately insisted upon rolling me in Mama's big shawl till I looked like an Egyptian mummy. We had a late tea here, and ravenous appetites, both of us!

Mon Sept 30. 7 P.M.—

I am all dressed and waiting the carriage. Had a cry over school since coming home—but I *must* succeed! I *must* try, and *work!* If I dare give up it will knock all the spirit out of me and prevent my doing anything else with any heart. I *must!* I *must!* But I am heart-sick over it. If only I could be "wise as a serpent" etc. The Adorable came last night and found me sitting in the dark back parlor with the fire-light and the blues. We had another serious religious talk. At 9:30 George Corliss came in and stayed till after eleven, the A. going first. George must have had to run to catch his train.

Tues Oct 1, '89—

To-day I felt I'd rather die than go back to that schoolroom. Wrote a crazy note to Prof. and then did not send it. My heart was in my shoes. At noon though, a note from the Adorable suddenly made the sun shine into that *low* down heart. It said,

My dear Miss Maud—

. . . I've just been reading a grand, noble inspiring article, and some way it has completely upset me. I have had a passionate desire to see and talk to you to-night, but just now you are all surrounded with bright and happy faces (this was written last night) and knowing it, I can only accept the inevitable. I'm so selfish I'm afraid I've often bored you, but I really cannot help coming to visit with you. I always come away feeling so much better, so much more capable of doing what is honest and right, of living a life that will help others . . . How much I am indebted to you cannot be estimated, so great is it that I feel as though I could never repay you . . . Tell me when I may come and visit with you (etc.).

Drew my first pay to-night—17.50 for the half month of Sept.

Wed. night Oct 2—

The adorable blonde will be here in a few minutes. He came last night, and I, feeling a presentiment that Blauvi would come, suggested a walk. It was a lovely moonlight night. Walked till nine, and as Blauvi still sat expectant in the front parlor and we couldn't walk all night, we broke up the promenade, and I told the Earl he might come back and finish the talk tonight when we might be uninterrupted. Blauvi stayed till after eleven, and I was about nine-tenths asleep when he left.

Oct 3—

Feel better. Had about third rate order in my room this afternoon which was a hundred per cent of gain.

The Loveliest was here last night; he came early with a huge box of chocolates and marsh-mallows and a new *North American Review*. Had a !!! evening, and the naughty man stayed till 11:30. He had been hunting half an hour or so in the evening and had sent over some quail; so Mama asked him to come down to dinner to-day. At recess this A.M. I went up to Ella's room to visit and absorb ideas. Coming down at noon with the girls I saw Mr Kent hurrying in here. He had decided he could find me for that long-bottled talk of his at noon, and be uninterrupted for an hour. Of course he had scarcely gotten nicely-settled in the back-parlor when Mr Mayne came. Each of the dear men was rather disgusted at sight of the other which of-course was reprehensible in both, and Mr Kent didn't get his talk. The Earl brought me a photograph a few weeks ago, and I wouldn't have the thing it was so horrid. Instead of looking a bit like him it was shiny and polished-looking as though it might have been a barber or a dry good's clerk instead of my fine, strong handsome sturdy friend. Last night I discovered a little tin-type of him and some friends, and liked it a little better, so he cut it out for me. It may be silly to tell you this, but he has tried a long time to convince me he has gray hairs, and last night insisted on my convincing myself. I stood up to see the top of his head (he was sitting of course) but couldn't see the ghost of a white hair. "Hunt", he commanded, "Tumble them up!" So in very business-like fashion I did hunt, and though I didn't discover the silver threads I was more fully convinced of the softness, the waviness, the gold of the gold ones, and in love with his clear, clean, fresh-looking "cuticle".

Think! After his being here two nights in succession followed by one trip to dinner, Mama calmly asked, "Will Mr Mayne be down tonight?"

"How *can* you?" I asked. "Don't you think folks ever get tired?"

"Oh well," Mama replied, "When you get tired of him turn him over to Harry and me."

Didn't sleep last night till after mid-night, and woke up at the earliest dawn. *Couldn't* sleep again, so got up, dressed, and watched the sunrise.

Oct 4, Fri—

To-night I quite expected the Earl, and had planned to take him to Christian Endeavor meeting, but when the bell rang a bit after 7, it proved to be Mr Kent. We were having a cozy talk by the fire, when another ring sounded and Mr Wenger came. Had a very jolly evening. Sang a whole book of college-songs and Charlie played "Nanon" for Mr Kent and me to waltz. Charlie wants to take me to the theatre Tuesday night. "Blauvi" came at noon to bring me an "Imperial" photo of himself in Knight-Templar uniform—to console me during his trip to Washington. He walked to school with me and nearly "squiz" my hand to pieces saying good-bye.

Mr Clendenen gave me a tonic to-day. Came in and said, "Miss Rittenhouse I just want to tell you how well you are coming on. I notice an improvement every day. You have now reached a place some of our teachers have been three years gaining." You ought to have seen me grin.

Oct 8, '89—

Tonight I am trying to argue myself out of a case of tearful blueness. Things have been "heaping up" until by now I feel bowed down by them. Last night I dreamed about Ned and Elmer, both—such vivid, queer sort of dreams. I was out in a little Western town where Ned seemed to be living and to be fairly "splurging" in dandified clothes, leisurely hours and all that. We didn't seem to be friends; I was in the gray back-ground observing him curiously. Then I seemed to be in a big parlor with a gay crowd of familiar friends in evening dress. One smiling boy asked me to screw the stud—a tiny diamond—into his shirt-front for him. As I did it I felt his heart beating in quick, hard throbs, and looking up in fright, stood face to face with Elmer!

It was the most dreadful feeling. The first impulse seemed one of gladness, then I covered my face with my hands and cried despairingly, "Not the same Elmer. Another! False, false, false!"

Charlie is here to take me to the theatre.

Oct 9, '89, Wed.—

My school is like lead on my mind from morning until night,—and then all night. I have 51 pupils and four or five of them are toughs,—so bad that Prof Clendenen after whipping one of them the second time in a week for truancy, said it was as bad as running a reform school. I'm simply not going to stand it much longer. The "tough" must go. There is no earthly sense in ruining a whole school for the sake of one or two vicious boys. With them out I'd get along all right, and be light-hearted enough.

I believe I'm half home-sick for the Adorable too. You see I had to tell him about having these other engagements and to-morrow night will be the first possible chance to see him since Sunday night. That night it was nearer morning when he left. Mr Kent, seeing the light, rushed in at eleven, but Mama calmly entertained him in the library and saved us the longer talk. Tea is ready.

Oct 10, '89—

Had just dressed last night when the bell rang and Mr Mayne came. He knew we were going out but thought Harry would be here perhaps. Harry was at the plant, but Papa would be here and they decided to play checkers. It was half-past ten when Wood, Mama and I returned, and he had waited. At eleven Mr Kent came in. Mr Mayne looked disgusted and said to me, soto voce, "He was here before." Mr M. left in a few minutes. Had a minute's talk with him at the door. Mr Kent stayed till 12. I wake up at five every morning worrying about school and can't sleep any more.

Night—

Feel brighter now. School doesn't weigh over a ton—generally it averages about twenty. Am "getting around" the toughs, just a little.

Last night as the Adorable was stepping out Mama said, "Come and see *us* tomorrow night, Mr Mayne," but Mr Mayne, with an aggrieved eye upon Mr Kent said, "Thank you very much, but I guess not,—last night 8, tonight 11:15 or 30"—meaning that he had retired

Tuesday night at 8, and having called here till that dreadful hour, must study the next night.

Why am I telling you this? Because I want wickedly to wager that he'll come anyhow to-night, with some real, good excuse for it. A wager with you is so safe; I don't have to pay up, and you can't tell if he "fools me one" and fails to come.

Later—

S'pose we compromise on that wager. He really did come you know, but only for a flying visit. I had flown downstairs with a card for the post-box, and we fairly ran into each other at the gate whither he had dashed on his wheel with his arms full of the loveliest wild flowers and autumn leaves. He had been away in the country to get them for me. And he wants to come tomorrow night. Oh, and he dreamed about me last night, he says. I didn't ask particulars.

Oct 12, Sat

Oh, the delicious hours between Friday night and Monday morning. While they last I feel like a newly-uncaged bird. Yesterday afternoon, I couldn't keep the wreaths of smiles off my face even in the school-room, for thinking of the night. The Earl, who is always an Early bird (forgive me) was sitting in all his adorableness and his prettiest dark suit, talking to Mama in the front parlor. He has been threatening all sorts of dreadful punishments to make me stop worrying, but said, "If you'll be a good girl you shall have candy instead of the shaking I promised." He will soon be spoiling me as badly as the other boys do. The creams and butter-cups were lovely, and I tried to be very good to earn them. Read him a sermon from Lorimer's book of "Isms." Soon after he came he said, "I am going home early tonight," and I didn't say a verrt. The little hours came and went. Mama and Harry burned his throat for its soreness, Robin came in and silently adored him, and I sat listening and talking delightedly. It was after 12 oC. when he literally "tore himself" from Sleepy-Hollow (Isn't it odd that I can see him in Sleepy Hollow and not live over a dreadful past every minute?). The moon was glorious, and we were standing on the porch when Wood came home from the plant (he runs the lights till 12), and Mr Mayne said,

"I'm not a bit sleepy. Its dreadful to have stayed like this, but then you know I've not had a real visit with you for nearly a week." He hadn't slept the night before either, for in getting me those beautiful leaves he ran a great thorn into his hand and it inflamed and kept him awake.

Mr Kent was here Thursday evening again, which made three nights in succession. The boys all compare him unfavorably with Mr Mayne and are incensed if *he* stays late. Mr Mayne *is* so solid and sweet and dignified and strong, compared with brilliant, "wordy" Mr Kent.

Have an engagement with Mr Wenger for tonight, and tomorrow the Altogether Lovely is coming to tea.

6. P.M.

We have just got back, flying down the river against a lively storm. To make it pour in Cairo we have only to plan a river-trip we two. Ah but we had a good time! I had just time to catch the blue car he had directed me to take; and felt very daring and half-naughty going up alone. He met me at 34th of course. Two strong fellows rowed us over to the Kentucky side and we tramped over acres of sand-bar identifying duck and crane and bird tracks, I being occasionally fished out by the 'air of me 'ead from some place that proved softer than it looked. The clouds looked so frightful coming back that Mr Mayne sent a man for a third pair of oars, and while I held his coat and vest and timed the crew, they pulled for dear life. The lightning was playing in forked streaks all around us, and the very *air* dark. He said I should be rolled up in a dreadful yellow oil-coat; and I sat there drawing long delighted breaths as we shot over the big waves; and thinking how strong and handsome and good the dear Earl looked, with the soft brown hat over his waving locks, and his oars pulling such swift, strong strokes. We made a landing at the I.C. wharf-boat, and the men tied up the boat while the Earl tucked me under his arm, shouldered the rubber-coats and turned our steps thus-ward.

He *is* so winsome and good and sweet—and odd too. He hasn't a grain of sentiment in his whole make-up!

Oct 13 '89 Sunday—

Charlie didn't turn up at all last night. It stormed *frightfully.* Mr Kent came through it though and as he had worked the night before from 7 P.M. until 5 A.M. he felt tired enough to beg for the sofa and the yellow pillows. We had a very pleasant visit, and used-up as he was he stayed until eleven.

But *the* !!! is coming to tea tonight—coming at 4. Mama is thinking about scalloped oysters and angel-food for the table, and I am thinking that saw-dust would be angel-food, with the Earl sitting opposite. "Why *is* it," he asked at the gate last night in the most open-eyed, boyish fashion, "that it just seems I *can't* leave here when I say I will? I will decide absolutely to go home early—and I just can't. I'm afraid my will is growing weak!"

Oct 14, Mon.—

Wonder if I'll ever get through the cut-throat stage of school-teaching. Positively I pretty nearly envy dead people, who can rest thoroughly. I can't rest. My back may ache and my feet feel blistered but when I lie down to sleep, my brain seethes with school-horrors till I want to screech. My room was *so* noisy this afternoon!

The Loveliest came last night. We all sat in the fire-light in the back-parlor. I was blue and didn't feel much like talking, so the dear found a little excuse after awhile to come and stand behind my chair and "brace me up" with his big warm hands, and show me *his* pictures in the fire. After tea—at about ten I believe—Mr Kent came in, but for once I think he realized he was *de trop,* though I treated him nicely of-course. All day I have remembered how the dear Earl laid his kind hand on my head while he said, "You mustn't be down-hearted over it all. You'll get along all right." He *is* so sweet and good and dear. I'd be almost glad to know he loves me but I *don't* know it by a great deal.

Oct 16—

School terrible again! Am dead over it.

Been out calling with Dougan and Ella. Blauvi, here at noon—brought me a lot of souvenirs and things—"momentas" he called them, and walked to school with me. Here tonight too, but found Mr Mayne here. Mr Kent spent yesterday evening. Blauvi tried to make engagements for this week but I have every night taken. Head-ache!

Oct 19, Sat—

This is the Earl's birthday and I have spent the morning making the trip to the greenhouse for ferns and roses for him. Am half-angry at him too, the sweet old cold-blooded thing! That night at Mrs Robbins' he wouldn't be content until I played partners with him against

Dougan and Mr Busby, and then when I lost us five points by deliberately holding an ace instead of playing it, he popped his big bright eyes at me as though I had been some kind of a small, silly bug, and said without a smile, "Why, why *didn't* you play that ace awhile ago, and take the trick!"

Dougan snapped her eyes at him and said, "Don't you talk like that to her; you'll get hurt!" I don't think he meant to seem indignant over so small a matter (even if it was idiotic of me) but he was just astonished. Anyway it made me feel very horrid and as though I'd like to go home. Afterward I happened to hold crack hands so that we came out way ahead and he was tickled as any boy over it.

Oh, but I'm forgetting to tell you about the surprise-party in my school-room Thursday afternoon. I *never* had anything do me quite as much good! Let me go back a bit. During my visit to the up-town schools, I gained many new ideas and yet didn't find anything quite to apply to my case. There I went into well-organized, quiet, orderly rooms, where there seemed no need of "measures" of any sort. In my *own* case I went into a room where children wilfully yelled all together answers to any questions I asked them, who laughed, threw wads, whispered, talked, left their seats, and just about "carried me out". The rooms were so different that after all I didn't get much light. A thousand times I have wished I could see some-body take a *bad* school in hand, and *right* it; *that* would be to the point.

Well, Miss Stephenson has been threatening to visit me, and the bare thought scared me to death. She is a *prime* disciplinarian, and I could imagine how my room would curdle her blood. Well, her dreaded visit has been my salvation. Things went pretty decently Thursday. We were to dismiss at recess for teachers' meeting, and at 2:20 I was feeling pretty cheerful. B Class working not *quite* as noisily as a saw-mill at their seats, and A Class on the floor reading better than they ever had. Suddenly a door opened behind me and Miss Stephenson stepped quietly in from Miss Redman's room.

She wore a daintily light dress, a beaded wrap, a stylish bonnet, and a mass of cream rose-buds. My interesting young ideas took her to be some girl-friend of mine and proceeded to take advantage of the situation. Louis began it. Louis had been my "thorn in the flesh" from the beginning. He began to make queer gurgling noises in his throat, at which the others laughed. Then he stood on one foot, balanced his Reader on his head, and twisted about screwing his face into every grimace conceivable. The recitation was just over, and I motioned him to my side while I dismissed the class.

Calisthenics came next on my program. I always dread them more than anything. They give such scope for disorder. But I am dead set against company manners in a school room, and resolved to omit nothing. There followed five minutes when I pined either to kill Louis or myself. What to do with the incorrigible little villain I had no idea. I had tried reason, persuasion, scolding, bribes,—everything!

"I'll surely have to keep him to-night and switch him," I thought, with my heart like lead.

But meantime there were still 30 more frightful minutes before recess. Miss Stephenson's face was growing more and more flushed and her eyes were snapping. As I stepped back to my desk she asked,

"Miss Rittenhouse, what would you think if I should ask you to let me take charge of this room for fifteen minutes?"

"Think!" I exclaimed, "I think nothing would do me as much good!"

"You are sure you would not be offended?"

"No! A thousand nos! It is what I have longed for! If you'd lain awake nights over it you couldn't have thought of anything to please me so much."

"That boy makes me mad," she said, in a strained, quiet voice.

Then she laid off her little gloves, unpinned her cream roses, and with that bland little smile of hers stepped before the school.

"Miss Rittenhouse has kindly said *I* might play teacher a little while," she said sweetly. "Now I'd like to see you take nice position."

They thought it a funny joke, and grinned accordingly. She cast her eyes over the desks, and pointing out Louis said quietly,

"That little boy in the corner will get in order."

Whereupon the little boy in the corner began to roll his little head backwards and sidewards, show his teeth, and make monkey-faces. Then, she *started* for him. So fast that it was like a thunder-bolt from the sunny sky, she had caught him by his collar, shook him till his teeth rattled, had banged him against the wall and desk, jerked him this way and that, smacked his silly face soundly and just naturally wiped up the field with him. The effect was electrical. Louis' face was a study for angels; and his lips were blue with fright. You *never* saw a lovelier school from then on. The butterfly had turned hornet, and they were afraid of their lives. When the other toughs grew restless for "fun", she just transfixed them with a glance and asked if they didn't think it would be better for their health to keep nice. Before they left, Louis looked in a subdued fashion from his corner and smiled one wan, sickly smile at me. The "Good-night Miss Mauds" from the rest were lamb-like.

Well when they were all gone I sat down and laughed till I cried, and I'm not sure but I cried a little too. It was just what I had needed and it opened my eyes. *She* is one who "rules by love", and the reason she can do it, is that she makes herself entirely mistress of the situation first.

I started in in the morning as Napoleon might, prepared for battle. I wasn't in real good condition after only three hour's sleep—and I knew the battle would be bloody. I knew that with the dread influence removed they'd break out worse than ever, but I set my teeth and waded in.

As usual Louis began it again, and I, having learned my lesson well, sailed for him exactly as she did,—producing a very similar effect. By noon I had shaken and switched five of them and my school was like another place. There never *were* more astonished children. I came home at noon bearing the candy and apple offerings of my victims,—weak, but happy. Kept the same stern strain up all afternoon. It *was* a strain, but it paid! When Prof. entered my room about four oclock there was only one boy out of order and he pounced upon that one and told him he should be eaten "shoes and all" if he didn't reform on the spot. I think the poor young ones thought the day of judgment had come. At night I was weak as a cat and my head ached furiously. Came home, put on my wrapper, lay down and tried to sleep. Couldn't for a long time. Next I heard the door-bell ring and my room was dark. Mr Blauvelt called in his best, to take me to the party. And I had had no supper and was in my wrapper! Dressed in a tearing hurry. Felt like a girl in a story book all evening. Played six-handed eucher, Messrs Jackson, O'Hara and I against Miss Shields, Blauvi and Charlie. Our ices were served in orange baskets and looked ever so pretty. Mary Baker was there. I love Mary harder than ever. She has the right stuff in her. Since Mr Mayne transferred his attentions from her house to mine, I didn't know how she might feel toward me; but there isn't a shadow of change not even *way* under the surface, bless her heart! She deserves to be the most popular girl in town—and would be were it not for her mother. We were both just ready to go into a story last night—dressed just as girls always are in books with two heroines,—Mary all in softest cream with her pretty bare neck and angel sleeves, and I all in black velvet and tulle—black from neck to toes.

Theatre tonight with Charlie—and about ten engagements ahead for next week, among them a German at Alice Halliday's Tuesday night.

Night—

Sitting waiting for Mr Wenger just now heard the bell ring and Mr Mayne inquiring for me. He gazed admiringly at my toilet (he had never happened to see my all black-and-white silk combination, and it *is* stylish, though in rags) commented on "the new gown" and the glowing dahlias I wore—and wants to take me driving tomorrow. "Snook" this note from his pocket; he had written it before he knew he was coming down. I'll only quote bits from it—

"I came home at noon feeling sick and blue, but the sight of the beauties, and the knowledge that they belonged to me together with your choice *note (Isn't choice a funny word in such a connection?) made me quite another individual. Have I a purpose in living? I tried to think this* P.M. *whether I really had or not. Sometimes I can see so many things I could do that would make life worth living, and then the pessimist's reasoning gets hold of me and I am at once in the depths. I am quite convinced that I need a visible, living ideal to hold me up, giving me courage and strength (mental) to put into action at once all that is good and to crush out all that which is not"* etc.

Guess I'll try to manage the drive. It'll do us both good. He needs some lecturing and I need a little fresh air.

Tuesday 22nd—

Now school teaching begins to be a positive pleasure. It is so wonderful—the change of the last three days—that I with difficulty keep from grinning broadly and ruining the stern severity of my face. You have to just scare them to death before you can do a thing with them. Louis got obstreperous again once, and I just went for him. Instead of its making them hate me as I supposed it would, their adoration knows no limit. I am loaded with apples and picture-cards and flowers and wild grapes and everything possible.

Fri. Oct 25, '89—

Oh, I'm the happiest girl in the world! Something so sweet and beautiful happened last night—but I'm not going to spoil it by telling you of it. Life is such delight! To-night after school, when I've time, I'll talk to you.

Night—

Well, here we all are in the library, safe from the wind and the rain and I feel cosy and ready to talk to you. Mr Blauvelt has just gotten back from Memphis, and brought me the handsomest silver lorgnette holder with my name engraved on it, for my coming birth-day present. Yesterday school went well. Then I knew *he* would come in the evening and I felt bouyant.

In the evening the mater and I were doing the dishes—both our cook and house-girl are bounced—when the bell rang and Robin announced Mr. Mayne. Sent word we'd be in presently; but the Loveliest wasn't to miss that much visit and he serenely hied him to the kitchen so that we lost no time at all. "What about Saturday? Will the bridge open that day?" I asked.

"No," he said smiling. "I've arranged to have it opened Tuesday in honor of your birthday."

"But then I'll be at school and can't see it."

"Not a bit of it. I've managed that too. The city schools will have a half-holiday. How will that do?"

Then I danced!

After we'd gone to the parlors we were only nicely settled by the gratefire when the bell rang and Colonel S. and Mr. Blauvelt appeared.

Blauvi had on the most terrific pantaloons I ever saw—glaring stripes of clear white, a good quarter of an inch wide running lengthwise through the black. I couldn't get my eyes off of them—sort of frightful fascination. Mama was more dazed than I,—*so* dazed in fact, that when, a few minutes later, Schwartze and Clara came, she kissed Clara, and then in her bewilderment turned to kiss Schwartze too. He cornered her and kissed her then, and we all shouted. They stayed till after ten and Colonel made a great many pretty speeches about his enjoyment of the evening. And *I* enjoyed it. While Blauvi made eyes at me and nervily engaged evenings of next week under Mr Mayne's very eyes, and while I talked nonsense to the Colonel, to see the dear Earl sitting there so grand and sweet and fine looking, his big bright eyes warming up every time they caught mine! He sat so undisturbed and at home too, while the others made their adieux, that Mama laughed about it afterward, thinking how for once Blauvi had to retire from the field.

Mama was tired and said good-night in half an hour, and the Adorable and I were left alone, toasting marsh-mallows by the fire. Did you ever do it Journal? Thrust a long hat-pin through a fresh marsh-mallow and hold it over the coals, to see it puff up, and turn a dainty brown? Well—and if the girl of you should happen to blister her fingers and the tender-hearted man take charge of the wounded members himself to spare them further trouble—what then?

And what if, with his heart in his clear sweet eyes—ah but I said I'd not spoil it by telling you about it, and I'll not.

Only now, when he slanders his profession because it makes him such a wanderer on the face of the earth, I say "Amen" when he adds fervently, "But I have it to thank for *one* good thing; it brought me to Cairo."

To-morrow night we begin our language-study together. Robin woke up this morning as I was passing through the hall, and called, "When did Mr Mayne go?" "We-e-ell, before morning," I answered smiling.

"I wish I hadn't forgotten to tell him good-night," he said. "Isn't he lovely Maud? And he brought me the dandiest long Faber pencil,—and helped me with my examples! I just love him."

And Harry reads his books, and Fred "receives" him at the store, and Papa swears by him and Mama thinks he's a bright, particular first magnitude star beside the other men. If I don't snub him he'll be spoiled to death—only he's too solid and sweet and sensible ever to be spoiled.

Guess I've never told you about Fred and his store. He borrowed money of Mama and bought out James Bros., and is running a clean, busy grocery, wagon, clerks, olives and all. I put in the olives itemized, as, to most of the girls, his big olives are his chief charm.

We are a busy family—Papa at the mill office, Mama "hired out" to us as cook for a few days, Wood and Harry running Cairo's electric lights, Fred the grocery, kid with his studies, and I with my school.

Oct 27, '89—

And now, in the year of Our Lord eighteen hundred and eightynine it cometh to pass that the variable paths of Isabel Maude are to be made straight by Earl Hugh of the house of Mayne.

I'm to brush up the giddy curls from my forehead, so says his earlship and to wear [them] a la Pompadour, so that my distinguished forehead shall be seen. Then too, as my hair is coming out dreadfully and he has fastidious notions against bald-headed girl friends (some men are so particular) I'm to take fifteen minutes a day doing the mermaid act and brushing health into my brown locks.

But more emphatic than all else is his command to practice my music half an hour of each day. "A girl who can play so well without practice, ought to be whipped soundly for not giving her fingers good drill in execution," and if I disobey, Mama's to do the whipping and he's to help. Isn't it shocking—such a conspiracy?

October 30—

Nothing is so full of surprises as these everyday lives of ours.

Shall I ever forget my 25th birthday?

The night before I had come home from school, brushed my hair, per promise, changed my dress and was practicing for dear life when the door-bell rang, and answering it I found Mr. Mayne in the brown suit and blouse. "Well, I came to say that it will be pretty good, and I have got tickets for Wednesday night."

"All right," I said. "And I have been obeying you—practicing like a little man."

"I know it," he assured me. "I've been looking through the window and thinking how sweet and lovely you were to do it."

His voice was shaking a little and I didn't wonder, when, in the next breath he told me he would have to leave for Memphis, *Saturday*. It nearly upset me! We have been so hoping he'd be left here for a year. "Here endeth indeed," I was thinking. "He'll make new friends so fast, and in a few months all this will be 'the buried past'."

He asked me to keep him all the evenings I could of this week and then Mr Kent came bringing Mrs Menager and Mr Mayne dashed off on his wheel. The excitement of Mr Menager's return and my party-calls with Blauvi afterward kept off the full weight of the affliction until the next day, but all my birth-day morning I was heart sore. Even all my sweet presents, among them a *beautiful* book from himself, failed to lighten the gloom.

In the evening he came while we were yet at tea, and we read over the [accounts of the] bridge-opening, and he mounted some school pictures for me, and then we walked home with Mrs. Menager.

When we got back to the parlor the dear old boy buried his face in his hands and looked so dejected that I thought he must be really ill. "Does your head ache?"

"No, the ache is some place else to-night."

"Eyes?"

He shook his head mournfully,—oh, but I don't want to tell you all this. You may have the hard facts; I want all the pretty memories unwritten.

Of-course you have guessed before now what he told me; and that some day I shall be the proud and happy wife of the cleanest, sweetest, dearest man I know. *Maud Mayne.* It isn't a bad name is it? It looks ever so lovely to me.

When I told Mama this morning she fairly cried with happiness, for she loves him dearly as do all the boys. I'm afraid becoming the mama-in-law of an Earl will be too much for her.

"But I feel too old and worn-out," I said to him last night. "I've lived through so much that is dreadful. There doesn't seem to be much heart left in me. I feel old *old!*"

"Not so old as I, even then," he said looking down into my eyes like a parent. "You are as bright and fresh and sweet— And think of my gray hairs. *You'll* not be able to boast one in many years."

He has never in any way referred to my engagement with Elmer though of-course he must have known of it. He is blunt to the last degree, yet always delicate.

A hundred times today while hearing my classes my heart has fairly stopped beating as the new thought of it all would flash over me. To think that dear, grand, handsome Earl Mayne actually loves me, and that someday we shall be together *always.*

How strange it will seem to-night to sit there in the theatre with him and know that he is *my* sweetheart. And its so lovely to think that no one else knows it but Mama!

Blauvi wanted to take me tonight. I'll use his lorgnette-holder.

There is so much to tell you—but I'd rather think it.

Oct 31 Thursday—

It seems queer now to hear people speak to me of him as though he were a remote acquaintance. None of our friends dream of our standing toward each other; very few know how much he has been here during the past months.

Think of it! I have not yet known him five months—it will not be so long, until Nov 6. Met him the 6th of June,—and *loved* him on the spot, before I half knew all his lovely characteristics. That first night sitting under the swinging lanterns, I wonder what I'd have thought to have looked ahead five months and found myself his promised wife. I hardly realize yet that it is all so. And how dreadful that I am older than he. But then, I didn't know it when I lost my heart to him, the dear Adonis. Nobody would guess it who didn't know;—he is so wise and dignified and strong and tall.

Friday night Nov 1 '89—

The last school day when I could look forward to a visit with the Adorable! I held on to it as long as possible. The children begged not to be dismissed when school was over, they were so delighted with the last hour of school. When they did go finally I put all my Monday's work on the board to make things as light as possible for the double blueness of that "blue Monday" with the dear Earl gone, and then sat down to make out my schedule and monthly report.

We naughtily lingered here last night until nine oclock, before going to Dougan's. They could hardly get Mr Mayne to play at all, remembering his trouble from the last game, when I *thought* he scolded me. As it was Hallowe'en we popped hazel nuts in the fire,—and in spite of us it was 12 oc before we left. The Adorable thinks it queer, that while once it "broke him all up" to lose sleep, now he just wants to sit up all night talking to me, doesn't get the least bit tired, and feels fresh and wide-awake and energetic all the next day.

He wants to "talk to" Papa and Mama tonight.

Its pouring rain, dampening our plans for a jolly nutting party to-morrow.

Sunday, Nov 3, '89—

The brightest, clearest Sunday,—and I, torn by every sort of novel thought!

It has all been sudden enough to take away my breath, this matter of my engagement to Mr. Mayne. To think that five short months ago I did not know him,—had never heard his voice, and that now the whole family is head over heels in love with him. There wasn't a chance to speak to Papa and Mama Friday night, but last night while we four were sitting in the library he did ask them both in the sweetest, most earnest way. I think his talk with them would have won their hearts if nothing before had. When he came to the place to say, "I have asked Miss Maud to be my wife," Miss Maud found that her old heart was not too worn out to beat at a pretty rapid rate.

"Wasn't he sweet about it!" Mama exclaimed afterward. "And if you had seen with what tenderness he looked down at you whenever he mentioned you! It just made me want to hug him to pieces." He "hugged her to pieces" later. It sounded very sweet indeed when he asked if his new mother would let him kiss her. Mama is almost more frantic over him than I. He told her in so ingenuous a way that he just never in his life felt so fine, that he could work like *four* men, and felt so much energy and enthusiasm he hardly knew what to do with it all. And he says he loves every *one* in the family—that he never met such a family before.

Monday Nov 4—

The dear old fellow gets sweeter every day. Once I felt sure I never could bear to see another ring on the finger that bore Elmer's diamond so long ago, but this dear, plain band makes me forget all the old heart-aches. Last night was a night long to remember.

After tea we took the tiniest little walk in the moonlight—just down to the foot of Walnut street and back—and talked over our study plans for the winter and built a few little air-castles. A long time we sat by the library fire talking to Mama, and afterward to each other. I have told him all about Elmer and Ned and just how wickedly I treated the latter. Our talk last night convinced me more than anything else ever has just how dear I am to him. He will be here probably a couple of days longer over which I am duly happy—only I can't bear to think of his going at all.

Mama, Papa and Harry are the only ones who know, though I mean to tell Wood. Harry just beams over it. To-night I am tired—Monday is always a hard day at school—but to-night when he comes I'll forget every care and worry. I wish I'd never had a sweet-heart before. But after all *he* is my real Prince Charming.

"I am content," he says, "to know that you love me now whatever the past may have been." He never had a love-affair before. That makes me love him the harder.

Thursday eve. Nov 7—

Even the heavens are weeping, and I feel like a whole funeral. This sort of down-pouring day always wears me out at school—and Mr Mayne really leaves tonight on the 1:30 train.

I *must* put my soul to school after my Prince Charming leaves. Though I've prepared all my work conscientiously, the fact of my sleeping so little has worked against me. Came home so despondent last night that I lay limp upon the lounge and howled. Miss Risley visited my room at 4, and encouraged me lots; said she thought I was doing splendidly for a beginner, and that while my pupils were working so well, I ought not to mind their making a little noise.

One good thing about this dreadful night; the rain is coming down in such bucket-fuls that I know no one else will come. Gracious powers! Mr Blauvelt in all this rain. *Why* need he come tonight of all nights!

Sat Nov 16 '89—

Well I felt rather queer half an hour ago. Was calling at Mary Irvin's; it was dusk and others were there. Suddenly the girls almost in a breath announced Mary Baker's engagement to (they supposed) Albert Galigher. "Such a lovely diamond" "She blushed crimson when we spoke of it," "But the joke of it is we aren't sure whether its Albert Galigher or Mr Mayne. First we thought it couldn't be Mr Mayne because she didn't wear the ring until after he'd gone. But then he might have proposed to her here, and have sent the ring afterward."

I couldn't help suspecting that they were "setting up a job" to get me to betray *my* little secret, yet that isn't a bit like Mary Irvin. I didn't betray anything. I was a real "lady-girl" interested and delighted over Mary's affair and too chatty to specially notice the references to Mr Mayne.

Dear boy! I've had five letters from him since Monday. Have been pretty blue, too blue to write you. Weather funereal—damp, chill east winds, and endless drizzles that chill one's very blood.

School going better. No cook or house-girl!

Tuesday Nov 19—

You have been neglected for my writing minutes were given to my dear Adorable. To-night though I'll punish him and not write. Do you know I haven't heard from him since *Sunday?* I can't imagine what's the matter—unless its the poky Memphis mail.

Last night went to the theatre with Mr O'Hara, and had such a lovely time. Effie Ellsler in *The Governess*. Blauvi was there with Ella. Blauvi had told me good-bye again—fourteenth time—and hasn't been here since Tuesday night of last week. Albert and Mary were there together. Mary Irvin said Saturday afternoon, "But do you know Maud, I'm afraid it isn't a love match." Well, I'm afraid so myself. I am afraid that Mary cared a great deal for Mr Mayne, and that, suspecting his relationship with me, she has through pique or sudden impulse, engaged herself to Albert.

I remember the night George Corliss and I called at Mrs Baker's and Mary and Mr Mayne were out walking. How handsome and lovable and unapproachable I thought him that night. My heart would fairly have stopped beating had I been able to see to this time when I wear his ring and know past all doubt that I am dearer to him than all the world beside. His letters are almost funny they are so rapturously boyish. He's the dearest combination of lovable boy and dignified man anyway. Imagine the dear, big, fellow, whom Wint called "cold and stiff", kissing devotedly the little yellow pillow I gave him, when, in unpacking his boxes, he came across it. All his "science" and braininess does not keep him from looking at my picture a dozen times a day and thinking my ugly old face "the sweetest girl-face in the world".

Thurs Nov 21, '89—

I want to quote you the last bit of my to-day's letter from Earl.

Your news in regard to Mary Baker surprised me very much at first,—but I can't help but think that it must be true. You asked me once something about myself and Mary; I told you that I did not and never could love her, that I admired her much and was very proud of my friendship with her. I think I also told you that I had every reason to believe that she thought a good deal of me, that when I found that part out (the details of which I shall tell you sometime) I at once began to cut my visits. Now had I never known of your existence, I tell you honestly and truly that my heart would have been my own.

So I am relieved upon that score. He thinks as I do though, that she is a great deal too dear a girl for Albert Galigher.

Sun Nov 24—

Do you know dear Journal, I would give anything I have to see Ned

Hough! I sometimes feel that I shall never be a happy girl again until I do. Doesn't it seem as though in five years I ought to have forgotten him completely, and isn't it absurd that at the most inopportune times any number of his drolleries come to me and ring in my ears as do some of his more earnest speeches? To-night right in the midst of the letter I was writing to Earl, his face and voice came flashing over me until I had to walk around the room and finally take from its box that ugly little photograph I have of him. There it is with the wide baby-eyes the dreadfully bald forehead over which we used to joke so much, the stiff pose and the hands which were "took" by accident. I fancy he would look too old-maidish and insignificant for anything beside my tall Phoebus Apollo with his soft fair hair, his brawny muscle, his clear eyes and rosy color. And yet he was the most companionable comrade-friend I ever had. If he could only *know* how I have regretted my cold-blooded treatment of him! Oh if I could suddenly know where he is, how he is, if he is well, and prosperous and happy—married perhaps. How I wish that I could know he is married; then I could feel sure of his complete recovery and forgetfulness of me. You know, or my last Journal does, how completely Earl captivated me the very first time I ever saw him. Yet it makes me perfectly frantic to find these thoughts of Ned intruding at all times.

Thanksgiving Eve '89—

In Earl's letter today he says (after telling me of a chance meeting in Memphis with George Corliss) "Do you know Maud, that someone told me he was *very* much in love with you? Do you remember my teasing you about him one evening when we were out walking? I really didn't know then but that you 'reciprocated'; and thought him fortunate even to have the opportunity of loving you."

Isn't it queer,—the first time I ever *saw* the Adorable I was with George Corliss at an afternoon Musicale at the Library. And I hardly heard the music for wondering who that handsome blonde with the white, white teeth could be. He tells me about when he first saw *me* a year ago singing in the Presbyterian choir, and how he felt curious then to know more of me, how afterward when he used to watch me in the Episcopal church he wondered if he could ever call me friend. All the nights when I have watched him eagerly seem now natural enough, and the only queer thing seems the night on the Opera-House stage during the Historical Pageant in May when I passed him as I would any man—without any special thought. I didn't know him then at all, and had been freezing Blauvi, talking with George Corliss and hearing the confidences of Mr Kent and Mr. Hopkins, till I was tired and past feeling interest in anything I guess. But it seems odd now to remember how my white wrap brushed against him as I passed him in the wings, and he was hurrying off in his knee-trousers and three-cornered hat to some other girl, and I was only interested in getting my satin train away from the splintery floor.

Wed Dec 4 '89—

I can tell you I feel good to-night. Miss McKee and Miss Pattison visited my room this afternoon and said they thought "both the exercises and the order" better than in any room they had been to during the afternoon. It made me feel *so* encouraged, even though I fear they are partial judges. Love the work so much better than at first, and I really do feel it isn't quite so like chaos as it was.

Dec 5—

Oh lovely world! Earl is coming tomorrow! I have been studying and planning like a trooper so that I shall feel free of school tomorrow night with work mapped out for half-a-week ahead. Can't wait for to-morrow to come!

Everything goes so much better. Corinne visited my school to-day with Winifred, and the children were angels! But eternal vigilance is the price of order in the school-room. I have to be a regular hawk—or an Argus rather, with a thousand eyes! Think for one class while I scan another.

Friday night. Dec 6, '89

How different I feel from that Friday night the first night after Earl left. That was a black Friday much as I usually love the day, and I cried till I couldn't eat supper and made a fool of myself at the table. Fred made fun of me and Wood told him if he didn't quit he'd be sailing around the premises with only one lung, while Rob scathed the culprit with, "You never did have any sense anyhow!" To-night I'm too happy to see straight. Worked just as long as I could see at school to have things all smooth for next week. Then hurried home. The new curtains look so pretty in the parlors, and though it is almost balmy out of doors the grate fire in the library is lovely. I am washed and combed and dressed and feel like a "sweet clean, *pitty* little girl". Now what if he shouldn't come! But I'll keep on hoping, anyway.

Sat night—

How my poor little dance did fizz out,—for the Earl did not come. I have peered from the windows till my eyes ache, and my heart has done enough palpitating at every ring of the door-bell to have run a small mill-wheel. Haven't heard a word from him either; that makes me sure that he is still trying to come—unless the letter is delayed by those poky Memphis mails. It seems amusing now to think how alarmed I was last night for fear Blauvi would come. He came the last night Earl was here, and sat and sat until I got perfectly hysterical and thought he meant to stay all night. It was mannish maliciousness that time, and I didn't know but he'd try it again. Useless fears, sure enough. Isn't it all *too* disappointing?

Dec 8, '89—

Well this morning as I languidly did the house-work, feeling headachy and saying in soliloquy "Of course he'll not come now," I happened to glance out the window and saw him walking like a brother to Atalanta,—just racing toward the house, erect and tall and quick as ever! The way my languidness forsook me was funny, and the way I got down stairs was funnier.

For the first hour or so we couldn't either of us do much but just sit and beam at each other.

Dec 9,—

We saw the moon rise together, Earl and I from the porch last night as we ran down to the box to post a letter. You've no idea how strong that boy is! I made some would-be funny remark about shaking him yesterday, and he calmly reached for me, and lifted me high into the air at arm's length, and gently lowered me to terra-firma. His muscles are like iron. He's gained five pounds in Memphis too, weighs 178 now—just 78 pounds more than I.

Dec 22, '89—

It is hard to realize that the holidays are really here. I have been the busiest girl in town, and now I would be the happiest if only Earl were here. Gave a big luncheon yesterday afternoon to forty-two young ladies. Haven't entertained for so long felt a little nervous over it, but things went off beautifully. Mama is such a brick; and I got 'Liza Thomas to come for the day and she's as good as a caterer. Served chicken-salad, oyster pates, ham sandwiches, coffee, iced olives, salted almonds, lemon sherbet, orange, chocolate, walnut and white mountain cake. Whole thing cost less than fifteen dollars, and the girls had a lovely time and I cleaned up a stack of social obligations. Meant to have followed it with a German on the 26th but favors are *so* expensive, and funds didn't hold out.

Have so much to be thankful for in the way this term at school has closed after all my fright and worry. Everything has been so encouraging. My examinations scared me to death, but Mr Clendenen returned my papers with the most favorable comments saying that the work was well done, and that the questions showed plan, system, individuality in the teacher etc. and ended with "You're growing!"

Corinne invited us all to her room for the last afternoon. Imagine me marshaling fifty children up Washington Avenue! People called, "Did any of 'em get away?" and I didn't wonder. They behaved like lambs though, and wailed and wept at leaving me. I was showered with gifts of infinite variety, from pet bits of "rain-bow glass" to pretty bottles of perfume, Xmas cards, pen-holders, paper knives, pencil-sacks etc. One indefatigable even slipped up on the porch yesterday and left his tribute on the porch, a pale pink silk handkerchief. The sweetest thing though was the grief of dear little Earnest Harris whose folks are to move away.

He begged to walk back with me, and said chokingly,

"I didn't seem to mind leaving that up-town teacher; but it seems like I just can't bear to leave you, Miss Maude."

He kissed me good-bye and went off, books in hand, and with tears in his eyes.

Christmas '89—

There is only one thing lacking—Earl! If he could be here! If we could just take a long delicious drive this balmy day!

Later—

At that point in the balmy day I had to drop things and clamber into my light flannel to go with Fred for a tennis game. The sun was so warm that before we got there we had to raise my little umbrella.

Hurdus and I played against Fred and Mary and lost every game in the set. It is more like the Fourth of July than Christmas. Windows and doors all open, bridal wreath, flowering quince and violets just out, peach-buds swelling and straw-berries in bloom. Now I must tell you about my presents. Two days ago Earl sent the loveliest daintiest bracelet—tiny Begonia-shaped leaves of Etruscan gold and in the center a blossom of the gold in three tints, with stamens of gold and the pistil a tiny diamond. In another case in the same package came an exquisite, slender pin similar in style, only that the leaves are round and of but one tint and the blossom has eight petals, eight stamens and the one little diamond.

I had the queerest feeling when I opened the box and saw the two cases together. It looked exactly like a double odor-case and while I'm not apt to judge the love of my friends by their gifts for me, I did want my Prince Charming to think of something nicer for me than —than Blauvi would for instance. He has shown the most exquisite taste in the selection of these, and I just danced when I saw them. Then to-day he sent a box of long-stemmed Marechal Niels, heliotrope and hyacinths, beside a Christmas letter, and a letter every day right along though I, in my rush, have neglected him shamefully.

Sun Dec 29, '89—

Friday even I came in from a calling tour with Dougan feeling very jolly, and jollier still after I had read my precious budget of mail. After tea I rushed upstairs for a minute to answer a note and write a letter to Earl, when Robin called,

"Maud, come down here!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Paper's come! Mr Kent! Come down."

I thought he meant Mr Kent had come to *bring* some paper or other and I ran down. The family sat looking startled around the evening paper. There in glaring head-lines was the announcement that one of Cairo's young society men had been proved "an unprincipled scoundrel and imposter."

"Mr James E Kent assistant cashier of the C. V. & C" etc., and the whole account of embezzlements running over the time from last March and amounting to fourteen hundred dollars.

Mr Kent! Our bright, well-read, refined Mr Kent! I could only stare incredulously. You may well believe I didn't feel very merry the rest of that evening. Aside from my disappointment in Mr Kent whom I had called friend, it brought too vividly to mind my own frightful experience. And from the first Mr Kent had both attracted and repelled me by his strong resemblance to Elmer. I think I shall always from now on have a horror of thin, pale, hard-working quick-walking young men. Mr Kent was a brilliant, entertaining, attractive fellow. Think of his going on gaily through life, leading Lila Halliday's German just a little while ago, and even engaging his carriage and his company for the coming New Year party of the Imperial Club.

Gone now in disgrace—bills every place beside the discrepancy in the office. I can hardly believe it yet. He had such good friends, too. Mr and Mrs Davenport were like brother and sister to him, and I know it will hurt Mr and Mrs Menager to the very heart.

The papers have said unnecessarily horrid, severe things of him. Nearly all the men in the town hated him so anyway, because he *was* so literary, so lordly and arrogant and had "such lovely manners".

Even Earl despised him for Mr Kent had the fashion of cutting him dead if Earl happened to be in his flannel working outfit.

Night—

The holidays have been very quiet. Every day come the dearest letters from Earl M. Yesterday, too, he sent the little German composition "Wohin?" which I used to love so dearly and best of all the dear "smiling photograph", over which I have about gone wild. I make a perfect fool of myself (within the family circle only) over that handsome Love of mine. The picture had to stand before me all through dinner, propped against the cream pitcher, and here in my room where I keep the treasured thing I find myself racing to it every four minutes, and "talking it blind". It is so handsome and so bright and so life-like that it almost talks back, and when I take it down with me to practice I am sure it enjoys the music and likes to hear the runs in "Wohin?"

Jan 4, 1890 Sat night—

Just think of it! Twenty-four days since I have seen that blonde "Adorable". Mary sees her Albert every day. But I wouldn't give Earl for forty thousand Alberts if I could see all of them all the time. The dear, honest, thoughtful boy! I have really tried to do as he said, analyze my feeling for him, to make sure there could be no mistake.

There is but one thing lacking in his character;—and perhaps with that one thing I should love him less—who knows? That is a certain kind of sense of humor, an appreciation of dry wit, small drolleries. Over them he is apt to look unmoved. To *me* they are funnier than anything else. That is a very infinitismal lack—don't you think? And after all perhaps it is better we don't *both* see the ludicrous too quickly. It would be better for me if I didn't; but for that I never should have had any trouble teaching school. When the little villains acted badly, it looked funny generally to me; their fright at my sternness (?) funnier still. Now I must hurry to bed, or be sleepy in the morning.

Another funny little thing about Earl. You may imagine the sort of tender chivalry and dignity with which he treats me when I tell you that we had been engaged a *whole week* before he called me "Maud", nor did he do it then, until he had gravely asked permission. Positively, dear as they are to me, I fairly shout over some of his letters; they are so boyish sometimes in such unexpected places. After grave questions or remarks for instance about Carnegie's "Best Fields for Philanthropy" or some such thoughtful thing, he will break forth with something like this: "Was I a bit sensible Maud on that never-to-be-forgotten night? Did I propose to you in a nice way,—get it up in any sort of shape? I had thought so much about it, but never about just how I should tell you or what words I should use." Isn't it delicious that it all *is* so new to him? He does "get it up" in pretty good shape too, the big, funny, handsome darling! I, who, in matters of heart, have felt so frightfully old and worn out, find the greatest, sweetest charm, in his devotion and its utter ingenuousness.

I only wish we could have been longer together after our engagement; in many ways we hardly know each other at all, and sometimes it all seems half like a dream, but for the ring on my finger, and the picture smiling down at me.

Jan 14—90—

I feel lifeless tonight, quite without reason. Its a raw cold night with a steady rain falling and I feel chilled through and through. Have visited in Ella's room this afternoon—oh, and while I was there Corinne came in with something to tell me, which I mean to repeat to *you* though you'll think it very childish. Mr Clendenen had been talking to her of me, and told her that he felt glad I had begun to teach, if for no other reason, just because through my teaching he had learned to know me; said he thought me the most conscientious and the most womanly woman! that I was doing excellent work and would make an unusually fine teacher. I couldn't repeat this to people, but you are different, and you don't know how it warmed me up. If you could know how truly anxious I am not only to teach my children, but to make them gentle and good and lovable, and to have in my school just the right spirit! I think so much about it and try so hard to solve the new problems that each day develops.

The dearest long letter from Earl today—and I wrote him such a mean one Sunday! I think I must be the vainest, most exacting creature in the world! He wrote that he probably could not go or return home via Cairo, and I had to imagine that he just didn't want to hard enough—though I know better than that. So I thought I'd hurt him back a little by sweetly writing that I thought it much better for him not to try to come through Cairo—he hadn't been gone long, and school engrossed me so anyway etc. How I wish I hadn't been so hateful! I know though that he will not suspect any underlying viciousness, but take it all in his own sweet, serious way, and think that perhaps I am right and he *would* better not even try to stop. Oh, but if he loves me as devotedly as he thinks he does, he will make a frantic effort to come anyway.

Now Mr Blauvelt will be here in a minute and I'd better brush. Went to a little frolic at Alice Halliday's last night and had a jolly time—

Sun Jan 19, 1890—

Blauvi spent Tuesday evening trying to convince me that he loved me, only went to Ella's because I had commanded it, would never marry anyone but me, and could wait serenely 25 or 30 years. Men talk such stuff! Jack used to tell me the same thing—and he was married last month! Men-hearts don't break half so easily as I used to think. They are like polyps; the more you cut them the more they grow.

Friday night—Jan 24, 1890—

And this week I certainly did "think, plan and succeed!" Wrote down my school-faults in black and white, diagnosed my bad cases, wrote out my own prescription and waded in. I vowed I would never stop short of perfect order. At the start it is dreadfully hard, but each day serves to fix good habits upon them. Mr Clendenen in one of his friendly notes this week said, "Never relax your discipline! The more severe you are the more the children will love you!" I pinned the first statement to my desk where I'd have to see it every day. You see I *had* relaxed, and all my trouble came from that. Perhaps one poor little chick speaks without permission. You hate to punish, and you let it go. In two hours half the school will have followed little chick's example, and you have chaos. Now I overlook nothing; am perfectly rigid with them; therefore there is precious little wrong-doing of even the most innocent sort. School teaching is not without its charms, I assure you.

Blauvi came last night and stayed so late I came near saying when he did go, "Don't hurry! The sun-rise is lovely through our east windows." I got so mad I cried at him last night. The idea of his having the nerve to ask me to kiss him. I left him in no doubt as to my feelings on the subject. Makes me actually sort of sick to look at him and compare him with Earl!

I didn't finish the quotation from his—Earl's letter,—that by another year he would be in business for himself, and I must come to him to brighten his world—his hours, days and minutes. He writes every day. . . . [His] letter this morning says—

"I have been glancing over my much-neglected diary, and just now I came to this in speaking of my Cairo friends,

" 'First and best I count Miss Maud Rittenhouse, a young lady about twenty-four blessed with an excellent mind, active, energetic and clear, interesting to talk with, and *very* entertaining, and above all a girl of most excellent principles. I must confess that I heartily love her.' And this was written long before the great event occurred."

Thursday Feb 20, 1890—

I am too happy to have much sense to-night. Earl is coming! Will leave Memphis tomorrow night and be here all day Saturday and Sunday. Two blissful days! Didn't hear from him all day yesterday and my heart sank. Was just leaving for school this morning when the postman called after me and gave me his letter telling me he would surely come. I fairly jumped up and down! Robin, trying to keep up with me, laughed, "Well, I bet the kids in your room can do anything today and you'll not mind it."

To-night another letter came, which threw me into a fright again for fear it was to announce some dreadful happening which would prevent his visit. But it was only an outpouring just because he was too happy to help it.

Blue Monday Feb 24, 1890—

"The sun has gone down"—seven oclock in the morning, too. I just can't brace up worth a cent, with all these miles again between my sweetheart and me. I can't stir up any ambition or any pleasurable prospects. I just want to creep off and sleep in some dark quiet place until this dreadful waiting-time is done. Its cruel for people who love each other to have to be separated like this. We could both study and work *so* much better if we could be together a little bit. I could level mountains in a day, whose evening would bring *him.*

Its a dark, cloud-wrapped day, and I feel dark. Much as we love to be together these flying visits are full of pain, too, and we are both thinking, "Only a few hours more and then good-byes again!" *Oh-h dear!*

Night—

Wherever I go I am saying, "He stood here last night," "He sat there last night," *"He* lit the parlor gas last night," etc etc.

Well, he's the funniest sweet-heart I ever had. Saturday he seemed so undemonstrative and calm, that when he rushed off at dusk for a minute call on Mr Butler, I sat a long while in Sleepy-Hollow staring at the opposite wall, with such an ache in my heart that it was a physical as well as a mental hurt. I had a good cry, too, and then I decided I must have a *little* speck of pride, and not let anybody dream how heart-sick I felt. So I came up here to my room a minute, brushed up, coiled my hair high, stuck a bright dagger through it, tucked a big yellow jonquil into the folds of my waist and calling Robin, hauled out a stack of comic operas and began to sing and "perform" right giddily. In a minute he came tearing back, bright-faced and brisk, with a great box of chocolates under his arm. Of-course he kissed me in the hall but soon as we went into the parlor, I calmly ignored the little chair he pulled up near his own for me, and sitting across the room, rocked gaily and talked blue streaks of nonsense. Then it transpired that while he was out, rushing through the rain, he had met Mrs Baker who asked him up there to Sunday dinner, and he accepted the invitation. That provoked Mama. Of course she had not formally asked him to dine here, but expected him none the less. Well Mama froze him, and he felt dreadfully and she wouldn't hear any apologies and we had a beautiful family jar right on the spot. Mama threatened to ask an interesting male brunette here to dinner at which Earl pretended to be scared to death, as a fortune teller had warned him of "two dark men" in love with me, just before he came up. Mama said she'd ask her brunette to stay all afternoon and evening.

"Then I'll spirit Maud away!"

"But I won't let her go."

"Then," with despairing resignation—"I guess I'll go back to Memphis tonight. The time-table has changed anyway, and I'd have to go in the morning."

That scared Mama! It was great fun. He stood there so handsome, so penitent, with such mischief in his eyes, one arm drawing me up to him, Mama wrathy, and ready as she said "to give him a dose of mother-in-law". Finally they kissed and made up.

Hours afterward when Mama had gone and he had won me to the small chair, he asked me again, "Don't you love me to-day a bit?"

"Oh, you ice-berg of an Earl! How *could* I love you? I seriously considered taking off your ring and telling you you had made a wild mistake in thinking you loved me at all, *ever*."

"Maud," he said solemnly, "Never for a moment say or think such a thing. If I could know that our engagement would come to naught I should want to go down in a caisson and never come up again."

He isn't very emotional you know, and with my disposition it is hard for me to understand how, loving me as he does, he can keep from shouting it all the time.

How he hated to go off for dinner Sunday noon! I was sitting by the table writing up missionary minutes, when he shot by like a streak. He had come so fast that there were great drops of perspiration standing out on his white temples and moistening his wave of blonde hair. He *is* the dearest, best old fellow. He stayed till Monday morning —1 A.M.—and I sat up with him, Mama with us part of the time and Wood coming in from the plant at 12:30. It stormed dreadfully—and it was most as bad inside.

Friday Feb 28—

A letter from Earl last night; one this noon; and another tonight. Isn't he a dear, devoted old boy: Such sweet letters, too.

Edith is here to tea and I'm going up there to spend the night. Another check from a New York publisher came through this evening's mail. Story-telling *pays.*

With my salary and my little story check I drew $43.00 yesterday and felt like a railroad king.

Fifty-three (babies, not dollars) in my Sunday-school class. The roll has run up into the seventies. I guess the class was never so large before. But I am heart-sick to see my big boy. Earl is, if possible, more lonesome than I. *He* doesn't see how he can bear the long stretch of days that must pass before he can come again, and says he sits there alone by his fire with such a lump in his throat that it chokes him.

Sat March 15, '90—

This is my first possible chance to write to you. The strangest thing has happened! Several weeks or months ago (I never can be definite as to dates) I wrote to Josephine one Sunday night. I had been feeling depressed and blue and—as usual—wrote as I felt. Told her that dearly as I loved my Prince Charming, I often felt I could never be an entirely happy girl until I had found the lost comrade whom I had treated so wretchedly, and could make my peace with him. Guess I said a good deal in the letter; told her I know, how many fruitless efforts I had made to reach him with letters etc., etc. Well Josephine is the sort of solid friend to try to help a fellow and to think how, too. In a few days I had a letter from her that took my breath. She had boldly written to the mother of my friend at the old Chicago address and asked for Mr H's whereabouts as she wanted to obtain some art information from him. It hardly seemed likely though that anything could ever come of it. I had sent the budget of letters to that address in January '89, and the silence could not have been more blank if I had directed them to Saturn.

Thursday evening I went down to the river with the girls after school and came home rather tired at six o'clock. On the mantle-piece were letters for me from Earl and from Josephine. I had had one from Earl at noon, and both of these were like surprises. When I opened Josephine's an enclosed letter fell out directed in ghastly green ink. When I opened it and saw Ned's familiar writing and signature, I just gave a gasp and sat staring speechless.

It was dated "New Orleans, March 8", and stated that he had received her note from his mother, but, as for some time he had been traveling through Old Mexico, he had been unable to give her a certain address; but that now he would be in New Orleans for some little time and would take pleasure in giving her what information or assistance he could. And he gave Box 1100 as the address at New Orleans.

Her un-looked for success had startled Josephine about as much as it did me and she wrote, "Maud! Think of it!" and wailed, "Having caught this young man I don't know what on earth to do with him. Have shouldered a white elephant. You *must* write and let me out of the business, and tell him the only information I truly wanted was his address." And she surmised that he could not be married as a married man would hardly be likely to be roaming restlessly through Mexico here and there, bringing up at New Orleans for a while and locating himself so promiscuously. "Yet I almost hope he is for the sake of your C.E. (civil engineering) friend. But write at all hazards; you must."

Well, and I did write, though I felt decidedly dizzy doing it. Explained Josephine's little maneuver and its motive, and said that my desire was to know if he had received the first letters I sent in January. If he had I had neither heart nor courage to make further appeal to him: if he had not, I hoped he'd be generous enough to let me know it and allow me to make what miserable explanation I could of my despicable treatment of him five years ago. I felt wrought up to the last degree through it all.

Wrote last night and told Earl all about it; he already knew what Josephine had done for I told him when he was here.

I wonder what will come of it, or if anything will. Can it be that he *did* receive those letters written when I was fairly *wild* with remorse, and that he could absolutely ignore them. Or could it be possible that his mother got them, saw the Cairo post-mark and from the fear of their bringing harm to him in some way, destroyed them or kept them? That doesn't seem likely, and yet it seems less likely that Ned who was the soul of generosity and large-heartedness could have calmly let them go without even a sign of their having been received. Perhaps the best thing that could happen would be for him to write and scathe me or tell me that he despises me beyond words, or that he had married several years ago. But if he got my letters before, then of-course he will treat this note in the same way—with unbroken silence.

Sun March 23, '90—

My time for writing is limited to the smallest degree. Last Thursday, the 20th—when I came in at noon on a rush (for we were having examinations at school and I was very busy) I found here a letter whose superscription changed the color in my face. It was from Ned, from Ned at last after five year's waiting—and this is what he said:

New Orleans March 17/90

My dear friend,

Your budget of letters did reach me after traveling from Chicago to New Mexico—down in the Pecos Valley, some hundreds of miles from any railroad.

Many times I was on the point of writing to you, and I now see that it would have been much more kind in me if I had done so.

I have always maintained that I thoroughly understood you, but it seems I was mistaken this time in thinking you would be more contented not to hear from me. I am sorry for this Maud, and hasten to assure you that through all these years I have had the warmest feelings of friendship for you.

I never heard from Cairo but once, and then but very little. So far as I am concerned, do not blame yourself "one little bit" on my account, but let us be what is one of the best things on this earth—very good friends.

I would be more than pleased to hear from you, and perhaps an account of some of my wanderings will interest you.

With my kindest regards to all at home, I am

Yours Sincerely,
E. M. Hough

I'll not pretend to tell you just what my sensations were as I read the note over and over again,—all the lines, and all the between lines. I felt I just must sit down instantly and write to him, but my time isn't mine these days and I raced up to school with my head in a buzz. At night I was correcting writing-spellers hard and fast to make time for the letter I ached to write, when dear, ubiquitous Blauvi appeared and I bade my plans a nervous farewell. I put him to work doing averages, and then we took a quick walk over the sipe-water, bought a small confectioner's outfit and sailed home. Friday a rush, and Friday night more company till I wondered if I ever would get to write. This time I put averages and ex. papers aside, and gave the letter precedence, so that by staying up until a ghostly hour I did get to write a hurried missive to my friend. I hope I made him feel my gratitude toward him for his kind and friendly note. And I brought in incidentally my engagement to Earl, for I felt I ought to tell him of that the first thing.

But oh *Journal,* you never can know what a relief it was to me to hear from him just what I did. He *is* the truest, best, most loyal of friends, and I hope that I may prove to him from now on my appreciation of that fact.

Thurs March 27, '90—

We've had such a storm this afternoon, and a good deal of excitement, for the water is very high and the wind made things lively. Storm came up just after teachers' meeting. Every-body had left the building but Patti, Risley, the principal, supt., and myself. We had a grand view of the storm out over the lake of sipe-water and it was quite wonderful. Lightened only a little but the wind rolled the clouds so queerly, and one detached cloud in particular fascinated me. It was all alone against a clear white sky and it coiled itself and crawled like a serpent turning actual somer-saults and looking altogether so frightful that Miss McKee thought the whole place must go to destruction and was asking wildly, "Shall we go to the old building or stay in the new? Will it be safer on the 1st floor or 3rd?" until Miss Risley and I couldn't help laughing. The curtains were flapping in all the rooms, flower-pots flying and when the serpent cloud dissolved suddenly like magic, there was a dash of something like hail only that instead of being hail it was good-sized snow-balls. One Papa measured here was two inches and a half in diameter. I never saw anything like it! When they hit the sipe water it dashed up two feet high, and I could imagine the hysterics the minnows must be having. We were in Miss Risley's room and it crashed three panes of glass in as many minutes. One on Washington where I passed coming home, and which measured nearly nine inches around, had a heart of clear ice, and alternate strata of snow and ice formations in sort of scallops around that.

Easter Sunday April 6, '90—

The happy Spring time vacation ends to-day. I have felt so relieved and rested, and have enjoyed it so heartily that it seems it would take a month instead of a week to cover the good time. Friday I spent the day with Bess Korsmeyer taking dinner and tea. Bess is to be married in May and I am to be one of the bridesmaids. "Clean, sweet, quiet Mr Butts" is the happy man, and Bess is fortunate to have so nice a sweetheart. They will live in the dear little cottage Mrs K is having built right behind them. And Bess and I are thinking of going into business together as soon as the rush is over. The pressure against my teaching school is pretty strong, as its "dretful wearin' " on health and nerves, and I could make as much with my pen if I *half* tried. Then we two want to buy a china kiln, give lessons and do "Royal Worcester" besides all ordinary china-painting work. I really feel quite enthusiastic on the subject, and if I go north will probably take some extra lessons in St Paul or Minneapolis. My stories sell as fast as I write them and are reproduced in other papers too, which shows that they "take".

Harry has stopped the hard work as electric-company employee and is studying with Dr. McNemerer, preparatory to leaving for college. I am so proud of him and so glad he has earned enough money not to do that dreadfully rough, hard work. . . .

Papa is painting the tower-room for me—for study and studio, walls a light stone color, ceiling a sort of pink, casings, stairs etc, a *dark* Indian red. I long for June and freedom to write and paint.

Two letters and a *Harper* from Earl yesterday. When he refused that splendid position Mr Morison offered him in the East, it made that dignitary so angry, that he has just written saying that Mr Mayne would probably not be needed after June 1. Earl had been looking about for a long time, trying to decide what to go into,—something settled, which would not take sweet-heart and home roving all over the country. Mr. Noble doesn't want him to give up the work; says he will be very successful in it—the late offer certainly went to prove that. But my big, strong, energetic "brainy" boy will be successful in anything he undertakes. Am persuading him to start off in the fall with Harry and take a four-year medical course. Then I'll be dear old "Mrs. Dr. Mayne" someday. Guess he'll do it, though he hates to postpone our wedding for so long.*

April 21, 1890—

Nice check from *Demorest* to-day for story—such a tacky story, too. The dear things are getting so they take everything I send, regardless, and every new story out helps me that much more with others. School lovely!

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* Mr Mayne's ambition had been stirred in high school in Iowa by his teacher Carrie Lane, who later became Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. Her inspiration had sent him to the University of Iowa.

Sat April 26, '90—

Aren't dreams the queerest things? Last night I dreamed volumes in finest detail. I entered the library and saw on the table a letter from Earl—or it seemed to be Earl's writing, but in *green* ink, and a second-sight convinced me it must be from Ned. On the mantel-piece Earl's letter stood against a tall vase where they always wait for me. But I opened Ned's and read and *read* pages and *pages,*—and there were the oddest things in it. It seemed to have come from Mexico, and among other things it contained a sort of gauze transparency with the most exquisite figures of dancing Mexicans—life-sized nearly when once the folds were opened. And the description of his life there, the queer people, his association with them, the scenery, the church-life—and the very *words,* you know, I ran over volubly. One sentence was,

"I wear neither beard nor moustache now, and though I've not entered the church, I wear cassock and cowl, and enjoy my music heartily."

He seemed to expect me to write and had enclosed an enormous sheet of green stamps and a lot of postal-cards, most of which were covered with little love-messages in Mama's writing.

How do you account for my dreaming such things, old Wiseacre?

April 30, '90—

This has been an exciting sort of day. It is Mama's birthday. Then there came a long droll letter from Ned. And it said too, that he'd be going through here to-day on his way to Chicago to see his father who is quite ill, and how he wished he could stop over,—only the urgency of his call preventing. So somehow, unreasonable as it was, I found myself on a sort of tip-toe of expectancy all day, thinking something *might* happen to keep him over here.

At noon came big letters from Edwy Reeves and from Earl, and a note from the Ed of the New York *Tribune* asking me to write for them. I *would* be a fool to go on teaching and wearing myself to a frazzle when my *easy* attempts at writing meet with such flattering recognition everywhere.

Sat May 3, '90—

Mama's lovely curtains have just come from Switzerland—12 of them, enough for all the six parlor windows. Isn't it beautiful that Mama and I can write stories? "Scratching for a living" is jolly really.

Sun May 18, '90—

I have positively decided not to teach another year. I sigh with relief to think that there are but four more weeks of it. Busy, *busy* weeks they will be, for in addition to the closing work, I am getting ready to leave for the lakes the day school closes and Bessie's wedding comes in the meantime too. My bridesmaid's dress is to be a pale rose silk, Clara's lemon silk, and Miss Leich's pale blue. Oh, and Earl *will be here* early Friday morning—June 6th a year from the date of our meeting. I am *wild* with expectation.

June 5, '90—

Harry as he was starting to take Ella home just now, handed me a little red ticket, and when I got it under the hall gas I found it to be a ticket to the Lawn Sociable of the Young Men's Literary and Social Club June 6, '89 given at Mrs Fishers, where I first met Earl a year ago. Who but Harry would ever have thought of getting this for me as a souvenir of that most blessed of all evenings. And tomorrow is June 6th again, and for over seven months I have been the adoring fiancee of that most adorable of men. I can hardly believe that I shall actually see him tomorrow. How *can* I go on calmly teaching until half past four when I know that he's in town, the darling! Have half the examinations done. One more day and the siege will be over. My spelling papers today were perfectly beautiful. But I have been in a tearing rush for weeks. We got Bess securely married a week ago tonight. Such a lovely wedding everybody called it. Bess *dead* but happy. Big weddings *are* such terrors.

Oh we had such a breezy river-trip last night—seven of us—moonlight, banjos, etc etc. Home at 12—but its the only spree I've taken for weeks of hustling.

[There is here a gap of nine months in the Journal.]

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

That Sort of Fondness Is Exceedingly Unsatisfactory

March 6, 1891—Friday night.—

Why do I open you now! It would take every page of you and hundreds more to tell it all—and I have just five minutes. Was out this evening. When I came home I found that Mr Shearer ("Kommodore Krop") had called, and had left me a lovely letter file, a bright note, and an excellent Imperial photo of himself; and that a little while before, Mr Blauvelt had called also. I have had the loveliest winter! So much fun, and such good times! Krop and I have gotten to be pretty good friends. He was here Sunday night, and I went to the theatre with him Tuesday night. The Monday before I went with Mr. Blauvelt, and before that with Mr O'Hara to hear "Faust". It was perfectly grand, and I laughed and cried and was scared nearly out of my boots. It made it very interesting for Mr. O'Hara. *I do like that man.* I believe Blauvi is afraid I'll fall in love with him. At any rate after watching us that evening together he took two hours to giving me *his* idea of Mr O'Hara, and several reasons *why* he would feel sorry to have "any girl he liked" fall in love with "the duke". Mr. O'Hara is delightful though, however unimpressible,—so courteous so thoughtful, so quick to catch one's thought, so entertaining! When he puts on my rubbers he does it in a way that makes me feel a queen. I mustn't tell you tonight about my present "business" or last Summer!

Easter Sunday, March 29, 1891—

Last night when I came to my room I slipped the latch of the door and then, prone upon the bed, had a good cry. I haven't time to be blue very often these days, but things had heaped uncomfortably. First and worst of all Earl is sick in New York *—acute muscular rheumatism with La Grippe. The latter disease is increasing the mortality-lists in the large cities frightfully and naturally I am very much worried over Earl. There he is all alone, without even a room-mate, and suffering dreadfully. It made me quite wild.

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* Earl had left engineering, despite favorable offers, and with Maud's approval had joined Harry Rittenhouse in the four-year medical course in New York. Meanwhile Maud had bought the china kiln mentioned April 6, 1890.

Then our finances get worse and worse here at home. Fred's business isn't doing well—trade seems dull every place—Papa's investments in the west are *dead,* and poor Papa himself seems to have lost all courage and back-bone. Mama thinks we ought to go to Chicago, but Papa's afraid to venture in anything. And he owes money, due in a few months, which *I* don't see how he's to pay without selling property, and property doesn't seem to sell. My own "business" is all right, but even I am smashed this week for my expenses have been heavy. Since the 6th I have sent off for art-materials alone over twenty-five dollars. It seems as though we all work as hard as we can, and economize in every direction, and then barely eke out an existence.

Well after I had howled sufficiently, I jumped up, took a good cold bath and went to bed. Harry woke me up with a good-morning kiss and said I'd better get up if I wanted to be in time for the early service. So I dressed right away, left the hyacinth I had bought for Mama on her plate, and we went to the 7 oc. service at church.

I have snatched this little minute to write, because so much accumulates that if I don't tell you a little bit right along, I never shall have courage to begin.

Harry has been home from New York a week. Earl is taking the extra spring session. The smart old boy has covered himself with glory. Harry says, "Mayne stands right in with all the professors, and they depend on him for special drawings from microscopic sections and all that. He's been asked to make special dissections too, for the college; is prosector to the Prof. of Anatomy; and asst. to the Prof of Pathology. Someday Dr Mayne will bear a well-won reputation." Of course I am very proud of all his triumphs. *He* doesn't say much about them and when he *does,* adds, "I want to do and be so much for your sake."

This morning there came with my mail a circular, (sealed) with "July on the Sea-Shore! Eighth Annual Sketching Party for Tourists and Art Students," etc., on it. I scarcely noticed it until I discovered that it was addressed to me in Mr Hough's familiar hand. Then I tore it open in a hurry. It is a sketching-tour to Cushing's Island, Casco Bay and Portland, Maine, with side-tours to the White Mountains, Bar Harbor, Portsmouth, Quebec, and the Saguenay River; takes from June 24th to July 28th and is under the "General Management of N. H. Carpenter, secretary Art Institute, Chicago, and E. M. Hough and H. F. Maydwell, Associates". It made me catch my breath as I read over all the delightful prospectus. Ned's lines have fallen in pleasant places, verily. He's a sweet, good fellow, and he deserves all the good times and good fortune that have fallen to his lot.

If—

Mama says I ought to go. She's been lamenting that I work too hard and am pale and thin,—but that's a good deal her imagination. *I* know that I ought not to go.

To-night I have a paper to read at a Missionary meeting. My time is kept very, very full with all kinds of work—my own and other folks.

Thurs Apr 2, '91—

Mr Blauvelt, Ella and Harry helped me to take out the china tonight —a very dainty lot. Have fired over five hundred pieces now and have never broken a piece in that kiln. You don't know how exciting the first firings were, before we quite knew what to expect or how things would turn out. Mrs Lewis helped me stack to-day. She had some lovely work in, too. Nellie Fisher had the prettiest set of fruit-plates. My own work on China feels so much more satisfactory since Harry and I got the case up to keep it out of the dust. I have twenty-two pupils now,—and two more coming.

Heard from Earl to-day. Was on the point of telegraphing. I am really provoked with him. Even if he was sick he might have written a line and not have kept me in suspense for nearly a week. It was a very warm letter but I didn't warm up over it worth a cent (relieved though I was to know he is well again) and I am undecided yet whether to snub him unmercifully or give him a good old scolding. I'm afraid I'm a very bad girl. The "Kommodore" (Mr Shearer) called night before last, and we had a jolly time. He is General Agent of the Big Four now, and has just returned from a conference of big railroad officials at Indianapolis.

An hour later—

I've been reading you, you poor froth-creature! How little you know of me after all. I've been thinking such long, long thoughts during the past week, and thoughts not always pleasant or comfortable. Sometimes I wish the people of this world were cut out like patterns and had to be put together *just so*. Sometimes I think that I am planning my life all wrong, that I am letting superficial things guide me, and crowding down the *real* heart and feeling that would prompt me to—well, to do what? There comes the rub. To yield to my own curiosity perhaps, or perhaps really right and best instincts, and so doing change the whole outlook of my future, hurting other lives perhaps—perhaps brightening them—heaven knows! We can't know. There's another rub. Years ago I made a frightful mistake because I could not know that I turned away from the real man, the comrade, friend and lover, rather than break the heart of the one whom I imagined pure and grand and honest. He was none of these things—though I wronged my own heart and another's because I thought so; and his heart would probably have been widely far from breaking. If we could only see! See into hearts and know just how much feeling there is in them. They are harder to know than character even. Sometimes I want to break away from something somehow, boldly plan my life—and *live* it. I *could* do it. Then I, alone, should be responsible. And what if I planned wrong! I dare not. When things seem to be going criss-cross and I have heart-aches, I shut my eyes and ask God to lead. I can't see the way at all.

Sunday Night, April 5, 1891—

To-day I had the happiness for the first time in my life of taking Communion with my home-friends in the old home-church, where I was baptized when a little girl. After I joined our Unitarian "Church of the Messiah" in St Louis, Mr Trick would not allow me the privilege of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper here. But this dear, good Mr Phillips, Christian through and through, warm, sympathetic, helpful, I couldn't feel that he would be another Mr Trick on this matter—though Mr Trick no doubt followed the dictates of his own hard conscience. I went, on Friday night to one of the preparatory services, and *then* knew that Mr Phillips would think it not only my privilege but my duty.

"Your lack of worthiness or fitness, or right spirit at the moment is not the question at all," he said. "The only question is, Are you a disciple of the Lord Jesus? If you are, then it is your duty to witness for him. What sort of witness are you when you fail to honor his command, 'This do in remembrance of me'?"

Mr Trick thought me a heretic of the worst order—and under his tutelage I was growing a stauncher heathen every day. Mr. Phillips will soon upset my idols and open my eyes to my *real* badness.

Sat Night April 11, '91—

Am very much ashamed to have told you that I was provoked with Earl. I ought to be shouting alleluiahs all the time to think he loves me at all, the dear, smart, handsome fellow, particularly when he loves me so loyally and is so anxious to do only such things as shall meet with my hearty approval. At my very urgent request he has just had some new pictures taken for me. We are counting that in ten weeks from last Thursday, he will be here. I have put ten little colored stones (carnelians that we found on the beach at Prior Lake last summer) into a small gold barrel on my mantel-piece. Every Thursday I shall take one out and it will be one week less. Then Thursday will be a very happy day. I did scold him, you see, and he took it with such beautiful meekness and was so penitent that I went right on my knees to him in the next letter.

I have felt discouraged over business this week, but then I guess I ought not to. My classes have seemed dreadfully slim, and yet I have taken in for writing and art work 14.45 this week, and that isn't bad I'm sure. Fired this evening. My Royal Worcester plaque came out just lovely. It is purple, white and pale yellow crocuses, done on a cream ground and outlined and veined with dull gold. For myself I also fired a Kermess cup and saucer in white and gold, a tinted dish, and two butter-dishes.

This work I *enjoy*. It is like paradise after the worry and responsibility of school-teaching. I manage to write one story each week (which means anything from three to fifteen dollars) *cook* one half day, "receive" on Tuesdays (that is my writing-day also) keep one day for mending, sweeping and Band of Hope, and teach on three days. If every pupil came regularly I'd take in ten or eleven dollars a week just from the teaching, beside China-orders and all that—but they don't. Some weeks it won't amount to over four or five dollars from pupils, other weeks it'll mount up. It has been in a rush as high as 22.45. I'd be dizzy with wealth if that snap could last. I never *did* tell you how successful I had been with story-writing. One story I wrote at the lake last summer was taken by that lovely *Jenness-Miller Magazine,* and "puffed" in the St Louis papers. Another in *Wide Awake* (D. Lothrop & Co publishers) was advertised weeks in advance in other papers, with a nearly full-page illustration and highly-gratifying comments. Of course the home-papers called attention to the others and between them all I felt quite a person of note.

The other night while looking over the prospectus of a paper, I saw in big letters "Contributors of Note" and glancing idly over the list, fairly jumped when I saw "Maud Rittenhouse" in clear type.

June 1st '91. Monday—

Have just tonight had a note from Earl saying that he will be here Wednesday; and I am horrified at myself that I am not more glad. I have tried to analyze the feeling and see what *is* the matter. Here I have been looking forward for weeks and months to his coming, and now I can't stir up any special enthusiasm over it. It may be that the gladness is over-balanced by disappointment because he is to be here such a short time. We had supposed it would be two weeks at least, but ze great Mr Morison * has offered him a fine position at Burlington, Iowa, which he can't afford to decline, and he must be there on the 10th. So he leaves New York before the close of the term and gets in a visit of 6 or 7 days here. I ought to be wild with delight,—but I'm not. Worse than that I feel quite composed and contemplative over it, wondering—actually daring to wonder—if it will be pleasant. All this seems like a frightful lack of love and loyalty toward my fiance, and as I said before I am myself horrified at it. I think I must be a very weak and susceptible sort of nature—susceptible to chill more than to warmth. My love seems to need constant fanning to keep it bright aflame—and it hasn't been getting a great deal of attention of that sort. Earl hates to write. Our correspondence has been so irregular as scarcely to merit the name correspondence at all. Perhaps *he* can love as hard under such conditions. I'm afraid I can't. Of course the poor boy has been busy to a degree that even I can scarcely understand though I think I am busy myself, and know a little about it. He has been studying night and day, and achieving every honor possible at Bellevue. Of course of that I am very proud. But I am afraid I am human enough to wish he preferred to study a little less hard and show his love for me a little harder.

Wed June 10, '91—6 P.M.—

Considering my state of mind last Wednesday you might consider its present state somewhat remarkable. I am feeling absolutely lost without Earl—and Earl is steaming into St Louis just about now. Last Wednesday morning I sat calmly sewing in my room before he came. Mama was eager and excited and wild to see him. I wasn't a bit, though I meant to treat him nicely. He came in on the 10:20 but by the time he had had his bath etc at the Halliday and gotten here it was nearly noon. Mama was watching for him while she dressed and she ran in here to tell me he had come. I ran down at once and before the bell had tinkled asked him in. He looked very different, the great big fellow, warm with his rapid walk, and all *bearded*. He had lots to tell us and was very entertaining. In the afternoon we sat in the yard, and in the evening there were other callers and later he and Mama and I went to Saup's for ice-cream. He left at eleven or so and I banged on the piano afterward to relieve my feelings. Mama kept saying, "Aren't you *glad* he's *here?*" And though I said, "Yes, I am glad," it was with too little warmth to fool her much. She followed me in here in the evening. "Are you very glad?" "Yes, *no*," I said.

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* George S. Morison, designer of the Illinois Central bridge.

"Why Maud, are you in earnest? Don't you love him?"

"How can I love a man who doesn't even care to write to me oftener than once a week!" I said.

Well then we came to war, Mama and I. Mama said I had been spoiled, with too great devotion or too many sweethearts and that I couldn't believe in a man's love unless he "crawled around in the dust"—at which I laughed with weak disdain.

"You've found how much you can trust the mad absorbing devotion of some folks. Don't you think the deep, solid honest love that vents itself in goodness and truth and not in 'much speaking' must be worth more?" And finally she sent me to bed, put out my light and told me to sleep until I found my good sense again. So I cried in the dark till I went to sleep.

Next morning he came early and I had no class. He said, "Will you believe it? A young man had the nerve to tell me to my very face that he was coming up here to take you away this evening—to take you driving."

"Who?" I asked.

"Mr O'Hara. He has been catechising me ever since I came. Even asked me my *age*, and kindly told me that he and Mr Shearer would try to give me first right while I am *here*—with an accent on the 'here'."

Well and Earl is the Prince Charming more than ever—even with that dreadful beard. I am as frantic about him as ever, although I scorned all his attempts at penitence over those last two dilatory letters. He was so good and sweet to me, so overflowing with love and happiness that his buoyancy was infectious. And smart! My oh! but what that boy doesn't know! And he can tell it in so delightful and untechnical a way. One night I could have hugged him I was so proud of him when he gave us—Mama and me—an informal lecture in reply to a question Mama had asked about the white corpuscles in the blood. He told us of their appearance and action under the microscope, and their funny little performances till I felt as if I were reading a fairy-tale. Amoebae and diatoms were never so interesting before.

One night he suddenly exclaimed, "Maud, life is so short! After all the main thing is to be with you. I *will* come back here the first of September! Darn business!" Such a dreadful swear from Earl made me laugh outright. But I'm not sorry he can want to "darn business" a little for me. I'm not afraid that he will not be ambitious or industrious enough!

Fri June 12, '91—

Robin graduated from the Grammar School this afternoon, *valedictorian* of his class. Wasn't that fine? Tonight came a letter from Earl. Oh I never did tell you about our tragedies of last summer! And I guess I never will. Earl and I have had some queer experiences! I shan't soon forget the peculiar part I took in that most peculiar drama last June—on the 7th and 8th, I remember the very dates—nor will Earl I guess. Whenever I refer to it, Earl draws me up very close to him and says, "Let us forget that, sweet." And really now that I am so sure of his love for me, and now that I find myself fairly crying like a child for him, I can look back at what seemed so likely to separate us forever, and think it almost ludicrous. I wrote it into a story—and it *came back* from my suavest and best-paying editor with the advice that I "study real men and women", which I thought rather a joke some place.

Earl came into my Sunday-school class Sunday afternoon. "Why Maud," he said afterward, "I could have listened to you all afternoon. I never knew a lesson-hour to pass so soon." And again he said—"The very children on the street love you, Maud. Doesn't that alone prove how good and sweet you are?" You see he's spoiling me now, too.

June 28, 1891 Sunday—

Last Tuesday Mr O'Hara, who is getting to be a *study* to me, stayed till about ten and made an engagement with me for the next evening. We had only been on the porch half an hour when Mr Blauvelt came and Mr Blauvelt stayed until past twelve, putting in the greater part of his time singing little warnings into my ears about Mr. O'Hara. There seems to be a grounded antipathy between the two men, and yet apparently not a personal one. Mr Blauvelt intimated to the best of his ability that Mr. O'Hara was selfish, politic, fond of his "little drink" and the man to succeed admirably in making a wife supremely unhappy. This is very different from the popular opinion of the gentleman, which is that he is thoughtful and kind and loyal to his friends, a thoroughly courtly and courteous gentleman under any and all circumstances. Blauvi said, "George knows which corner to visit when his head aches, and which when it doesn't." "What does that enigmatical speech mean?" I asked. "When his head aches he goes to Miss Shields. *She* doctors him with hot toddies. When it doesn't ache, he comes here."

Wednesday evening when Mr O'Hara came we sat on the porch for a little chat. He asked in the course of the conversation whether Mr. Blauvelt had plucked up heart of grace and returned to the field here again. I told him nay, that I felt convinced of his devotion to Miss Ella (Blauvi, by the way, swore to me fairly one night last week, that there was absolutely nothing definite between him and Miss Ella). Then Mr O'Hara proceeded to dissect Mr Blauvelt—much more gracefully and politely than Mr. Blauvelt could have done it, but very effectually. And what he said about Blauvi was undeniably true, though with all his faults Blauvi is a good-hearted fellow. But presently the tide turned and he began to "sound" me about Earl.

Well, and there is where my badness came in, for while I did not lie, I gave him the impression that Earl and I were not to be married. I did some adroit fencing, and he may have suspected the guardedness of my answers.

Saturday night August 8, '91—

Tomorrow is the 9th of August. And it will be three years since I heard the shocking news that upset my faith in the honor and integrity of men. Since then Earl came to re-build the old faith, I thought. Alas for the mutability of all things. I have been woefully unhappy for days and weeks, and feel that in spite of me, my love for Earl is dying a slow and natural death. He could retain it, but he doesn't. And when he waxes cool and silent, all my heart turns to the one warm comrade friend who was always loyal, and whose affection for me nothing could change. I have just written a letter or note to Earl which may mean a crisis and heaven knows what. And I am sick and miserable, with a burning fever, a sore throat, a head-ache, and worse than all, mental distress and disquietude.

Yesterday found a letter from Earl—very long in coming—and it was as unloving and unsatisfactory as the one before it. I have made (until tonight) no sort of reply but this one left me feeling resentment as hot as my indifference was cool. While I was at the piano in the dark trying to calm myself Mr Blauvelt came. Told him I had a desperate case of blues on hand.

I am always making fun of poor Blauvi and yet in my heart I know I haven't a better friend, or one who would sacrifice more quickly for me. He isn't very quick or bright, and for this reason I have often felt safe in saying general or abstract things, never dreaming that he could particularize or apply my statements. But he has startled me by showing that he could. And he has read me like a book. Among other things he informed me he believed I'd yet marry Mr Hough!

What do you suppose I shall hear from Earl?

That he feels he *has* made a mistake, and wishes to be released from the engagement? Or will he be roused from this state of coolness? I can't answer. Can a man love truly and yet love only while with the "beloved object"?—cooling perceptibly with even a few months' absence? After he first leaves, his letters overflow with fondness. He *can* be fond, but it doesn't last, and that sort of fondness is exceedingly unsatisfactory.

Friday Aug 14, '91—

I suppose Dr Earl is still considering the question. Though I mailed him that letter last Saturday, I have not yet received an answer to it. If he loves me, ought he to require such long deliberation to make sure that he doesn't want his engagement broken?

In the mean-time I am enjoying head-aches—and skylarking.

Yesterday 14 of us went to Cobden; George Bell had a very big hay-rack for us to ride in. Imagine fourteen of us—some of the girls in black lace and the gentlemen in light vests and diamonds, with gay parasols bobbing overhead—stowed in the bottom of that thing on the hay! At the Bells there was general recourse to the curling-tongs. It was a glorious afternoon and Rob Robinson kept me amused the blessed time. And his costumes! First he wore, with dark trousers, an écru silk-brocade neglige shirt and handsome jacket. Next he appeared in his tennis suit with knickerbockers, flannel blouse and blazer, and in the evening in full dress and resplendent shirt-front. I won his heart, it seems, from the first. He asked me to the house to look over his beautiful new views of Utah and we spent nearly an hour in there, while Maggie wound up the music box for our entertainment.

Now doesn't it all sound lovely? And I'm sure anyone who looked at me would have called me the gayest of the gay, and yet more than half the time I was feeling ready to run away from it all. Oh I am such a fool! Once at home, having hunted the place for the letter from Earl, which did not come, I tried until one oclock to sleep, then I got up, ate some grapes which had been sent me, and read. Didn't get much sleep.

Sun Aug. 16, '91—

Well it is all over,—this little love story. I don't feel like saying much about it. I have a very strange feeling indeed. I wish it were cold and that I could walk miles and miles through a cutting wind. But it is frightfully hot, and we have company to dinner. I suppose I talk and laugh as I always do. I feel dazed and drowsy. Yet when it comes to trying to sleep, I am alarmingly wide-awake. And restless, restless! I can think of nothing I want to do. Yet I am doing everything as usual.

For instance after reading his letter—it came while I was dressing yesterday—I went on combing my hair as if nothing had happened—though I couldn't always quite see myself in the glass. And then I sewed hard and fast on my tennis-skirt, raced to Vesta's, played a couple of tearing games at the court—the second with Walter W. against us—ate ice cream with him, went to choir-practice, did everything.

Sometimes I wonder what I live for. If only I were grow-ing into a fine, strong character, but I'm not. I feel pitifully weak and dependent. Before all my little chicks this morning, while I sang with them, smiling, suddenly I had to stop, choked with tears, remembering how so few Sundays ago, the "Prince" had sat back there watching me with brilliant eyes, and how he said, "Why Maud, the very children love you!"

I will never wear another engagement-ring, *never!*

Wed Aug 19, '91—

Of course I wrote to Earl at once releasing him from the engagement, and saying in what way I preferred him to return my letters, and I, his etc.

Nobody speaks of it in the family though I see Harry watching me a good deal—wondering, I suppose, how a girl acts anyhow, when her sweetheart decides he doesn't love her well enough. It is the strangest thing how my mind teems with all the pros and cons of the case, while I do everything as if handsome Dr. Mayne had never existed. I am exercising a good deal at tennis, and walking. George Corliss was here all Sunday afternoon and evening and took me walking. I was with George the first time I ever saw Earl. And Earl once thought me engaged to George. Earl says he feels "strange and unnatural", that it made him "half wild" to write what he did. Well, but I don't mean to enter into any of this. I think, think, think, a thousand things about it. But it will do me no good to write them down. I believe if it killed me, I could keep from showing him or anyone the hurt. What a blessed thing a little decent womanly pride is. I do not envy him the task of telling his sisters and mother. They have been writing and writing for me to spend the summer with them, etc, and have sent such love-messages, from big brother Frank down to little Bessie. And people talk about "deathless love"! And some folks actually believe in it.

Aug 22, '91. Fri—

Carolyn came yesterday. I dropped the duke a card, per promise, and he came last night looking elegant in his embroidered shirt and diamonds. We all ate cream up at Saup's Gardens.

Brought the new grenadine home. But cost me over 40.00! I hate to spend money for clothes. It is very elaborate—19 yds of black lace, *20* yds of ribbon! But I wish it had been simpler. I am spinning around like a giddy top—*wooden* headed. Thoughts are too wild to be indulged.

Aug 27 '91, Thursday—

We are having the jolliest times in the world, and I am amazed at myself that I enjoy life so heartily and feel so little ache over Earl. The certain knowledge that he has innumerable devotees to console him if he feels cut up (which I fancy he doesn't in the least) goes far toward bracing me up.

Harry heard from him once this week. I abducted the letter, like a bad child, and read it. It concerned itself mostly with boarding plans, etc., for the coming winter and stated bouyantly the good times the writer was having visiting old friends all around, having "passes over a dozen roads" and how the summer had helped him physically and mentally. He seemed radiantly well and happy. And there was no reference to his broken engagement, or to the girl whose heart he must fancy he has broken.

I had discovered a year ago that easily as he is moved to tears Earl has some very cold-blooded streaks in him. I even fear he enjoyed it in a certain way when his matter-of-factness or indifference drove me half-distracted. So now, I feel perfectly sure that he expected me to write and implore him to think again and see if he *couldn't* love me. —Callers! The men are laying siege to the place. Will write more when I can come up again.—

Later 11 P.M.—

I had told Carrie we'd have a quiet evening *this* evening but we've had five callers, and the last man has just taken his departure. George Corliss has been haunting the house ever since he came up from Memphis; Krop comes, and Mr O'Hara has been attention itself. I get jolly letters from "other folks", checks and compliments from publishers. And on the whole life is delicious. I wish Earl could know how delicious. Am taking a vacation from art-work for two weeks, but am writing a little.

Wed. Sep 2, 1891—

Carolyn has gone, and it seems very blank without her although there have been callers ever since. This morning we took a trip on the electric cars—just in running order—and spent a part of the morning in the park.

The electric-cars are the excitement of the town. We were fortunate enough to see the trial-trip last Saturday night late. They hadn't dared tell folks when they'd make it. Wood was on, of-course, and got some fine puffs in the Sunday morning papers.

Monday night they went all over the route with a full "silver cornet band" playing in the cars and a perfect illumination. It was really very pretty. When I hear the gong clanging as the thing whizzes 'round the corner, I think I am back in Chicago where I first heard the gong of the cable on State Street. Rode on the St Paul electrics last summer—but these gongs have the tone of the old State-Street cable-gongs.

Sept 6, 1891—

Yesterday evening a little party of us were up at Mr Butler's. I went with Dede, having taken tea at Auntie's, and Harry came later. Had a lovely time. Saw Mr Rossier's pretty collection of spoons—one from each of the country's he has just been through—and there are the daintiest and most original ones I ever saw. The one from Switzerland (Berne) the Russian (St Petersburg) and the one from the Nile were particularly appropriate, but it was hard to say which of the 26 was more beautiful.

Sep 11, '91—

Mr Blauvelt entertained me last night. I was all wrought up when he came—so intensely interested in the story I am writing. And I guess that because I wasn't blue, he feared his chances to "marry Mr Hough" off to me were slim.

Am *wild* over my story. Am simply living in it—my *first novel*—or novelette rather. And Mama, as I read her the completed chapters, is so pleased. That gives me courage. Will tell you about it soon as I've time!

Sat night. Sept 19, 1891—

Harry leaves in the morning. How we shall miss the dear old fellow you can guess. I do nothing but write and play tennis—both *furiously*. Am at work on the 9th chapter of my story. Mr Holcombe, sec of the company which is offering the $1000 prize wrote me that the time had been extended to the 15th so I needn't quite kill myself. Harry has to be making P.P.C. calls all evening. I am going to the theatre with Krop. *If* I win the prize I'm going to give Harry three hundred and fifty dollars, the new church one hundred, church work, one hundred, and use the rest as I please for Mama and home and myself. *Woudn't* I go mad with delight if I really got it. And wasn't this Mr Holcombe a brick to write so promptly and answer my long string of questions about the place. Did I tell you I am to be Winthrop's bride's maid next month?

Sept 21, 1891—

You need not marvel, Journal, that I say nothing about Earl. I am keeping all my thoughts quite to myself about him, only working off a little of the tumult within into the story I am writing. I do wonder a little that I can speak of him to outsiders in so carelessly-friendly a way—as one does of a person one regards in a kindly way but is not specially interested in.

Last night Journal, I dreamed so long and so vividly of Ned. My brain cuts all sorts of antics after I go to sleep. I am up to the old tricks of writing to him whenever the spirit moves me; and it does me lots of good although I never send the letters.

Harry went so early yesterday morning. It seemed awfully sad to me to see him go, and as I watched him through the screen I could [not] help thinking of the last time I watched *Earl* so—the last time indeed! And I never could have dreamed it was the last time. I remember crying so dreadfully and then saying to Mama, "How silly I am when I know that this time he will be back so soon!" He looked so very big, and handsome that morning hurrying off to catch his train. I have just come across a couple of letters he wrote Mama from Mason City last summer. I look at his familiar pages all overflowing with the story of his devotion to me, his gratitude for my love, his happy plans for "our little nest near the mother-birds" and I wonder if anybody believes what anybody says in this world, anyhow.

Now I think this is a pretty good time to write on that story. I'm getting wild.

Monday Oct 5, '91—

Dear, dear, dear! Such rush, hurry and excitement. Gave my art exhibit Friday and Saturday. *So* much work getting the things and hanging and arranging them. Pretty though. Stacks of people called.

Sat night, Oct 10—

Isabella's about as near dead as alive! A thousand-dollar novel, an art-exhibit, and a swell wedding * all on hand at a time are enough to do anybody up. Last night, after writing *all day long,* I wrote until nearly one o'clock in the morning finishing the story. Then got up early to get it corrected before my classes came. Had china to pack, and pictures and drapes to take down, too. Rushed the story in between acts but didn't get done till 2 P.M. when Mama took it to the express-office while I tinted the oyster-plates for a wedding present for Wint. Did six a very, very pale green and fired them, too. At supper back ached till I had to lie down. Since then have called on the latest arrived bridesmaids and finished the firing. Now I have a four-weeks-accumulated darning to do. Can't see the basket for the hose. Dress going to be too quaint and sweet for words—short-waisted corn-colored silk, trimmed in yellow marguerites! Came from Chicago. Trimmings from St Louis. Gloves not yet here. Ella and I both having a howling time matching everything.

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* Winthrop Dunning's.

Sat night Oct 17, '91—

Guess we'll have to try to settle down now, and eat dinners in but three courses and have only two or three engagements a day. But this week has been one whirl! Ah me, but weddings are exciting things!

Wednesday afternoon (and part of morning) I put in at Wint's making mayonaise-dressing and lettuce-sandwiches. Some girls helped, but only I could roll and tie them, or cut the bread thin enough, so of-course I had to hustle most. Won many comps. on the dainty little things and had much ministrant sympathy and encouragement from the gentlemen. Little Miss Thompson (the very rich one from down south) was my main assistant, and we worked until five, assisted by Mr Boswell of St Louis and the best man. Door-bell ringing peals all day, and such elegant presents on every hand. Loveliest Royal Worcester, Prince Royal, Crown Derby, Dresden, Bonne and other lovely wares. Dressed so carefully. Gown a darling! Gloves a perfect match! Ella and I were ready when the carriages came. Were driven to Wint's. Got through the crowd and found the others all there, the girls looking like dreams they were so pretty. Best man presented us with the roses we carried.

Presently whirled off again. By eight we were in silent, excited line in the vestry room. Then the wedding march pealed forth, and we bridesmaids issued forth in slow state, two by two, proceeding down the aisle to the door where we met the bride, and her maid of honor and escorted them back in reverse order. Then we ten stood so—
/ \ in lines of five each, and after the service closed in so
— — back of the bride and groom, maid of honor, and best man

and followed them again in twos and "five pews" apart down the aisle, to the tune of the *Lohengrin* wedding-march. It was a new order, a late English innovation, very elaborate and very pretty.

At the house, before the crowds came, Winthrop presented each of her maids with a beautiful a.d. [after dinner] coffee spoon engraved with the date, the handle covered with lilies-of-the-valley, her favorite flower. Crush reception of course. We eleven girls received with the bride.

Ah me, the ilegant evening! I had a note from the duke in the morning saying when he would send the carriage. It came at 7 or a little after. Lovely crowd. Much merry brilliancy in parlors, then a grand descent to the dining-room. Mr Shearer took me down, which delighted me. Duke very careful in his assignment of dinner-partners. Table beautiful. Covers laid for 32. Mirror-lake centre-pieces bordered with smylax and jasmine and bearing rose-bowls of beautiful roses. Course-dinner in twelve courses and every course a marvel of artistic deliciousness. Full orchestra discoursing sweet strains all through the elaborate repast, which lasted just two hours and a quarter. It was quite the swellest and most artistic dinner I ever ate.

And at one today went to a luncheon at Mary Irvin's—quite the prettiest luncheon I ever attended. There were ten of us at table. Room darkened. Gas lighted. Table so daintily set: Smylax-border, a foot within—bowls of nasturtiums in centre. Hot oyster-soup, bread and butter on pretty bread-and-butter plates of Haviland ware, deviled crabs piping hot. Plates changed. Chicken salad served in lettuce-leaves. Olives, pickles. Plates changed again. Hot veal, sweet green peas, Saratoga chips. 'Nother change. Pineapple ice in thin glass sherbet-cups, angel-food, kisses and sunshine cake. Salted almonds. Last change. "After dinner" coffees, chocolates, marsh-mallows and other bonbons in silver bon-bon baskets.

Check from *Cottage Hearth* waiting for me when I got home, for story "A Happy Choice". Mr Blauvelt here.

Nov 8. 91—

Pouring rain! And such a needed rain, for between dust and the smoke of forest fires we could at times not see across the street.

Well, Journal, although it is not long, much seems to have happened since I wrote you last October—on Earl's birthday I see by the date. Guess I have not told you that I have heard from Earl. It was on his birthday the note came. It merely accompanied an express package of my letters and said that if I would he'd "love dearly" to have me write to him "if only occasionally and only a word". I have felt precious little inclination to write to him, though last night I did telling him I could see no earthly reason why we should not communicate, that I felt glad I had not trusted my life's happiness to care so uncertain, but that notwithstanding this tumble from the heights where I had placed him I could still think of him as a friend, and ending with a newsy letter about Cairo and all his friends.

I have a feeling that he needed to know I was not romantically breaking my heart over him, and that his fickleness *had* lowered him in my estimation—which of course it could not help doing. He has been adored of women too long, and that's just what's the matter with him. So while I didn't want to be unfriendly or show any pique or resentment (which I certainly do not feel) I did want to give him a healthful dose, as a sort of antidote to any little vanities that may possess him over my mental attitude toward him.

Nov 17, '91—

Well, I've had a birthday—27th—and drives and nutting parties, and moonlight walks and new clothes and all sorts of things since I wrote last. Saturday night Krop and I were at the theatre and afterward walked in the moonlight half an hour or so talking. He's a funny fellow—looking out for me, keeping account of where I am, who with, and how occupied, and just lovely about asking me places—and yet madly in love with Bebe Thompson.

Monday Jan 25, 1892.

Congratulate me, Journal. *My story has won the prize of one thousand dollars! ! !* *

Word—letters & circular came this morning.

Am about crazy with delight as you may guess.

To think that I, away off here, have won the great *mountain* prize. The company have written asking me to come on to North Carolina as their guest, to "review" the story with them—soon as the judges return it—and put in such local touches as it requires to fit it to their need. Our papers are giving me half-columns of "puff" already. A Miss Jones of Berlin, Germany, won the 2nd prize of 250.00.

I have just returned from a three-weeks' visit in St Louis.

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* A real estate company's prize for a novel written about Linville, North Carolina.

Jan 30. '92

Oh it is lovely to be "a thousand dollar beauty" as Krop calls me! I am just in a sort of daze of delight! And such enthusiasm as my friends have shown—bless 'em—has been almost loveliest of all. I am met on the street, at the theatre and every place with such smiles and hurrahs and handshakings, that it almost makes me howl, and quite overcomes me. It is so good to have friends. Why folks are as tickled as if I belonged to them. And the letters and notes. Oh, I wish I could copy a few dozen of them to show you how nice they are!

Wed. Feb 3, 1892—

Was ever a girl so spoiled as I! Or so happy! I wonder.

As if I hadn't had my head turned enough already, guess what happened at the Library this afternoon! I had gone up there to read a paper on Greek Sculpture (which I wrote in a tearing rush yesterday and today, amid congratulatory distractions and house-cleaning). Well, I read it and also Mrs. Bird's paper on "Spanish Art" (it was art day and I am chairman of the Art Committee) and had settled down calmly to hear the "conclusion of the whole matter". Such a conclusion as took my breath.

After giving out some notices Mrs Candee stepped forward to the platform and began

"And now ladies and gentlemen, I have one other message for you —a message of congratulation on the honor which you as a town and we as a club have received, in having as one of our members a *real live author."*

By that time when all eyes were upon me it began to occur to me that *I* was the real, live person referred to, and I gave a convulsive wriggle and for one moment covered my face with my hands. I can't give you all her pretty and grateful speech for I was too excited to be very sane, I only remember there was something about to "Miss Maud Rittenhouse, artist and author, as a mark of loving appreciation, from the Woman's Club and Library Association of Cairo Illinois," and that I stood with my eyes full of tears and grasped the big bouquet of roses and hyacinths and stammered something, which they applauded as if it had been a finished speech. Then Mrs Candee said some things about the honorary membership of the club, spoke of it as a distinction never before conferred upon a resident of Cairo, suggested that now the time had come to bestow the honor; and before I knew what had happened I was ringingly and unanimously voted an honorary member—I, "the youngest member", and because of the "honor" I was to them. Isn't it grand to have done something which may be considered an honor to the *town?* The papers have applauded with half-columns and big head-lines, and have quoted other papers referring to it.

And the letters still pour in. To-night I had one from Judge Cilley of North Carolina, one of the three judges, congratulating me. Guess I'll quote you that:

"As one of the judges to whom were submitted the mss offered for the $1000 Linville prize, will you please allow me to congratulate you upon obtaining the first award? I had no doubt about your right to it, and was very glad when my associates so far agreed with me as to secure it to you. Are you kin to the Pennsylvania Rittenhouses? Respectfully, C. A. Cilley." and then in a P.S. "A nice man like any lady loves a postscript. I am an old soldier and crippled, so my *ms* is not as neat as yours."

Did you *see* us Journal, the morning the news came? Hattie and I tried to go on sensibly making beds, but we stopped so often to hug each other and prance around, and re-narrate our sensations to mama, that it took us the blessed morning. And how Fred whooped, and then vanished, to come back bearing me a huge brass button and a bag of candy. How papa's message made us laugh, "Its just what I expected!" How Wood kissed me and said I shouldn't be Fred's twin anymore, but *his,* and how people and messages began to pour in.

A whole thousand dollars too! Doesn't it seem a *million* to a poor wretch who never could scrape up *fifty* before and who was tramping around airily with holes in her shoes, and giving lessons at fifty cents a lesson?

And now! oh wealth! I have bought a lovely new set of chairs (a dozen I mean) for the dining room, and new shades for the parlor-windows (the old ones were in tatters) and we have picked out a carpet for the library, and I have a hundred dollars for the new church and another hundred for temperance work and general philanthropy; and enough to put Harry through college next year, and to take Mama and me that lovely trip to New Orleans in March, as Mrs. Lyons has invited me to do—and oh everything! I feel as though "the world is mine!"

That night Mr Blauvelt came first, with a box of chocolates, and before he was through with his congratulations Krop and Mr OHara got here positively out of breath. They said they had *run* all the way, that they had learned the news from the evening-paper just as they were sitting down to supper at The Halliday, and that Krop hadn't been able to eat one bite. They were *so* enthusiastic and so pleased that it did my heart good. Krop can't get over it. The other night he was bringing me home from Auntie's (where we had taken tea) and he suddenly broke forth.

"My goodness! the thousand dollars doesn't compare with the good it'll do you. Its worth *twenty* thousand to you! Why sir, I was sitting down there on one of the cars looking out over the river, today, and thinking about you, and—well I'm so *proud* of you! The more I think of it the bigger it gets!" Then Monday noon while we were talking on the porch he spoke of the streams of callers coming to see "the prize girl" and made me shout by saying in his funny way "If Miss Risley and Miss Ella knew their business they'd be right out there at the gate *taking tickets.*"

Wed Feb 17, '92—

My draft for $1000.00 came this morning! Wood ran down and had it photographed. It is as pretty a little slip of paper as I have seen. Then *I* went to the bank and had it cashed. Mercy! but I felt like a business-person then. Deposited 700.00 on my own account, and 100.00 for the new church. Chucked 200. into my purse and spent half of it in half an hour. Such fun! New oak chairs for the dining-room, new carpet for the library, new blinds for the parlor and for my room, new linen for the stair-carpet, pretty new dress for Mama, swell new wrap for Mama, dainty Spring jacket for me! Of the $700., $100 goes for "philanthropy and temperance" and 300.00 to put Harry through the next year at college.

Friday Feb 19—

Mama and I go to New Orleans for a jolly visit next week—my treat! Mrs Lyons wrote me about it while I was in St Louis and I sent her letter to Mama saying, "Lets not decline *now*. Something might turn up!" And *didn't* it though?

Sat 21st—

Just returned from a jolly reception at Mrs. Galligher's. It is so lovely to be a little lion and have people enthusiastic over you! Krop took me last night to the train (to meet Eugene Lyons) and was sweet enough to have business with somebody to give us a good chance to talk. Eugene looked 8 feet in his tall silk hat. Oh,.oh! what a lovely time we are going to have in New Orleans! Company here!

Friday—Feb 26.

To-night at 1:10 we leave for ye south. So I just tell you, and then you must be locked up at home. Am going to party tonight and will come right home from there, put on my traveling-dress and go. Mama's bonnet and dress are so stylish and pretty and I am so pleased over them. Cousin Mary is going to be the little house-keeper while we are gone.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

It Does Men Good to be Snubbed Sometimes

Saturday, March 26/92

Reached home from the South just a week ago.

I never can tell you about it: spent in all ten days in New Orleans, five at Lagonda and three in Memphis.

Mrs Menager did not know of my broken engagement. One morning I was sick and had been asleep in Mrs M's room, and just as I woke up, heard Mrs M. saying to Mama, "And will Mr Mayne and Maud be married *just* as soon as he graduates, next year?" Mama replied in a constrained tone, "No." And then I stirred and they hushed. That night Mrs. M and I were tete-a-tete before the fire half an hour before dinner, and I told her briefly the story.

"Maud," she declared, "you are the bravest girl in the world! Here you have been as bright and cheery as a sun-beam—I did not dream of any of this. And frankly, I can't believe it! The man adored you! Why Maud, I saw enough of him to know it. He used to come away out here for nothing in the world but to hear us talk of you. And his whole face lighted up at the mere mention of your name. His love for you amounted to the wildest infatuation—only it was more than infatuation because it was real *love,* too. Don't tell me he can ever of his own free will have given you up. There's something behind it all that you don't understand."

Now when Mama Clark talked with me in St Louis she had very similar things to say. But if, through any momentary fit of heroics, he "gave me up" it is strange he could go on happy and bright and absorbed in his study all the time. (Did I tell you by-the-way that just before our departure for New Orleans I had a letter of congratulation from him?) Well, I think I convinced Mrs Menager that he didn't adore me quite so hard as she thought.

I found here, when I returned from the south, a letter from Ned

Hough—that too a letter of congratulation. And I think that if my experiences of the last year hadn't already convinced me that men are cold-blooded and not-to-be-counted-on, this letter would have done so most effectively.

Now that I am a little Success, with a large S, and am being applauded by the great "press" he can write prettily-turned little phrases, as he would to any lucky girl of his acquaintance. And five months ago (I didn't tell you Journal, or any one) when I was blue and wretched and heartsick, from a number of reasons, and with my very soul crying out for one real friend, I wrote him, with my eyes so full of tears I couldn't see the page, he answered—never a word. If I *do* grow bitter, which I try hard not to do, do you think there is any reason to wonder at it? I don't believe there *lives* a really true, loyal man.

It makes me actually sick when I look back over my life and think what precious hours (not to mention feelings) I have wasted over men who didn't deserve the tiniest little thought of mine.

Mama informs me tonight that *Elmer's wife* is on her way back here from London, and that Elmer too, will soon be back in Cairo to live. Will it not be frightful to meet, day by day until it grows commonplace, that ghost from my past!

I know one thing. Earl, Ned's letter, and Eugene (for thereby hangs another tale which I shall not tell you) even Eugene—have brought to fruitage a resolution that has been trying to bloom for some time—that from now hence—mark it, Journal—I do most earnestly forswear all interest in men,—save as I may study the creature to work it up as character for stories. Let me but find myself becoming interested in *any man,* old or young, handsome or hideous, and I shall punish myself in anyway, starve if I must, but I'll root it out.

Please don't understand that I mean to cut the sex entirely. I expect to see just as much of them as ever I did. But they shall find no room in my thoughts below the most superficial ones. In some other world perhaps, when they grow good ones, I may be insane enough to love one.

Sunday—

I am vain enough, Journal to copy here parts of a clipping from last Sunday's St Louis *Post Dispatch.* It is quite the breeziest notice I have had, and is headed, "A Clever Cairo Girl."

The Boston girl may have more "culture" but it is doubtful if she can match the Western girl for all-around enterprise and smartness. The latest instance of plucky endeavor crowned by success is credited to Miss Maude Rittenhouse, formerly a student at the St Louis Art School, and a frequent visitor at this city where she has a host of admiring friends. Miss Rittenhouse's home is in Cairo, Ill, her father being an old resident of that town. Away up in the top of a fine old mansion, whose old-fashioned stateliness reminds the observor that "we were somebody befo' de wah," this enterprising young woman, who is no bigger than a pound of soap, has her studio. There she receives a few daily pupils, painting very fair pictures, and dreaming day-dreams in the interims of their visits.

Then it tells of the Linville offer, and the conditions, continuing,

Now this audacious little artist had never been in North Carolina and knew nothing of that particular corner of the United States except that it could not possibly resemble her own semi-submerged native swamp in the slightest respect. But a little point like that couldn't daunt her, she wanted that thousand dollars and she proposed to get it. So she set to work and wrote a number of letters to different parties in that locality, letters requesting information as to the appearance of the country, the mineral and vegetable productions thereof, the flora, the dialect, the occupations of the inhabitants, etc. By the time her answers were in, for she was fortunate in receiving ample response, she had statistics enough to make a geographical compendium of the section. Having a lively imagination and the necessary "points" she proceeded to what, in technical art-language is known as the "composition" of her picture—the background of her story. Arguing that human nature must be just about the same in North Carolina as anywhere else, she wrote the story from models among her own acquaintances as all good story-writers do. The story when completed was submitted to the firm which had inserted the advertisement, and much to her surprise shortly afterward Miss Rittenhouse received their letter of acceptance and a check for $1,000. Subsequently she had another letter from them offering to defray her expenses to North Carolina if she would come and make some necessary corrections in the descriptive features of her manuscript. Her imagination, aided by statistics, had failed to bear out the reality in certain details. She is going, and when that story appears, and the critics begin to talk about its "local color" nobody will enjoy their wisdom more than the clever little woman who described the piny ridges of North Carolina while looking out over the mud flats of Illinois.

Of course it is "off" in a few points—the mass of statistics (in reality

I had but one letter beside the regular ads. of the place) and in the offer of the firm to defray my expenses there.

Sunday May 1, '92—

These have been gay times lately. I had just returned from a gay lunch-party at Mrs Hilleary's when Krop and Blauvi came to get me to go boat-riding. At sunset Vesta, Ella, Blauvi had to leave, so Risley, Mr Shearer and I rowed alone. I rowed away out to the cotton-woods, nearly to the river proper. The star-light was beautiful and of course we sang as people always do under such influences. The electric lights on the river, at the incline and in the town made fairy-like transformations of trees, clouds and water.

The country is all inundated just now, but the trees are beautiful in the early pinks and greens of spring.

Today I am *soul-sick* over some things Mama told me. She has been working with dauntless energy and determination in social purity work. She told me of some of the things that compelled her to do it, that taught her the fearful need. I want to cry out to God to rescue or *destroy* his people, when I learn of the unparalleled vileness, the hideous practices going on in the world among mere babies as well as older villains. It seems the very earth would cry out with the horror and loathsomeness of it.

May 8—

This week brought a great temptation—a letter and a circular from Ned. I had replied in a sweetly polite and formal little note to his letter of congratulation, and had asked some questions about the Carpenter Vacation Tours. I never really expect any answers from Ned, so when this budget came it came in the nature of a surprise. The circular tells of "Edward M. Hough's Personally Conducted Tours from City to Surf." It makes my eyes bigger just to read it. Niagara, the St Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, "the Notch" in the White Mountains, Portland, Boston, and a three-week's stay on Cape Ann at lovely "Magnolia" where Sara Orne Jewett wrote *A Marsh Island* and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps *An Old Maid's Paradise,* in sight of the Reef of Norman's Woe and full of delights too lovely for mere earth-born creatures! And the very fact that I *could* go, that in the bank to my account are ducats enough to take me, makes it painfully hard to resist.

And yet I know I have no right to spend for my own pleasure a hundred or two dollars that could apply usefully to so many other needs. It makes me shut my eyes hard to keep out the visions. To actually see Ned! To satisfy myself once and for all whether the old dreams are only dreams, or solid, substantial things! To think that for nearly seven years I have thought and thought of him though in all that time hardly knowing what part of the globe he inhabited and hearing from him but twice until last month.

When I knew him I was a saucy happy girl with hair in braids down my back. Yet silly girl that I was, I fancied he lacked traits necessary to make his character really strong and to be depended on. All the characters I then thought strong and trustworthy have proved themselves everything else. I may have been as mistaken in him. But I can't go a-seeking him. Never, never will I step aside one inch to see any man "ceptin' brothers".

I have written him that I cannot come. I hope the letter doesn't sound too disappointed. I know I tried not to let it be a very personal letter. It makes me cold yet to think of the letter I wrote him last October, when I was so desperately blue and wanted so to renew our old good-comradeship. Isabella has done with those tender sentiments, with wistfulness and wishfulness for all time. I wish I had never had a heart to begin with. It shall be iron-cased now at least.

Sunday May 15—

Tomorrow the warship *Concord* is coming here, and we are going to have a jolly racket over it. Artillery, governors and all sorts of things are coming and there are to be receptions and banquets and what not, in all of which Mr OHeah shines as the bright particular star. I don't know whether I can stick to my stern resolve to shun society when society will include brass-buttons and stripes and some *nelegant* men.

Friday, May 20, '92—

In an hour the *Concord* will be steaming out of port and the excitement all over. Well, it is "unconditional surrender" I have made. It was *such* fun. I felt as if I had dropped right into the chorus of a comic opera. It is wonderful how fast you get to know naval people. We younger folk repaired to the hall at the Halliday Wednesday as a sort of reception committee. There was only one drawback to the whole lovely affair—the champagne at supper. That was horrid and inexcusable I thought. It was Mr OH's order I know for none of the others on the committee knew of it. I am waiting to tell Mr OHara what I thought of it. One thing it pleased me to notice—that no one touched it of *my* friends, or in fact any of the home people that I saw. Mr Haeseler took two sips of his and quit. It was an hour afterward that I said to Krop, "I tell you Krop, I was just proud of you! It just did me good to see you sitting there straight and good and sweet not so much as looking at your wine-glass."

Krop beamed like a small boy, and then like a smaller boy still, called,

"Blauvelt, come here." And then—"Tell *him* how I looked just a-sittin' there not touchin' it, Miss Maude."

Then we all laughed, he had mimicked the small-boy-wanting-to-be-praised to such perfection. I can just tell you, Krop *is* sweeter and gooder all the time anyhow. Even his old cigarettes seem to be things of the past.

—There, the whistles are blowing—I'll run to the roof to see her leave!

Such a clatter all the boats in the harbor made to say their goodbye! I watched till the last mast was hidden by the trees. With my glasses I could see the officers and sailors—even the clothes of the "jackeys" swinging from the long ropes in the breeze and it really was like a good-bye to friends.

Thursday Mr Parsons had asked me to read something "sweet and bright" for the informal reception tendered the *Concord* officers. There was some delicious music. When it came time for me to read, handsome old Commander White, who had been talking to me, escorted me to a place that commanded a view of both parlors, and asked if he might fan me when I read. I really enjoyed that reading. I had selected that pretty little poem of James Whitcomb Riley's called "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." I love to read and that is one thing I am never the least bit nervous about doing.

When it came time to go to supper, Captain White did me the honor to take me out. Lieutenant Briggs was opposite me: the man was too captivating to be safe! I talked with Captain White entirely. The Captain insists I shall write a naval story.

"If you could write a mountain story without ever having seen a mountain, I don't see why you couldn't write a seafaring tale without ever being on the sea."

I think I dreamed of Lieut. Briggs. Why, in spite of his dark hair with its silver threads need he have looked like Earl!

Tuesday, May 24, '92—

Guess, Journal! Just now the postman left me a missive stamped "Greenville", where I had learned the USS *Concord* had stopped.

And of all persons to drop me a line—Lieutenant Briggs! Did the man feel by some magnetic current how he attracted me? For as I told you, I kept out of his way, hardly spoke to him. And he was the only officer of those I had known whom I did not even say goodbye to.

June 5, '92—

After that, the deluge! For a week I have only spun! part of the time *so sick,* yet plowing through rehearsals in the entertainment in which I have the leading part when I shook from nervousness, and working up meetings and things when I was so unstrung that I cried here in my room between times for sheer fright and exhaustion. Now it is all over—or will be after tomorrow, for tomorrow night we are to repeat the *Queen of Fame* at the Opera House. This time I am not a bit nervous somehow—as I wasn't last time after my foot had once struck the stage and I had heard the first sound of my own voice. It was really jolly after the "launching" was over.

Later—

Well, that which I have fought for years has come about. They have organized a Y. in Cairo and I am president. It wasn't that I didn't want the society here or think it needed, only I just knew it would be another load for *me* to shoulder. I am dead tired of working for poor ungrateful humanity. If I gave every minute of my time to the public, I couldn't begin to satisfy the demands made of me. And I'm not strong enough to do all I am expected to of outside work. I was ready to help the Y. work with a vim, but *not* to "run" it. We gave Miss Parrish (the organizer) a reception here the first night. Next day at dinner the little lady said, "I have a nice compliment for you, Miss Maud. *All the ladies* of the Union wanted you for president of the 'Y.' "

I wanted to screech! "That was very kind of the ladies," I said and politely refrained from telling how numerous and burdensome such compliments were.

"Will you serve?" she asked.

"No, no, no," I exclaimed. "I am worn out. I can't take up any other work."

So, all the way to the meeting that night I was equally positive and determined, for I was desperately in earnest. Felt I couldn't breathe or live if I had any more responsibilities piled on me.

But girls are like sheep. If one weakens they all do. I signed my name boldly—they passed me the paper first. Thirty-two girls joined at once to our amazement. Then they began the election. I was the very first one nominated. I wanted to rage and protest, or *cry* like a fool. But what could I do. To decline the nomination would be to throw cold water on the whole thing, and have everybody else declining too.

Well, to make a long story short, I am rushing the "Y's" *now* and grimly receiving the pretty letters from headquarters where they are congratulating themselves on "the splendid Y president" etc.

Had a meeting here Friday night. I had pretty well decided what lines of work to take up, and worked the girls into it. Membership ran up to 35—enthusiasm high. Flower mission, medal contests, and Health & Physical Culture taken up with *good* chairmen and active committees.

Thursday night after the performance Krop and the duke brought around a lovely band of cornets and clarionets and serenaded me.

Wed June 8, '92—

Last night there came a long letter from Mr. Mayne, beginning, "My dear Maud, I wonder if you ever think of me now with all your manifold labors to occupy your time? I am very certain that I don't deserve to be even thought of—but no more of this!" I think he doesn't, myself,—but I don't intend to *hear* the question or the confession. If I did ever think of him, I'm morally certain I shouldn't let him know it, and if I didn't, how childish to write him so. In another place he says, "Now Maud dear, I would like very, very much to hear of all the grand good work I know you are doing. I have missed *very* much the helpful productions of your pen. I have looked forward for many months for the story which won so justly the handsome prize, but have failed as yet to find it. Can you tell me please, when I can secure it?" He asks me to advise him about reading, which he now has a little time for (he is doing hospital-work in New York) wishes I were there—to see the parks in their summer beauty, trusts he hasn't tired me and hopes I'll find a moment soon to spare him. Most of the letter is about his work and the lines of thought and study it leads him into.

I'm afraid I'm getting mean. My first thought was, "Indeed, my dear doctor, I have no moments to spare for you! Why *should* I bother to write you?" And I decided I'd let his letter lie as I'm letting Eugene's, unanswered. I think it does men good to be snubbed sometimes. But I had a small favor to ask of him—that he write to Linville inquiring about my story. I want my friends from all quarters who are asking *me,* to ask *Linville* and let the company see how many people are interested in the story because it is *my* story, and how many consequently will be offended by their publishing it without my name (as they declared they would do when I declined to go to Linville to aid in its alteration)

So this morning I wrote the Earl a little note, telling him what I'd like him to do, but without giving any explanations (for I hadn't time for all that) and saying also that I was sorry I had not time just now to answer his nice long letter.

June 19, 92—

I begin to see quite clearly some things that were dark. Here is a letter, confidential to you Journal, from that blessed Judge Cilley, to whom I had written. Here is the confidential part—

There were two parties in the management of Linville. One party advocated advertising the glories of L. in the way finally adopted, by offering the prizes; the other party advocated the other modes, circulars, advertisements, etc. The Novel party argued that the $1000 would bring famous authors to the spot at once, to draw inspiration from the very scene of the story—that other folks would come to see the famous authors, and so that Linville would start out full grown as a resort. These, and similar considerations, advocated especially by a charming gentleman, then President of the Co., had due weight, and the scheme was adopted. The novels flowed in by the bushel but no authors, no lions, nor lion-hunters, appeared. Then, and before I got the Mss., although after I had been asked to review them, a meeting of the directors was held here to devise means of raising the $1250.00. A discussion brought up the old issue, the President resigned, and the party opposed to his views was in charge. The Mss was acted on, and then you were written to, not by or under the original management but by one somewhat unfriendly thereto. The whole correspondence following was dictated by the same spirit, and you can well see how a bit of *pique at the party whose influence led to your having a right to $1000.00 naturally extended itself to yourself. Behold the matter in a nut-shell.*

Then he tells me he heartily wishes I would come, gives me information about the route, the hotel and the people, and tells me I'll not need a chaperone at all. He says. "The principal objection to printing the book, the same confidential source of information tells me, is lack of funds." He adds,

Permit me in conclusion to draw your admiring attention to the exquisite chirography which gives this epistle a value far above that which would be assigned its literary or judicial merits. I am like the lovers of romaunt. "I won this fair hand upon the embattled field!" Always most cordially,
Your friend,
Clinton A. Cilley.

Sun June 26—

Wrote a week ago, telling Linville I would come if they still desired it. Had another long letter from Mr Mayne this week. And I have not yet answered the first. He had written to L. but had had no answer yet.

10:30 P.M.

Its storming and I'm afraid to go to bed. Nearly drowned me before I could get the windows down. Krop and I have been walking since Church. Isn't it strange! At Mammoth Cave last week, Krop happened to fall in with a girl whom I had met at the Comus Ball in New Orleans and disliked exceedingly. That horrid, *horrid* Comus ball! That Miss Annie! The thought of her revives all the horrid thing. What an evening that was! What a visit anyhow. And Eugene! If I live to be a hundred I cannot forget. I have never written him since. Had a letter a few weeks ago calling me to account and telling me I had never neglected him like this before. Well my neglect of him will grow to be no novelty, methinks.

Sat July 2—

The Duke and the Commodore have just left. Krop is a queer boy. He both amuses and exasperates me. With his fund of dry humor he is never a bore, but he is blunt to a degree! If ever he is complimentary I know it means a great deal. While Mr OHara—every speech is tinged with an air of admiration, flavored with a sort of delicate courtesy and deference. They are a funny contrast. Mr OHara has hinted to me lately that Krop's "case" here is getting a little serious. I think I set his mind at rest upon that score. I want to be a large influence upon Krop and "bring him up" nicely, but I mean to do it in a distinctly motherly way.

Have heard again from Mr Mayne. Three letters in such rapid succession almost take me back to last July. To the last one I have written a little half-page note of thanks for the favor he did me, telling him that I meant to wait for "a good long hour to myself" in which to answer his delightful letters.

Now let me tell you Journal how I feel, for I am in a confidential mood for once. Before Mama and I went south I wrote him (Mr Mayne I mean) a very kind, breezy letter in reply to one received but three weeks before. That was in the end of Feb. His reply came in *June*—almost four months later. A man has no more direct way of saying "We will not let this be too swift a thing—this correspondence". He says to be sure, that he has "missed the helpful productions of my pen", but if that were true he might very simply have possessed himself of them. Now I think I shall graciously permit him to miss them for a long, long time. I had asked him in the other letter to tell me of little Bessie Blossom, how she was and *where*—I wanted to write to her. Common politeness would have required an ordinarily prompt reply. I was sorely tempted not to answer these last letters of his anyway. But I *am* half "white" I hope—hence the little note of thanks for the kindness he had rendered me. But duty done in that line I think I shall gratify inclination for once and drop the correspondence. That is my privilege surely. I am making no resolution about this remember, for I mean to do just as I please, but if I continue to feel as I do now, Dr Mayne will at least have no need to further tax his time upon my account. It isn't that I do not admire him and think him a good man. Indeed I often think of him with real relief as one man free from the moral contamination abounding among most of the wretched men so-called, in the world. And with all my heart I hope he may remain as pure and true to his principles, and do much, *much* good in the world,—as I firmly believe he will. All this however does not make me any more anxious to pose as an eager admirer, or a meek and persistent suppliant for his favor. Have I not friends enough who are proud of the friendship and quite ready to make sacrifices to maintain it? So here's to independence, I. Maude. We're going to let the other fellow do the watching and waiting and wondering now. If it affects him so seriously as to make it our Christian duty to write, then we may do it—otherwise our pen shall be more profitably employed. Which reminds me that I have written two stories this week, over which Mama was enthusiastic. That pleased me very much. Have copied and sent them.

July 5, '92—

Have just posted twelve closely-written pages to Mr OHara. I have had my mind made up for a talk with him ever since the banquets and ball when the *Concord* was here. Last night the long, confidential talk we had on the way home from Cobden opened the way and I sat down here at midnight, and began the letter. It may make him very angry—but I hope it will not.

July 6—Wed—

To-night we've been listening to that wonderful phonograph at Mr Burnetts. It is the most entertaining thing! From there we went to Saup's for cream and Krop laid in a great box of chocolates for me (Huyler's too—about a bushel) Krop leaves for St Louis tonight. He's going to select my tennis shoes for me. Have been trying to write a story today. Sent for lovely new wall-paper for my room, Mama has been so anxious to have it papered and fixed up.

I never did tell you that I am not going to Linville after all. They've decided to publish my story *without alteration!*

Sat. night—11 P.M.—

Krop came over to report about the tennis-shoes and I laughed till it hurt me. The poor thing was so anxious to get it all in, that he got in a little too much and asked for "*undressed* tan goat." I don't think there ever were such shoes made. Says he went to 86 shoe-stores. "I noticed they all smiled when I told 'em what I wanted," he said, "but I thought it was because they were glad to see me. They tried hardest at Swope's. Mr Swope said, 'The young lady really wants *too much.*' But I came near getting a pair there, half dressed and half undressed, sort of decolleté, only they looked so heavy I thought you wouldn't be able to carry 'em around." When he left he said, "Well, well, well, I said I came just to tell you about those tennis-shoes, and I have taken just two hours and a half to do it."

Visit with Dougan this afternoon. Long, beautiful letter from Mr

OHara tonight. Was so relieved to get it. Have been a good deal scared over writing him as I did. But its all right, bless his heart. He enclosed a dear little letter from his mother and wound up by saying—"I will ask if you will let me talk to you personally on this subject which we are discussing and I sincerely hope that I may be able to retain your respect and esteem."

"No woman", he says, "except my dear mother, has ever presumed to address me upon this subject, and tonight, if she were aware of your action she would linger long upon her bended knee in earnest supplication to God to bless and reward you."

I've been fairly praying for courage and *Wisdom* to say just what I ought to him when he comes for the talk he wants. I could talk to almost any man more easily than he, just because he *is* so courteous and lovely, and because it does seem such absolute presumption. If I didn't like him so well, I shouldn't want so much to have him above reproach.

Thurs July 14 '92—

Since I tell you all the frivolities I must tell you about our tug-party Tuesday night on the *Theseus.* Krop immediately handed a chair over the raised affair in front of the pilot-house and got himself in right behind Alice and me. I don't know what was the matter with the boy. At first he talked gaily enough then he grew so still I accused him of being asleep. When Harry handed over my jacket he bounced up fast enough to put it on me, and he was quick enough to join us and help me up the levee after we had gotten back.

The boys had engaged a band to dance at Winter's Hotel. The floor was waxed *so* smooth, and the music was delightful. I danced every dance. Before twelve—really at a little past eleven—we danced a quadrille which Krop volunteered to call. He did mimic the very drawling inflections of the hired callers, made us do awkward things, and sternly stopped the music and started us all over if we made mistakes. We were all in an uproar by the time he finished with, "All promenade to Saup's ice-cream garden." So then we sauntered off through the moon-light for ice-cream. Hot political argument over the ices. I was the only Prohibitionist. David, Harry and Krop have all bet me cakes on different issues. They say that shortly after election-time I will be found running a small bakery—with the cakes I've won perhaps, who knows!

Sat July 1892—

Last night Mr Blauvelt came first—very early. Half an hour later Krop bore into view radiant in a broad smile and Russian tan shoes. We sat on the lowest step. In another half hour, the Duke appeared, exquisite as usual, and he hung his hat on his cane and sat on the step below me. We fell into tete-a-tetes somehow, Papa & Blauvi, Mama & Krop, the Duke & I, but we latest couldn't talk *the* talk so publicly. Krop had to go at ten and he insisted Mr OHara must go with him. Blauvi kept me out on that damp porch in my white gown till after twelve! I nearly had a nervous fit, and even after I chattered visibly and pulled a part of my gown around my thinly-clad shoulders he sat on serenely for half an hour. If only he could learn a decent time to go home.

Had a letter yesterday from the Congregationalist Publishing House, Boston. I quote a bit:

"Your story entitled 'Her Home-Coming' suggests that you might write us a book—containing from 65,000 to 80,000 words—with *home-relationships* as the topic. Wouldn't you like to set before the young an ideal home—containing just such thoughtless, but growing thoughtful, young people in it, as you have in that sketch, and exhibiting the delightful results of Christian influence and training." Such a work, the editor says, would not only "remunerate the author, but help ever so many families in the right direction". Isn't it a beautiful opportunity?

Sunday—Next Day.—

Krop & Duke here for dinner with us. Last night there was a hayride. For reasons Carrie and I decided we preferred not to go. We two with Alice had a conference in the afternoon. At 6 Krop dashed in and suggested a drive in a "Big Four Rig" instead. "Big Four" means "yellow" in *our* dictionary, and this rig is a very jolly long affair with tan-colored cushions, harness & wheels, holding six, two facing the horses, and four tete-a-tete behind. *"That'll* be cooler than hay," Carrie said. We decided to go. Mr & Mrs Hilleary chaperoned us. The hayriders called "Deserters!" to us. But I was glad we had deserted, we were so high and cool.

Morning Aug 15—

Just before Mr OHara went to Denver, I said to Carrie, "What hasn't Mr. OHara done! Flowers, drives, rides, parties, 'Plows', books, *Lifes,* and *Judges* and trips up-country. There's but one thing on earth he can yet do, and that is to send us souvenir spoons!"

Well this morning (as though the thought had struck him too) there came for me the *dearest,* daintiest spoon from Denver. It is all gold, has "Denver" and the date in relief in the bowl and a knight-templar on the handle, the reverse side bearing his initials. I just pranced! That makes me ten spoons. Isn't he a brick? Expect to hear that Carolyn has been similarly favored.

Just finished fool story yesterday called "The Lamentations of Lulie". It is one of the sort that is likely to prove a white elephant.

Fri Aug 26

The "returns" are coming in! I take some malicious pleasure in the thought that if my snubbing *can* hurt, three men of my acquaintance are *being* hurt. It is Eugene who writes now. He says,

Please, Maude Dear,

Won't you write me something? I don't care whether you are good or whether you scold, I am just hungry for a word or two from you. I can't even imagine what this impressive silence means. You never treated me like this before, and it makes me creepy and uncomfortable. Surely I am entitled to a word of dismissal at least, even if you can't give me a "character". Has someone induced my loyal little sister to adopt Miss Nan's opinion of Mr. Lyons, or was it the aroma of the champagne at the "Mistic Krew" ball that condemned me? I am yet absolutely unattached. No flirtation even has rippled over the surface of my summer.

I think I may write to him now, and if I do I mean to do some very frank talking.

Sat A.M. Aug 27, '92—

Last night I confidently expected George Corliss and rather thought that Krop would come. Well after a game of tennis at the court, Emma Halliday met me and begged me to go "round the belt" with her on the electrics. That spin over, I hustled home to entertain those two men and keep things smooth (George doesn't like to encounter Krop, hence the roughness) but they were neither one here. Instead, sat Blauvi, and I gave a great inward groan because I *did* want to get to bed early to be ready for the trip today.

However, for once I forgave the man for staying until after midnight—for he couldn't talk enough! He and Ella are actually to be married in October—probably on the 19th or 26th! To think that Ella has actually surrendered fairly took my breath. I am the first soul Blauvi has told save that he *had* to tell Mame Hancock 'cause they are to room there, and as he was "just one" she wouldn't give him the room he wanted until he fessed up! Never tell me again that pure dogged persistence will not win! Poor old thing! For his sake I am awfully glad, for it did seem sort o' pitiful to him wasting his devotions in this hopeless way year after year. And I know he'll be good as can be to Ella, for he has sense enough to know how vastly his superior she is. She'll be down Tuesday.

Sun Aug 28—

We never know how bright our own sunshine is until we run into some other folks' shadows. After the "gay whirl" of yesterday and last night, I have been for a time this afternoon in a wretched, dirty, ill-smelling place where a young girl lay dead and a destitute mother sat in all that wretchedness and cried for her. Think of that mother. A widow—I suppose—with one son a hunch-back, one dead daughter, and one daughter who has the most frightful and incurable fits. The mother has been unable to work because of caring for the consumptive daughter, and her only money came from boarding two children who have "mothers but no fathers" and whom "the mistress" in a vile house of prostitution will not allow about. I talked with five little boys at the foot of the stairs in this tenement, and I can't tell you the pity I felt for them. "Mothers but no fathers". Isn't there a volume in that significant explanation. Oh! that such a state of things can be tolerated in a decent, Christian country! What can expect those poor little wretches to grow into, with no fathers, such mothers, and only the training of the streets. And to know that some man who walks our streets today, perhaps comfortable, conscience-free even *honored,* may be a father to one of those boys. I'll tell you it makes me want to *talk* to my men friends about such things. It seems to me almost sometimes that I *must.* I believe vice of that sort is too generally ignored and condoned. If boys were trained wisely as children, and taught purity by pure parents, society generally would not be an institution so full of black spots one dare not probe. But when boys are taught all their lives that purity is only for women (*some* women) and vice a necessity to them, and "natural" what better results could one expect. Thank heavens I have four brothers with no such notions. With them vice is vice, in man no less than in woman.

That is the only thing that scares me about these men of whom I see so much and whom I like so well. How do I know, but that under all their outer loveliness, their immaculate, embroidered shirt fronts, their white ties and their diamonds, there may be knowledge of things that would sicken me, habits that would make me loathe them. And one is so helpless! I will not associate with men whom I know to be impure, but there are times when I am in a sort of nervous terror for fear I may hear some such hideous things of these men whom I call my friends.

Sat Sept 3, '92—

Charlie is here to live—Charlie Wenger of-course I mean. Did I tell you about my visits with him in New Orleans? Yesterday morning I had just finished the housework when I heard Krop's ring (three short taps now—George having appropriated the old ring which was a little pandemonium on all three bells) and running down found him on the porch with Charlie. Krop was wild for another game of tennis. Once while we were hunting a ball in the tomato-patch back of the stop-net, and Krop was warning me away from a snake-y place he said, "I wouldn't go there—Maud" and I caught my breath. After that he called me "Maud" as boldly across the court as if I had been "Maud" to him always. I suppose he thought if Charlie and Blauvi and George can call me Maud he can too.

Sun Sept 4, 92

While Charlie and Krop were here the other morning, the postman brought the mail, and in it was a long letter from Eugene. If I can believe him he loves me well enough to be hurt at least. He says, "Dear Maude, I don't remember ever to have read a letter that hurt so much as yours. There are not enough people in the world that I care for, to be willing to lose one, especially when the one who wishes to brush me out of her heart and life is the one of all others whose loyalty I would have sworn by. Tell me little sister, aren't you rather hard? Do all the years count for nothing?"

Then he goes on pleading, explaining, telling he'd rather blot out every thought of that gay & happy two weeks than to lose one iota of my loving, how all the triumph and pleasure have turned to "ashes and dead leaves" since my letter came, and he'd gladly wipe out all his successes and everything to have his "little sister" back again. And he ends with,

"I am only sure of one thing, and that is that whatever I did or whatever I seemed, I loved you then and now and always, second to nobody, and trusted you and counted on you as I have few men or women—and thought you knew and understood me better than other people. *I* certainly have not changed. I may never have been worthy the affection that you gave me, and maybe you have only now reached the right conclusion, but whatever the future has in store, I am glad you can't take away the memories of the ten years gone by."

All this ought to touch me—but it doesn't. I love people *so hard* when I do love them, but one hard chill changes me utterly, and I can't get back to the old place. The thought of "the ten years gone by" does sadden me and appeal to me—as he intended it should. The long, long talks, the confidences, the visits and walks, the brotherly interference, even the quarrels. *That* Eugene I could love still. But it isn't true, his "*I* have not changed," for in New Orleans he wasn't the same man. And he *was* cold and selfish in his own family and I'm glad I told him of it all even if it did hurt.

Sat Sept 10/92.—

I need some sort of a new exclamation to express all the startled surprise I feel when I tell you this piece of news. Ned is married!!

We were sitting on the porch, Krop, Mr OHara and I discussing the box of Plow's chocolates the latter gentleman had brought me from Chicago when he told me. We were speaking of his cousin Miss Montforth when the Duke said suddenly, "Oh, I asked her of Mr Hough and she tells me he is married—but I suppose that is no news to you—married a widow too." And then I managed to say in my nicest little society tone,

"But it is news. How delightful! Really married?"

And he went on to say, "Yes, he had waited, it seems, to be with his mother, but when his mother died he married, a month later." I believe he said something about a sister, "widow and her sister" though I understand Ned married only one of them. I can't begin to tell you how queer it makes me feel. And yet, I ought to be very glad of it. He deserves to be happy and married. Heaven knows I made him unhappy years enough. And if I made myself more unhappy, that was not his fault. But a man to whom you were once engaged, who was the "nearest" soul to you you ever had! And married for months and months and I not know it! Of course it upsets me! And I couldn't sleep until I talked to you about it, for you can't talk back. You see I have never relinquished the sneaking hope that I should *somehow* somewhere meet him "face to face" and solve all the old problems.

And to save my life I can't believe that they are solved. Unless I could see him with his wife it would be impossible to imagine him changed toward me. He couldn't be. She *couldn't* understand him as I did. And nobody ever *has* understood me as Ned did. It seemed to me always that we could see right into each other's souls. Speech was unnecessary. And yet when we were together, we could hardly talk enough, there were always such volumes to say.

I try to fancy it all, the sort of widow she is, the probable romance of it all, his loneliness after his "marmee's" death, and all the story of his new love. And I truly hope he is happy. But he *doesn't* care for her as he did for me. With any other man, under these circumstances, I should be saying, "He has forgotten! They are all fickle alike." But Ned hasn't forgotten. If we never meet till in another world in a thousand years, he will remember, and we shall be the same old comrade-friends. But it will be better if we don't meet *until* then. Oh, I have the queerest, idiotic, choked-up feeling over it!

Wed Sep 14/92—

Myoh! but it makes a fellow feel fine to sit down and haul out her check-book and dash off her check for four hundred dollars at a pop! Next to earning money there's nothing so delightful as spending it. 350.00 of this was for Harry, and 50.00 for the re-decorating of my room. Mama insisted I should do this, "because" she says, "you only live once and what good will your thousand dollars do you if you never get any pleasure out of it." My room will be ready to have the furniture put in tonight. I have had the wood-work done in light oak, the paper is cream with a blue flower semi-conventional, and delicate twists of gold, the ceiling is to match only in lighter design, there is a "style" of pale blue plastico finished against the ceiling with gold "beading" and which meets, on the side-wall a handsome 18-inch frieze. Below this is the picture-molding—also in gold. It is very airy and pretty. Have a new blue-and-cream matting for the floor, and yesterday with Harry's tremendous assistance I finished the loveliest dress-box, up-holstered in cream and dark & light blue. Have a cushion to match and a table covered with the most aesthetic gobelin-blue and pale green fringe. Am going to have a handsome rug or two and a pretty new blue washstand set. Then I'll have a room indeed! Risley will be my room-mate this winter. She came Sunday and we've been sleeping in Harry & Rob's room. Everything's upset. House-cleaning etc.

Sun Sept 18 '92—

I can't help being heart-sick over Harry's leaving this time. He goes early in the morning, back to New York, and New York will probably be quarantined against, soon. Cholera has already broken out there—scattered cases—but one was at 221 East 31st and Earl is now at 223 East 31st and Harry is to room with him. This case was the servant in the family. To-day's papers rather question the genuineness of the disease in this case, and that relieves me somewhat. I have made him promise to have a small gas or alcohol stove in his room to heat water and food, and he will take a hot water bottle with him "and fill it with hot-water *now,*" he says, laughing, "to have it ready." He isn't a bit afraid, says he ought to go now of all times to study and to serve for this is a doctor's real service-time. But I love him so, the dear old brother, and it makes me wild to think of his going voluntarily right into the plague!

Have another offer from the local press as society correspondent with remuneration.

Wed Oct 19, 1892—

I want to remember this date. Ellie's wedding day! I can't believe that she has actually married him. Hope she *will* be happy—the dear! I very nearly howled during the service although I know he'll be as good to her as possible. Decorated the church this morning. Blauvi simply grinned he was so tickled, and his responses were so firm and vigorous you could have heard them half way down to the levee. Left on the 4:30 for Chicago, then to Oregon. Ella did look so sweet!

Sat Nov 5/92—

I never have time to talk to you. Am writing now as I dress. Am going in a few minutes with Charlie Wenger to hear Frederick Warde and Louis James in *Julius Caser*. This is Rob's birthday. Last Saturday was mine. *Another* birthday (28 years). Think! I've simply had thousands of them. This one marked an event; we all went to a theatre-party of the Duke's, it was *The Old Homestead,* and it was just good and lovely.

Monday Nov 21 '92—

Am "all broke up". The Kommodore is going away to live—and in just about ten days. That he is to accept a high position and a flattering salary in Kansas City scarcely tends to soften the blow. I have been afraid of this ever since the Big Four put Mr Ramsay here as General Agent. I tell you it makes me blue to have him go. The blunt old boy was almost gentle in his mood and lingered over the gate in the starlight as he told me.

The Duke came right after tea and stayed until toward eleven, talking much of the time of Krop. Some of his statements I derided and he said, "Well I'll not attempt to analyze Mr Shearer's feeling for you. You may call it friendship if you will, but it has been the most constant of any affair of his. He has called here twenty times where he's been any place else once!"

Nov 23—Wed 11 PM.—

Am disgusted with myself and all my friends. Vilest old play at Opera House! If I could only have marched out instead of merely sitting like a stone with my features fixed.

Coming back (with Krop on one side and Mr OH on the other for we took the other girls home first from the play) Krop kicked gaily running ahead & singing "Ta ra da boom de ay". "Quit Krop," I commanded. "Why?" "I *hated* that old girl." "Oh, I liked it," Krop said, & that disgusted me more than ever. Only I don't believe he liked it, for I stole a look at his face & it was as solemn & disapproving as possible.

Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. But I don't want to go to bed. My conscience isn't easy enough to let me sleep. If I could only have *shown* my contempt by leaving, but Mr OH and Gertrude were with me. I *did* suggest it to Lizzie Shields—but she didn't seem to care to start, though she said she was too sleepy to know what they were playing. Meteoric shower tonight. Counted over sixty in a few minutes. Will read my Bible till I freeze and then go to bed.

Sunday, Dec 4, '92

Well, Mr and *Mrs* Blauvelt have dined with us today—"Ella and her husband" as Mama puts it. Charlie Wenger is incorporated as one of our household. It is so jolly to have him. He rooms with Rob.

Sunday Dec 4, 92, 11 P.M.

It is all over; Krop has gone. He raced all around telling his friends goodbye and of-course I knew he'd come here soon as he had gotten through; so I stayed home from church and studied religious papers & books till he came, which was at about 8 or 8:15. He looked so pleased to find me here.

"Well sir," he exclaimed, "I just wondered if you'd be nice enough to stay home from church for once to see me."

I couldn't even smile at Charlie after we had all said goodbye to the Kommodore—for I called the household before he left. I shall miss the big, blunt, beaming, jolly fellow awfully!

10:30 P.M. Wed Dec 14—1892—

Whenever Charlie comes home he stops at the foot of my stairs and whistles to me. If I answer, he runs up. When he came to-night he brought me a lovely box of fresh marsh-mallows and chocolates and said "Poor girl!" so comfortingly over my trials with Mrs Lewis' vase. Am doing Christmas orders night and day.

Krop has made us one visit already, which is doing pretty well when he's only been gone a week. Did I tell you he has received the appointment of Commercial Agent on the K.C. F.S. & Gulf Road—headquarters at St Louis? Isn't that fine.

Thurs Jan 5, 1893—

Have just rec'd this from *Demorest's Magazine* (did I ever tell you the Linville Co had given me the ms. of "In the Afterglow" to dispose of)—

Upon re-reading and further consideration we have very reluctantly come to the conclusion to decline youı ms. "In the Afterglow", and return it to you this day by express as you requested.

For our purpose it does not possess sufficiently 'striking' situations to divide effectively for a serial: indeed it is so consecutively and equally written throughout that it would be a pity to cut a single page from the ms. & it should be published in its entirety in book form and richly merits success. Every lover of nature will thoroughly enjoy the descriptions of the scenery, for they are very beautiful; and the story running through them is*

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* NOTE BY MAUD: I had given permission to "cut" leaving just the story.

very pretty and fascinating,—& in this fin de siecle *there is a dearth of just such pure stories.*

We are anxiously awaiting for the time when we may receive something shorter from your pen. Meanwhile, wishing you the success with your story which it deserves, we remain,

Most cordially yours,
W. Jennings Demorest

M. I. F.

Jan 10 '93 Tuesday—

Had a funny little letter from Bessie Blossom (Earl's niece) a day or so ago, in which she says, "Uncle Earl speaks of you in every letter he writes, so you see he has not or never will forget you. He graduates next year, and then I will be more interested in his proceedings and hope they will be satisfactory on *all* sides."

That much underscored "all" speaks her fondest hopes, poor child! As to "Uncle Earl", *I* never mention him to her or to any other correspondent, and I have never yet answered his June letters.

Sun March 12/93—

I never get to write you these days, yet so much is happening. Henry is ambulance surgeon at Bellevue—got his appointment ten days ago—; the house is being painted; I have given a successful art-exhibit in the studio; Bessie writes me that Earl is going to South America; Eugene is nominated States Attorney in Chicago; Krop is acting the goose because "the boys" are teasing him about coming here so much; Edwy Reeves is writing me fat letters as fast as he can, and Charlie is making love to me and is so dear and sweet about it that I can't mind it much.

March 27/93—

Letters from Eugene & Earl today.

As to Earl: After a time it seemed to be so silly and childish to let his June letters lie unanswered, that after a nice little deliberateness of 8 months I wrote him, a few weeks ago. I was rather surprised when this long, closely-written letter from him came. He begins,

"Dear Maud, I won't make any excuses for not writing sooner only I want to say most emphatically that it has not been because I didn't want to. Your delightfully charming and bright letter came a very long time ago, and as of old, it filled me with something which added buoyancy to my existence."

Then he tells me of his work, & plans, of Harry's success and their pride in him, and again,

"Well Maud, I think I could go right on reading the things you write continually. It matters not whether it is on cookery, art, romance or anything else, the same individuality stamps it all with that something which is all attractiveness. Your little discourse on cooking was most interesting to me. How could you *help* being successful, I'd like to know?"— There's Charlie whistling under my window. He had to work tonight and is just getting home.

The *Mikado* comes in now as part of my rushing. We are to produce it here and I am Pitti Sing.

Apr 5/93—

I wonder what to call the state of affairs between Charlie and me. Perhaps I have been a little cool to him since Sunday but why doesn't he find out *why*—instead of— Last night I cut two other things to go to the *Mikado* rehearsal. Charlie knew I was going but instead of asking to take me rushed off to get shaved. So Risley went with me. I kept away from him and declined a chair he offered me. Afterward he came up and asked with a little flourish if he might walk home with us. Later he begged us "Oh, don't go to bed!" Finally I brought my sewing down but Risley wouldn't come. He came around behind me and bent over me. I leaned away and he said in an aggrieved voice, "I was only going to smell the flowers." And then he went into the back parlor & lay down on the sofa.

I went on sewing hard and fast. Of-course I supposed he'd want me to sit by him and talk, but he didn't call to me so I sewed diligently—the room in utter silence—until I had come to the end of my work. Then I thought I'd just slip off up-stairs when I discovered he was looking at me fixedly. "What are you going to do?" he said. "Go upstairs," I answered, "I thought you were asleep."

"Asleep!" he exclaimed, "I haven't had my eyes off your face!" Then he came in unsmiling, asked if he'd better lower the light, and having done so came up-stairs, both of us mute and cool. There haven't been any whistles for me to-day. I wanted to have a good talk with him but how can I at this rate?

Sun May 7, '93—

Think of losing three friends at a whack! We are all broken up.

Charlie & Ellie and Billie gone. The Lumber Co goes to Chicago and they go with it [Charlie Wenger and Blauvelts] We were all up to Dougan's last night. If only I had not been so hateful to Charlie! The minute the train was out of sight I broke down and howled on Risley's shoulder. Mabel Bennett was in tears too, & we all took a trip "round the belt" to dry our eyes. I've done nothing but cry since. Charlie has left an empty place twenty men his size could not fill.

Wed May 24/93—

Well, the great ordeal of the *Mikado* is successfully passed. I have made my debut in Opera! And a jolly little triumph it was, too. If I am a slave to this town they reward me by being beautifully appreciative. I was praised, and applauded and complimented, and called the "star" of the performance (though I hadn't the star part at all) and told that "nobody else was in it" either for beauty (!! lay that to rouge, penciled eyebrows and a really charming costume) grace or vivacity, when compared with me.

Krop came down from St Louis and the Bells from Cobden. The house was *packed* every inch of standing room taken. For once I wasn't even nervous. My only trouble was that I was sick. Dave didn't get hold of a carriage and we walked to The Halliday. Once or twice I thought I'd faint with pain. When I struck a chair in the parlors I was all right. We were the last arrivals—11 PM. Everybody rushed to me with "Oh Maud, you were the whole opera! Couldn't get my eyes off of you." "You were the cutest thing I ever saw." etc. etc. I was half dead when I got here (2 AM) and although I undressed in one spot and as fast as I could it seemed ages before I could creep into bed.

Tues June 20/93—

We are expecting Harry today!! All up early to get things nice for him. Can hardly wait. Kroppy came last night too. He'll be here to-night. Wrote him into a story while I was sick. Called it "Kaiser Krum".

Wed June 28—

Funny letter from Eugene who wants me to hurry up and come to the World's Fair. Has a lot of stuff to tell me—thinks he may fall in love with another girl—needs me. Says, "Scold me, swear at me,—anything so you write to me. Need all of it, I guess."

You don't know how good it is to have dear Dr Harry home with us. He drops in as naturally as if he had never left.

Aug 6, 93—

On the night of the 1st I came home from the World's Fair. I shall certainly never regret going. It was magnificent, wonderful. It happened I went to the Fair with *Charlie* the first day. It was at about 2 P.M. Charlie must have thought me suddenly possessed when I stood stock still and looking out over the lagoons and fountains, the great white buildings, the domes glittering in the sun, I gasped, "Oh, *oh,* CHARLIE! I'd have come all the way for just this glimpse."

That first day was delicious. We took swift tours through the "Manufacturers and Liberal Arts", the "Government Bldg", and the "Fisheries" before 5:30. Then we went to Rector's Marine Restaurant, and on its breezy gallery had the swellest sort of little dinner. (The first glimpse of the menu made me faint. All the salads were .60 & .75, the fish all .60 & .75, relishes .25 & .30, vegetables 30 & 40, ice cream .25 etc—but after all in a crowd it didn't amount to much, and "we Clarkes" went there afterward.) Our dinner finished we hurried to the Womans' Building where we met *Ella,* Blauvi, Risley & Mrs Randall. Wasn't that perfectly glorious?

Oh the nights on the cool lagoons, gondolas gliding by us, water splashing & dimpling, thousands of lights outlining the beautiful buildings, the great fountains playing, their fairy-like tints reflected in the lagoons, statues gleaming in the strong white of the search lights, and in the cooler shadows palms waving gently in the breeze and marble steps shining in the drip of the waters, while all about us music and laughter and the sounds of the tongues of all nations!

It was all a dream and a poem. Of-course I saw and did all that could possibly be crammed into fifteen days—art-galleries, ceramics, big buildings, foreign exhibits, the Ferris wheel, the Libbey Glass Works, Vienna Cafe, Ice-slide, Streets of Cairo, Esquimaux Village, Intra-Mural R.R., Convent of La Rabida, Krupp Gun, Hagenbeck Animal Show, the fireworks, and foreign lunches & dinners—everything!

Then there was a delicious last night, when after a dinner at The De Soto, Eugene, Mr & Mrs Clarke and I, went to Lincoln Park to see the loveliest of the electric fountains. After that we returned a call at The Plaza. Then there was a walk to the lake where the waves were booming gloriously in the golden moon shine. It was after midnight when we got home. Eugene spent night on South Side so's to see me off early in the morning.

Saw *America* at Auditorium, and *The Professor's Love Story* at Hooley's—Mr Willard. Simply delicious!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Journal's End

Aug 29, '93—

Have just leased a studio—*two* rather—in Gilbert Block, for a year—. Today it is being beautifully papered in a soft, dull robins' egg blue. Enter on the 1st.

Fri Sept 1/93—

Harry and I moved to-day. After the things were down, I put on a clean shirt-waist and followed to straighten up. The men in the building just about quit work to visit with me. It was funny. There were seven of them there off and on. Dr Harrell just stopped filling teeth, and dropped in with a gold crown and an instrument and gave me advice while he filed. At last even old Mr Cunningham hobbled in to say "You'll be so clean in here, you'll make us all ashamed." They all teased me though because of the bottles in my window—left by the previous occupant. "Sherry" "Oporto" they are labeled, and they *are* a wicked-looking lay-out. Brought me a $14.00 case to hold my china in. Grace gave it to me for 12.00. Need loads of things, but when I saw my bank-book balance this morning it scared me into economy. I have only 148.68 left.

Sun Sept 10/93—

Have precious little time to write, but its a rainy Sunday and I've been to three services already and going to another tonight, and I think I may take a minute to tell you about Us in Our Rooms. We feel every bit that big. We are getting things into such beautiful order! I have made my first dollar; Harry had, today, his first surgical operation, since we were established. After I got all fixed, my floors looked so dull I decided to give them a hard-oil finish. Harry and I together bought a great bottle of oil and he gave his new operating-table two coats, and I went all over my floors. The table is a beauty though he made it all himself with its doubly-hinged head-incline, sliding, grooved brace and all. I can hear him hammering and sawing in his back room while I whistle & work in mine. Yesterday I gave my small room a second coat, and having oil left over finished the insides of china-case—doors, drawers, etc. so that it looks much better. The gentlemen as usual were there off and on.

Dr Harrell hardly has time to pull teeth any more, he is so busy moving the big step-ladder for me, hanging my pictures and cleaning my casts. He simply haunts the place, and he is really very droll and amusing. I was puzzling about how to clean my plaster casts when he rushed to his office, came back, and as I told him, deliberately chloroformed my poor Apollo Belvedere, afterward scouring him with alcohol & what not, all to no purpose. Finally he hit upon pumice-stone and it works like a charm. My casts all look fresh & white as if newly-cast. We couldn't distinguish dirt from shadows before.

Have made my china look ten times as rare & costly by a very simple device. Taking pretty plain boxes, I have lined them with puffed silk in dainty tints, screwing tiny brass hooks in the lid, and there my saucers rest & my little cups swing, looking *exquisite.*

Sunday night, Sept 24/93—

Old Journal, its a ghastly confession to make, here in my room with the curtains down, the door tight shut and our two selves alone. I believe I am an *old maid.* I found a white hair this morning; and I haven't had either a love-letter or a gentleman caller in *two weeks*—I mean one with any paraded "intentions". Isn't it funny to think that "Maudie" with all her "theories" and impulses and eternal youthfulness is turning out a genuine, truly old maid.

Risley was down in my studio last night, and asked abruptly, "When have you heard from Charlie?" "Oh, not for weeks," I answered, and I forebore to tell her the effusive character of his last letter. "Well," she said deliberately, "that is funny. The man simply raves about you—can't talk about anything or anybody else. Kept saying, '*Do* you think Maud would marry me Risley?' or, 'I don't have a ghost of a chance with Maud.' While he wondered and questioned and raved, *I* wondered what the type-writer in the next room must be thinking. You'd have died, Maud, to hear him saying in that *young* way of his, 'Do you suppose she'd be willing to marry me when I've nothing laid up?'"

Charlie is such an infant to be nearly thirty-five! the youngest man

I know—and one of the sweetest. A thorough little gentleman, sweet, and clean, and unconsciously selfish. Oh these coy admirers. There's Krop. It makes me smile when I remember Miss Bell's reproachful, "How *can* you treat poor Mr Shearer so badly when he is so openly in love with you?" Do you know I laughed a gale right on the street at that. Imagine the Kommodore in love with anybody—particularly me. "You were never more mistaken in your life," I informed Miss Gertrude, but she had her own "reasons" and stuck to them. This isn't what I sat down to tell you; but its too late. All well-regulated, story-book little old maids feed their cats and go to bed when the clock strikes nine. And ours will be pealing twelve before long.

Sat Oct 15/93—

Am just home from my second trip to the World's Fair. Ella invited me to her house, and Charlie sent me a pass. It was all *blissful.* It went in such a hurry it made my head swim. We were all in the big crush (nearly 800,000 people) on Chicago day. The biggest crowd ever assembled in one spot in the world, or ever likely to be during our life time. Had loads of fun. Charlie's love-making is very funny. Guess I'm not quite an old maid after all. Blauvi kissed me goodbye and Charlie made a lunge at him with my satchel. B. & Ella seem very happy.

Oct 29, 1893—

Another birthday! (29 years) How the years fly!—Well, there's old Krop's ring breaking right in upon my homily on age.

Christmas Eve—93—
(Or rather the morn before Christmas)

Charlie is probably peacefully sleeping in the next room. He was to get here at 12:40 and *did* I guess, but I had lost so much sleep in the last three weeks, I did not wait to see him. Eugene Lyons, too, comes today to spend Christmas with us. Dear old Fritz (brother Fred) got home from Chicago yesterday morning, and is crammed with delight to be home.

I have a fire in my room to bathe by, but it is really unnecessary. When I got up at half past six the moon was pouring a golden flood into my room.

We had our S.S. festivities last night, as today is Sunday. My children were the sweetest things there; twenty six of them bore the 26 letters of the alphabet, and each baby said a text beginning with the letter.

Curly-headed little Donald in his kilts held his A aloft and repeated boldly *"A* soft answer turneth away wrath." Then baby Edna, her little cheeks pink with excitement mounted the platform with her "B" and sung out in her soft, clear little voice, *"Be* not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good." Birdie Donaldson, aged three, came next. Her long white gown was too much for her going up the high step of the platform, so she gathered it into her arms, which made everybody laugh. That done, she put one little arm to my shoulder and whispered, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

"But you must say it to the people, dearie," I said, "out loud, and turn around." So she did. It was all too cunning for anything. Each tot had some funny little trick or lisp or inflection that tickled the big folks nearly to death.

Earl is in Italy—at Rome. Sailed on St. *California* as ship surgeon.

New Year's Eve—the end of '93—

It would be lonesome tonight did I not have four such dear big brothers at home—for Eugene and Charlie are both gone. They only expected to stay 2 or 3 days, but Charlie left yesterday and Eugene stayed the week out, leaving this afternoon on the 4:30.

I feel that at last I have gotten Eugene back to the old place in my heart—with the difference that loving him as well, I know him better. I know his faults now as well as his strong points, know just where I *can* count on him, and just where he falls short, which if it is a little more sad is vastly more comfortable. I made him of use this week. He has good taste. I walked him down town to select my best winter hat and am delighted with the result. He had to do errands and go shopping with and for me (for Mama was sick & my hands were full) crack cocoanuts and grate them; and Charlie had to slice oranges and bananas, butter bread for sandwiches in the evening and work like a beaver. We had a big Christmas dinner here, the family and guests—18, I believe in all.

A few days before Christmas I received a letter from Mrs Blossom—Earl's "sister Mary", in which she expressed her appreciation of and her gratitude for my correspondence with Bessie, telling me what a "blessing" my letters had been to the child, and in how many ways they had helped her.

Jan 3/94—

Cleared out a box of truck today and stumbled across a hundred or so of Earl's letters that had somehow been overlooked. Of-course I had to read a few, and it was horribly spooky. It talked about his eager longing for me, his heart-hunger when four days passed with no letter from me, his eager planning for the dear days when letters would be unnecessary, and I could be with him "for aye". I think of that "for aye" engraved in my engagement ring and I ist smile. Anything lasting is such a joke!

Jan 8/94—

Rec'd this morning an 18-pager from Earl, mailed from Gibraltar. From there they sail to Genoa and other Italian ports. At Naples he's to leave the ship and go to Pompeii, Rome, Florence, Pisa and Venice; then to Switzerland, to Paris, to London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other places. He has taken the New York State examination, & will practice there, probably locating in Brooklyn upon his return. Its a funny world Journal, and I could say a lot of things but I won't.

Housegirl came to-day, and as I don't intend to open the Studio until Thursday I am writing stories.

Jan 14, 1894—

Another letter came last night from Earl—quite a long one, written from Florence with which place he is charmed. He spent Christmas in Naples, and there bought me a Christmas present which he is to send from New York as he feared it would miscarry from there. This second letter surprised me. Think I shall write him now. He gives me an address in St. James Place, Brooklyn, but I'm sure I don't know when he will be there.

Wrote two stories this week, and sent a third—"Kaiser Krum"—to London. One of these has already met with an enthusiastic reception in Chicago. Have resurrected my "After All". Mama thinks it fine—much too fine to lie buried in a drawer. Am going to have it type-written (177 pages) and send it forth to seek its fortune. "In the After-Glow" is *mine* now, through the kind office of Judge Cilley who rescued it from the receiver. The Linville Co. has gone smash.

Thurs Jan 18, 1894—

Miss Rittenhouse * called me a "jiner" last winter. Now that Christmas is past I seem doomed to be a jiner again. One of my days in the studio is a funny mixture. First I'll have a call from one of the elders of the church with the handsome church architect from Chicago, or perhaps from the Supt. of the S.S. who wants to consult me about the Primary Class or the Memorial Windows. Next will come the Manager of the Opera House to talk over terms, ads etc for our big entertainment on the 3rd. Then will come some one to get me to order some china or to borrow a design or pay a firing-bill. Next Prof Runcie or his wife to ask me to secure another pianist, or fill a "muse's" place or get another hall for afternoon rehearsals, next Alice to see if I'll help fix the "statutes" for the C.E. Social. Then Mrs Courtright to get me to read her minutes of our Music Club and see if she got 'em straight. Then Harry Candee with a bag of candy to tell me he *will* be Pygmalion, and to get further information about the performance.

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* Jessie B. Rittenhouse, poet and anthologist, who taught briefly in Cairo at Miss Chase's private school, where Maud had been offered a position. The families were distantly related. (See p. 462.)

Then I chase out to the dentist's, or a drill, or a call, run home and dust the parlor or practice or finish getting a manuscript ready to send. Have had to promise, too, to take part in next home opera, *Priscilla.*

Mon Jan 22/94—

Wood is engaged to Laura Lewis! ! !

Laura came over this afternoon and let me guess it. Then we hugged each other and went out "on a drunk"—which means we ate chocolates and took a long walk.

Am glad I love Laura, and hope she'll make our dear old Wood a lovely wife!

Sun night March 4, '94—

Elmer Coming's wife sat right up against me at church tonight. Doesn't it seem strange and awful? She knew nothing of his past here, I am told, until after she came *here*. *Think* of it. It gave me cold shivers. Have been blue all day. Mama Clark has been here on a visit—left yesterday. Happened to be sitting alone with her on Monday when a letter came from Earl, posted in Stuttgart, Germany. Mama Clark protests I will marry him yet and that she never saw a man so completely and absorbingly devoted as he. Curious world!

Tues March 6, '94—11:30 P.M.

Am just home from a seven oclock dinner with Mr & Mrs OHara.

I do believe I have never told you about our dear Duke's wedding & the howling surprise it was to everybody. They were married Nov 13th (he & Lizzie Shields) and went to Europe, through Ireland, Scotland, Italy & France on their wedding-trip. They've only been home a little while and this is the first time they've entertained. It was just a small dinner, but regal! The table exquisitely set with cut-glass, silver and dainty china, beautiful roses for each of us, and a magnificent banquet lamp throwing its soft light over everything. There were six or eight courses, each beautifully served, absolutely correct & delicious in every regard. Lizzie is a marvelous manager, for she has but one servant, and it all went off like magic. Their marriage never ceases to surprise me, and I still study them both as I would characters in one of Howells' novels. He evidently adores her. Fancy the *correct* Duke saying "my dearest" in the suavest & most off-hand way to his wife—and that not once but half a dozen times in an evening. And she guys him, and calls him to time sharply, laughing the most infectiously jolly laugh right afterward like a jolly bad child. There were just four of us there, and I quite appreciated being asked, under the circumstances.

Wrote a story, 2:40 time, today, and Mama says it is the sweetest thing I've written in a long time. Check, 10.00 from *Demorest's Magazine* Wednesday.

Tues March 13/94—

I forgot whether I ever told you that, in South America, Elmer Comings married a young widow with one child. The wife & her two children (for they've another now) have been here in Cairo with his father. The poor woman knew nothing at all of his career here until lately. Since he has been in this country all his efforts to obtain a position (keep one rather) have been balked, and *we* heard he had gone to Canada after sending his wife here.

Well, Sunday afternoon I sat here at my desk writing, and I happened to glance up as a carriage passed. I didn't see the occupant; I only saw one hand, a thin, white, man's hand, an immaculate cuff and a black coat-sleeve. Wasn't it strange that I *knew* it was Elmer Coming's hand—the hand that came like a ghost one night and haunted me after he had sent me those photographs from Sicily or wherever it was. It actually made me feel faint, but I stepped to the other window and saw the carriage go down that street, returning in a moment.

I went and told Mama that I knew he had come. Mama said, "Nonsense, he wouldn't dare." But it *was* he, as we have since learned. Early the next morning he left with his wife and children. To-day we hear that he has been arrested in Chicago. Our chief of police has gone for him. Think of that poor woman! Think if it were I! And yet I *dare* be unhappy sometimes, here in a happy, peaceful home with mama & papa and the boys to be good to me. He will be brought back here for trial I suppose. Yet I should think he'd be almost relieved to face the worst and be done with it, rather than to roam everywhere, a fugitive from justice. I've outgrown all my old fierce anger and indignation at him—can only pity him and his poor, miserable wife from the bottom of my heart.

March 14—

Upon my word, I can think of nothing else today but that poor, wretched Elmer Comings. I can fancy how he feels now, nearing the town to which he has so often come with eager anticipation—coming now a felon to be confined in a hideous jail with all sorts of vile people. I felt once I never could forgive him for trying to entrap me into marrying him just before his terrible crime was discovered. But now I seem able to remember only his years and years of devotion to me, his numberless little thoughtfulnesses. Weak and wicked and morally askew as he seems, yet he is a man of refined instincts, loyal to woman, considerate & gentlemanly. From small annoyances he would defend the woman he loved, with his life, but yet great, crushing sorrows he imposes upon everyone who ever cared for him.

I am sick at heart today with the thought of it all. Wish I could stay home and not go down to the studio, or meet people.

Mch 15/94—

It seems I wasted a deal of compassion yesterday. Coming home at noon from the Studio I was afraid to look up for fear I'd see them taking him to jail. My little Donald rushed up to walk with me and in turning to take his hand, I saw right behind me—but across the street—Elmer with his father & brothers. It seems he was promptly released on bail, and he seemed to be holding a sort of street reception all day yesterday, shaking hands with everybody, like a hero returned for congratulations. He went back again to Chicago last night I believe to be with his family until time for his trial.

Sun March 24, 94—

Letter from Fred just received encloses a column from the Chicago *Herald* about Elmer—such a garbled account. And so romantic, with much about his travels in foreign-lands, his polish (which he never had—a *real* polish) his coffee-plantation in South America, etc. etc. "Returned to a cell" the thing is sensationally headed.

Oh dear!

A letter came from Earl one day last week. He is back upon American soil & preparing to locate in Brooklyn. He sent me two quaint spoons—one from Amsterdam, one from Naples, the latter the oddest, daintiest little twisted thing with a curved lily leaf for a bowl and smaller lily-leaves twining the handle & the cross-bar on the end cut with "Napoli."

April 8/94—

Heard again from Dr Mayne this week. He's located at Bath Beach L. I., just out of Brooklyn. Another ten-dollar check for a story has come.

Oh and I received proof sheets from *London* to correct, so very soon now I shall have a story published in England. Isn't it fine?

April 12/94—

Have just heard from Dr. Mayne—second letter this week. This letter is so cordial, so enthusiastic, it sounds as though he'd forgotten the character he's supposed to be acting. He's had his first call. There's a good deal of "you dear, good girl" in the letter, and a good deal of hoping that he may succeed, because "if I do I may perhaps realize something I have hoped for so long", and there's heaps of wondering how anybody can help "going into raptures" over me. "You *can* do anything," he says, "You can even be good, kind, thoughtful and sweet to people who have been just the opposite to you." etc.

Well, he is a good, sweet man if he is an enigma. I hope he will succeed. I know he will.

Thurs April 19 '84—12 P.M. or after.

Priscilla is over, and of all the howling successes! I am too excited to sleep, so I write. *How* I have rushed! Couldn't get away from the Studio till 4:10. Hustled into my costume and to Lizzie's five oclock dinner. The girls were in elegant evening dresses with diamonds and roses until it made me blink. And there was I, in Puritan garb, gloveless and without ornament. I looked like a fright but nobody minded that & we had a lovely time. Mr Houston took me out to dinner. The imported table-napery was beautiful. After 8 or 10 courses, I had to leave, and a carriage was waiting to bring me here, where Laura was waiting to dress my hair.

All my fright flew when I faced the foot-lights; and the applause that greeted my entrance gave me courage. I was a *sight* to behold, with a little straight, sharp nose, gray hair, wrinkled, and two missing teeth.

"People applaud *you,* if you only make a face," said one of the chorus. They were certainly an enthusiastic audience! There is no question but that our duet was the particular hit of the evening! Before we got to the first *duo* part the applause was so deafening we could hardly hear our own voices, and after our Puritan dancing exit, it broke into cheers & whistles. We had to repeat the whole thing and the applause the second time was hardly less vociferous than the first. Hans was absolutely irresistable—the man's a born comedian! Pearl made the sweetest Priscilla, so graceful & pretty, and she sang like a lark.

April 20, '94—

Our puffs in the daily papers are fine. My nose seemed to have been a sensation in itself. Folks even begged for bits of it for souvenirs. Let me tell you something sub rosa. Hans actually did kiss me, though I have talked with real enthusiasm about sham kisses & how naturally they could be managed. So I think I have made everybody else think it was a sham. His hat was so big it covered the kiss, and I really think poor Hans was too busy with his lines and his score to think how he could make a stage kiss do for a real one. Only old Krop had a few remarks to make, at the reception, about "the fellow" kissing me "on the back of the neck". That was what he did the first time, in the encore he managed better and touched my cheek instead.

"You oughtn't to mind," he said, "it was not you I kissed, but a layer of paint—a mask." Everybody has been loud in his praises.

Letter from Dr Mayne this morning.

Mon May 7, '94—

Well, I have something to tell you. My letters from Dr Mayne have of late contained "bits" that told a story. The last one contained also a clipping on "Marriage" in which he had marked such passages as this, "Marry, when you do, for love. Let everything else come after this. Be sure you love" etc.

In a spirit of pure mischief I sat down in the Studio and wrote him a very jolly letter, bringing in, in the most artful way, fetching little incidents concerning Hans. Now I do like Hans, and he interests me, and I made the most of that interest, going on to "wonder" in a guileless way if it could be possible I was falling in love with him. To be sure, I admitted he had too pale eyes, whose near-sightedness gave them a strained appearance, that his hair came too near being actual white and that he walked most peculiarly; but after all, as the doctor's little clipping had said (and I agreed with it most heartily) *love* was the first thing, and so any little matter of personal appearance should bear no weight. I told how thrillingly, at the sociable the other night, Hans had sung, "God bless thee, love," and how I waited afterward for him to hunt me up in the crowd, which he speedily did, spending the rest of the evening with me, and how much more fascinating I found him than big Dr Grimstead, who exerted himself all the way home to be charming. I wrote pages, and if ever a letter was a real work of art & skill that one was. I chuckled over it with wicked delight.

Well Thursday I left town, on an invitation from Mr & Mrs Hilleary, for Grayville, where, all day Friday, we fished in the Wabash river returning Friday night. A great packet of mail was here waiting for me, and in it a thick letter from the doctor. My artful wile had done its deadly work. He implored me *not* to fall in love with Hans though he humbly admitted he had no right to murmur. Said my letters were always such a delight to him, but that this one had just given him actual physical pain, it had hurt him so. Then he reviewed things from the time he had asked to be released from "the bond that bound", told me the reasons, First: that he could not give me the happiness I, above anyone he knew, deserved, that he was not good enough for me (which he *still* knows) etc, etc. Second: that he felt it was asking too much of me to wait while he took his tedious college & hospital courses and established his practice. Third: he feared I cared more for Mr Hough than I dared admit even to myself, and believed that if he made me free I'd marry Mr H" etc. Then he went on to say how he had suffered during these years of separation, how I had been "a part of his life."

"Before I do anything of which I am not quite sure," he says, "I find myself asking the question, 'I wonder what Maud would say about this?' I am sure the bump of love in my make-up is not as large as that of some other people, (the *old* story) but this I know— All the love I have is yours—these years have served to fix that thoroughly in my mind. I can never think of another woman as I think of you—I have wondered often whether you cared for me in more than a friendly way. Some things make me think you do, many others that you don't. I have wildly hoped you did,—but why should I expect such a thing— Your experience with me would certainly justify you in weighing my declarations in a careful balance. I couldn't blame you for placing no confidence in them at all. Perhaps you won't!"

I must not take time to quote anymore. You might easily guess what I wrote him next morning. I pictured a little bit of the "might have been", but told him frankly that after what had transpired I could not feel toward him the sort of warmth I wished I might—that his protestations now could hardly affect me as being any more worthy my faith and credit than they were before, etc, etc.

Now I'll tell *you,* Journal, what I would not tell him: that I think him the very best and most trust-worthy man I know, the cleanest and purest in morals, the most ambitious & promising and the handsomest and most lovable. And I'd rather be Mrs. Earl Mayne than Queen of England. I know I have been largely to blame for our trouble. Coming as he does from an undemonstrative family, all my teasing about his ice-berginess weighed upon him till he grew morbid about not having the capability of loving me as I "deserved".

May 29/94 Tues—

We repeated *Priscilla* last night at the Opera House. I got a dose of one of those sudden sensations we read about in stage-stories, when my gaze fell upon two people down near the stage in the parquet-circle—Elmer Comings and his wife!

It was shocking, and yet I couldn't help seeing the funny side of it —his discovery of his lost love, after all these years, with gray hairs, two missing teeth, a little pointed nose and appalling wrinkles, making a monkey of herself before the foot-lights and listening to the wooing of an impetuous Puritan. Even tragedies are comedies sometimes. They were tragic days enough when he came so near marrying me & wrecking my life, when he fled in disgrace. Now his airy manner, his apparent unconsciousness of his own moral downfall come frightfully near being funny.

Early in the morning we (The Cairo Opera Co.) go to Paducah where we are booked for tomorrow night. We stop at the Palmer House—return that night—or morning—on the *Fowler*. To-night a whist party at Margaret Baker's. Am so rushed these days!

Dr Mayne is the dearest, funniest man that ever lived. He writes me regularly two or three times a week, and tells me the very 'inner inwardness" of his life, his practice, his daily doings. But he has *never referred to my answer*. Could any other man living have not done it? The letter that came last night says,

"Your lovely long letter came yesterday after an anxious watch for it. Thank you very much for writing. I seem particularly anxious to get your letters these days—especially since you introduced me to 'Hans'." He has just bought him a new oak book-case, and tells me "the girl on the desk" is now removed to it, where she reigns supreme. Harry tells me he never had any girl's picture around but mine. I pretended to him not to know who "the girl on his desk" could be.

That long letter last night moved me strangely, and I dreamed of the tall & handsome doctor at night.

Friday Night June 1/94—

Our Paducah trip was one long, delicious triumph. We left here with bands playing and the flags of all nations flying from our gay *Fowler*. There we were met by *500* people—citizens, reception-committees, society-ladies, brass-bands, etc and were escorted in carriages in a sort of triumphal parade to the Palmer House.

I was sick all morning and flat on my back, which aroused much solicitation and some worry in the troupe. In the evening, too, I had to sit down every minute I wasn't before the footlights. We *never* made such a success! The people were surprisingly enthusiastic, giving even our hard "finale to the 1st act" (which has gotten to be a by-word) so hearty a recall, that the whole company had to respond. Laura said, "They applauded everything, but they only actually stormed for you and Hans."

At the close of our duet, the clapping grew to cheers and even whistles, the girls behind the scenes hugged me frantically, and Mr Robertson rushed from his seat in the parquet-circle and through the box-door, and caught me by both hands and exclaimed radiantly, "Fine! Fine! it was *the* feature of the evening."

Ever so many said, "Priscilla had the leading character, but you took her laurels. You were the *star*." The people being strangers to me really thought, many of them, that my "perfect make-up" was real. One of the Cairo crowd heard a man say, "Well sir, that old lady's the best one in the crowd!" Even those who guessed the wrinkles and grayness to be applied thought the nose my own, and Mr Houston heard a popular horse-owner say,

"My money goes on the little girl with the long nose. She leads the race."

I could stand there demureness itself when Hans would begin a tender speech, and turning my head from him, allow a blissful beam to gradually overspread my features, and the people would *roar*. Vesta said she thought one lady behind her would actually have hysterics. Such an encore as they gave us. And as usual, they were as vociferous the second time as the first. One awfully handsome fellow in a dress-suit, with a box-party on our right, looked at me so quizzically all evening. I knew *he* knew I wasn't a very old spinster. He asked to meet me afterward, and I had a jolly time with him on the boat. Others rushed to see me and introduced themselves. They wanted to give us a dance—a German—but we couldn't wait so long. I can't begin to tell you what an ovation it was. We didn't reach home until four in the morning when dawn was just tinting the east with pink.

Dr Mayne is having a hard time keeping up his little formalities. I write "My dear Dr. Mayne" and never anything warmer, signing my full name always. *He* has gotten to "my dear" and "Earl"—the blessed old fellow! The letter just come is so long and so exuberant! And so full of praises of me, and fears that I'll forget I'm not very strong. To-day he sent me *Ships that Pass in the Night.*

[There is a gap in the diary here of four and one-half months.]

Oct 15, '94—

Charlie is back in Cairo to live. He has spent the last two evenings here. He asked me if I thought Mama would take him back here to board. "Perhaps", I laughed, "you know how she loves you, Charlie." "And you love me too, don't you, Maud?" he persisted, smiling. And

I laughed again and said, "Why of-course. Haven't I always loved you, Charlie-boy?" One can't help loving Charlie, he's so sweet and lovable. Everybody loves him, and I do myself much as I'd love his sister Nellie. But last night I took fright. He was so sort of different. When he learned of my new honor (I have just been elected state recording secretary for the W.C.T.U. by an overwhelming majority, though I did not even attend the convention) he said "Well, you can show those women a thing or two!" At that I shouted. "I am scared to death of them!" I said. "You don't know how bright and sound and progressive they are! I shall be the very tiniest little speck there." "You'd shine *any* place, Maud," he said. Then he raved to Mama about my story-writing, my piano-playing, and everything. After a while as we sat by the firelight, I remarked in a little silence, "You made a good fire, Charlie." "I shall have a smart wife," he said. "Is it a sign?" I asked, but he only answered, "Oh, Maud! I should have a smart little wife if I had you. You'd make the very dearest little wife any fellow ever had!" I led the conversation off on a by-path very rapidly, but inside of five minutes he was saying wistfully, "Maud, Maud, I wish I had married fifteen years ago! I wish I had married you fifteen years ago!" And then he said, "You'd have been a rather young wife,—fourteen would hardly do. Well, *ten* years ago, then." I spent a lively half hour avoiding something that seemed almost inevitable. It would be hard to say an unequivocal No to Charlie and yet I could not say "Yes". Even after Mama came in I thought it might happen. I was sitting there pretty still looking into the fire and slipping a little flower-ring up and down on my finger, when Charlie who was talking to Mama about me, with enthusiasm, leaned over audaciously and rapturously squeezed the little finger, ring and all, before Mama's eyes. What *would* you do?

I heard from Dr Mayne quite regularly twice or thrice a week all summer. Some of his letters pined to be with me at Prior [Lake] but I frankly discouraged his coming, as I was busy all day and every day with my book—"The Dearest Guest" and could not see him. His practice has increased wonderfully. Last month it amounted to $464.00. This last week on Friday & Saturday nights he did not go to bed at all, even to lie down a minute, and on the other nights not until 2 A.M. Made 26 calls on Monday, 17 Wednesday & so on. On my way down from St Paul I telegraphed Bessie Blossom and she met me at Marshalltown, came on to the sleeper and visited me about 15 minutes. It seemed to please her very much, and the doctor's sister, Mrs Wetherell, sent him a letter Bessie had written about me. He was delighted apparently at our having met.

Mon Nov 12, '94.

Will you believe me, Journal, when I tell you that I have promised to marry Dr Mayne? On the 27th of October, when I came home from the Studio in the evening I found from him, here, a letter with which I could not trifle. It was a very serious letter and it called for a serious reply. He went over some of the old ground, then told me a good deal about his own feelings for me, the prospects in a business-way, etc, his longing for my good companionship & love, and asked over the old question—that I would be his "own sweet wife". "Give me hope, Maud," he said, "and tell me that I may come to Cairo in a few weeks and claim you as my very own."

I tumbled and tossed all night that night trying to decide what to do. I dared not mention the subject to mama, for she had said some very unflattering things about the doctor, who had been "uncertain in his mind", and was not at all anxious to let me go from the home-nest. Finally, that sunny Sunday morning, I talked it all over with Harry, my counsellor. We wound up, I howling in Harry's arms, he stroking my hair and telling me what a fine fellow "Mayne" is and how Bath Beach is not so very far away after all. I quaked at the thought of the pain I must give Mama, but Harry said, "You know Mama adores him at heart. She's only a little resentful now. As a matter of fact, Maud, the very seriousness of his love for you is what has made him hesitate. It has only been the fear that he could not make you happy, and that you cared more for some one else."

That evening I called Mama to my room. Instead of raking him over the coals, she only said, "I want what is for *your* happiness, Maud," and then she cried and cried, and we *both* did, and talked it all over. Then I told Papa and the boys. Papa held me very close and told me the big old house would be very empty without me. The boys said various things, principally funny ones to try to cheer poor mama, whose face was wet with tears. On the whole we had a very sorrowful evening. I wrote to Earl then and told him everything,—principally that I did love him, though I could not pretend it was with the ardor I once did.

Next day was my birthday. Wasn't it funny that he proposed to me first upon my 25th birthday—"my old-maid birthday" I called it—

and again upon my 30th—my *truly* old maid stage. All day pretty presents and packages were coming. Earl himself sent a silver ink-well, pen-rack and pen-wiper combination, ever so lovely, and a birthday letter.

I worked part of the day moving china home from the Studio, as I decided to give up my down-town rooms at once (only had two pupils anyhow) and stay home with Mama. In the afternoon Mama got to crying so hard that I grew desperate. Told her indeed I'd never marry, but stay home always with her. She said I shouldn't spoil *my* life to indulge hers—only she'd be so lonesome. Then I racked my brain to think of some girl I could get to come here and visit for six months after I leave. And we talked and planned and cried until we had to go fix sandwiches and things for the Music Club which was to meet here in honor of my birthday. And by-the-way that darling Music Club took my breath by presenting me with a little Parian marble bust of Beethoven.

Earl is coming. Will leave Bath Beach on the 20th. I will quote you his letter, or part of it, to Papa and Mama. He says:

> *I hardly know how to begin my appeal to you. I am sure it must be difficult for you to understand my request a second time for your daughter's hand. It is because I have realized ever since I asked her for the release from our engagement, that I made a most serious mistake. Though years have passed and thousands of miles have separated us, my first, last and only* Love *has been constantly with me, a part of my life and thought. I have been tempted many, many times to place myself again at her feet, but I hesitated because I did not feel certain of her love for me. I desisted until I felt quite sure that down in her heart she still loved me, and then I ventured to tell her of my great desire. She has told you her heart. I am sure we shall live a most perfect and happy life together, and I ask your consent and blessing. The bitter part is her home-leaving—her friends, her work, and most of all her mother and father. I most sincerely wish Cairo were not so far away. She will visit the home-nest as often as she likes though, and that will help lessen the unhappiness of the home-leaving. It shall be my constant thought to deserve her love, to bring all the light and happiness possible into her life, and to be a good and true husband to her. I shall hope too, to earn again your love.*

His letters to me are full of his happiness and his plans. I have not been exactly happy, though I know that I *will* love him as hard as ever, or I should never promise to be his wife. I need to *see* him, to look into his eyes, to convince myself that the big, strong, handsome man does love me with all his heart. He says he has no doubt of his ability to convince me.

Sun. Nov 18, 1894—

No letter has come from Earl since Monday. I had grown sick with fright when just now came a telegram to Harry, "Should reach Cairo twelve-forty tonight. Mayne." He had been ill when he wrote, and I fancied him at death's door by now. Can hardly believe him so near. The telegram comes from Effingham.

Sun Nov 25, 1894—

In one little week how have I changed my mood toward Earl. Don't smile, Journal. I am wild about him. Harry wouldn't let me sit up for him Sunday night, but Monday morning I was up early, and when I heard his voice in the hall as he spoke to Mama—the musical, beautiful voice that I have always loved—I had a very queer, choked feeling somewhere about my heart. I ran down then. I intended not to kiss him, but somehow when he turned, looking so glad-eyed and clean and handsome, all my nice reserve fled, and I rejoiced that *his* intentions ruled. I used to call him my Greek god. I always thought him strong & handsome and good. But he is all that and more. He has developed a good deal in the three years & a half since I have seen him. I am amazed at his boundless ambition, his indomitable energy. He is so strong and confident, success written in his fine face, his buoyant carriage, his dignity and ease. And oh, I could bless him for the tender, loving plans he has for me. He speaks of them in so quiet & matter-of-fact a way, though, he takes my breath. The very dream of my life, my ideal of happiness—"a white life for two"—I believe will come true. I have extreme notions about purity in the marriage-relation. Even mama thinks them extreme, and Earl did too, once. Yet in telling me about the arrangement of our house in Bath Beach, I find that he is quietly planning to carry out my dearest wish. I simply adore him. In the three days and a half he spent here, I was so excited and happy I could hardly eat or sleep. Yet I tried not to be dull or silly in my wonderfully ecstatic state. Even on that last morning, when I felt more like sitting in the quiet library just gazing at him, I suggested a walk instead and we went clear to the park in the brisk air and sunshine, and then while we sat there, I told funny stories, and so did he, and we talked blue streaks and had a merry, sunshiny morning such as we'd like to remember.

We will be married in June, God willing—on the 6th probably, just *six* years to the very day of the week and month since our introduction, for we first met June 6, 1889, on Thursday, and that will be Thursday, June 6, 1895.

Actually, I can hardly think of anything but him. He is visiting the different sisters and relations now to tell them all about it, but must be back in Brooklyn on the 1st. He is to send the ring from New York.

Sat Feb 16, '95—

Last night I took the part of Hermion in the play of *Damon & Pythias* at the Opera House. It has all been very exciting. Lawrence McCarty, actor and dramatic instructor, has had us in training for three weeks. He himself took the part of Damon. I was his wife, David Lansden, Pythias and Pearl Lancaster, Calanthe. Pearl's was really the leading lady's part, the parts having been assigned by Mr Clendenen, on com. of "Knights of Pythias". Pearl has been used to starring in the Cairo Opera Co., and probably would take no other part. At any rate, heavy acting is out of her line, and she seemed to discover it the first night "Damon" and I gave our strong fourth act for the company. She gave up her part that night, when we had finished, and declared she wouldn't and couldn't do it. It took all the committee coaxing and complimenting to get her back, and they had to be very careful about applauding me, after that.

Charlie came in Wednesday afternoon and announced excitedly, "This actor says he has put this play on the boards seventy-two times and he never had *anybody* do the part of Hermion like you—learn it so quickly and do it so well." I feared that his (i.e. McCarty's) unrestrained praise of me would go against me—make people expect too much. He's such a funny, hot-headed old enthusiast. He's a man of fifty, well-preserved and handsome—strong face and figure. At first I was afraid to fall and throw myself on him as I had to, but he said, "Why, my girl, you weigh short of an ounce. You're a feather! I don't feel you. I never had a Hermion so light to handle."

Last night it was very funny to hear his asides between the lines. Where I stagger across the stage, whirl dizzily and fall, he catches me and I hang, limp, head downward while he makes part of his farewell to me. Then he drags me back to a garden bench and leaves me unconscious. Well, this was the way it went—

"Hermion, my life, look up!"—in wild and heart-broken tones—"awake my Hermion (head more limp, my dear, limp as a rag, that's it). The hour is past. I trifle with necessity! Hermion! I now indeed must part from thee, All pale and cold and deathlike as thou art (good lord, that bench is a mile away. I'll hurt you dragging you so far")—and I felt him lift me bodily. "Thus may I part from thee to go and be, Myself full soon as cold. Ah, let me hold thee from the earth and say,—(Here, now, is that all right? Can you stick on the thing? Are you sure? Don't roll off!) With what a broken-hearted love I press thee, For the last, last time. (*Hold on* if you can, my child.) Farewell, farewell, forever!" And I lay limp, on the ragged edge of the fur-covered bench, half dead but possessed of a wild desire to shriek.

To tell the truth, I felt flat and lifeless. I had started in so earnestly, and in a part *I* didn't think funny, some idiots laughed. It took the "starch" right out of me. Damon said I was a goose to worry, that I had come up to the topnotch, and it couldn't have been done better. I *did* feel better today when Mama told me how many people were crying before I was through.

To-night I am getting the press-notices. Pearl will want to murder me; for every blessed report gives me the first and strongest notice, while she, the "star", is brought in second.

The *Telegram* roasts Mr McCarty abominably—a piece of spite-work on the part of the new crippled editor, for which we were prepared, but which is too long a story to tell.

Mr McCarty says the stage is my home and vocation—that I have "the soul of the artist". Yet even he calls it a dog's life. If it is my vocation, thank heaven I don't have to follow it. I am glad to have a few months domestic quiet now before the coming June-time when I go off to the new home at Bath.

Sun Feb 17/95—

How strange that in the rush of the past few months, I have told you nothing—not even of Wood's wedding. He and Laura were married New Year's Eve at the Presbyterian Church. Miss Vernor of Little Rock was Laura's bridesmaid. It was a quiet but very pretty wedding, followed by a reception here. They went to Texas—Houston, Galveston and other places—for their wedding-trip.

Tues Feb 19—1895—

Journal! I am being spoiled to death. Everybody I meet has a new compliment for me. It seems a joke, how I could have made such a success without in the least realizing it. The laugh that crushed me kept me from feeling my own triumph. "The house knew you so well. You were *Maud Rittenhouse* to them! And your affection for Damon looked so genuine they couldn't help smiling."

"But I wasn't Maud Rittenhouse then—I was Hermion," I have said to these explanations.

"Yes, and in a very little while you were Hermion to *them,* too, and there were no more smiles."

I am told that one of my wildest admirers is old Col Wilcox, the Southerner of whom Mr Evans used to talk so much, and a highly cultured man. He said to Mr McCarty, "I tell you sir, I hadn't shed a tear in ten years, but I cried like a baby when that girl hugged the little child to her breast and plead for your life. I never saw anything like it, Mac. She *lived* the part. She was your wife, in very truth, agonized and heart-broken. I saw her eyes dilate, her breath come and go with the fast beating of her heart. I never saw such facial expression. I watched her the whole time through a glass."

Rob, who was one of the senators, said that when my part ended, the crowds of soldiers in the wings said, "Well, the show's over! That act is *the* act." And Pearl was scowling. For *she* wasn't done, by any means.

Thursday—

The *Citizen* is just out. It says,

> *Miss Maud Rittenhouse as Hermion, wife of Damon, did splendidly. Every move, gesture and facial expression convinced the audience she had completely put on the character she represented. Miss Pearl Lancaster made a beautiful bride of Pythias and sustained her part well.*

The "star" they mention second, with one accord.

Thursday, March 15, '95—

Twelve weeks from this minute (it is 8 P.M.) I will be walking up the aisle, I suppose, to be married. Ah-h, how much it means. How much of both happiness and heart-break. And just now I have Mama and all the girls rolling their eyes over my interest in "another man"—or rather his interest in me. He is Mr Goodspeed, asst. state agt. of the Phoenix Life Insurance Co., and a friend of Mr Courtright's. He's here on business for a little while. Mrs C raved about him. She invited us both there to tea Sunday night to meet each other. I went over after Sunday-school, full of enthusiasm as usual, about my class. The man looked very swell and elegant if a trifle blonde and fat, and *he* was interested in Sunday-schools and had taught, and he was very entertaining. He said such pointed and fetching things to me that Mr & Mrs C. opened their eyes, and Mrs C. whispered later, "You have made a tremendous impression." Well, of course he wanted to bring me home when we left there at 9:30, and we found each other sufficiently entertaining to want to *walk* although it was black as black cats and drizzling occasionally. I know his beautiful patent-leathers must have suffered, but he said he'd have braved the most villainous weather for the privilege of meeting me. He said such impressive things that I wondered if he had seen my ring which I had flashed at him industriously. Then, for fear I'd "drift away" from him at the Music Club next night, he asked if I wouldn't allow him to call for me. The club was to meet at Mrs Courtright's—a Schumann evening. He came early and brought *a carriage,* although it wasn't raining a drop. Alice and the girls nearly fainted when we rolled up with our lanterns and driver, to the simple little Music Club. So many coy speeches were made about the coming weddings, etc. that I thought they'd scare him to death, but he didn't seem particularly frightened, and I must confess I was glad of it. I don't see why men should dodge an engaged girl as if she had small-pox. At the door that night he said he had a busy week ahead and feared he couldn't see me during the week, but asked if he might come early Sunday and take me to church. I was rather surprised therefore when he came *last night* again and stayed until eleven. He really was embarrassed when he looked at his watch and discovered how late it was. Mama says she means to talk of my wedding all the time he's here Sunday evening. But doesn't it seem a bit unnecessary to wave danger-signals at men, like that, as if you feared your own fascinations would prove too much for them? He's a very nice man, and very correct. His a's are all ah's—cahn't and fahncy and lahst.

Am very, very busy, teaching, painting and writing stories to make money for my wedding and trosseau. Haven't sewed a stitch yet.

Dear old Earl is rushed to death, his practice getting bigger every day. I have told him all about Mr. Goodspeed, even to the "fetching" speeches. *No man* could be compared to my Beloved, be his glasses, his gloves and his patent leathers however ilegant.

Tues March 19—

I never knew time to fly so fast! The weeks simply chase each other! And I am cramming each day full. Am getting such beautiful congratulatory letters daily, and the home-people are doing everything to show their love for me before I leave. The eulogies I hear each day are akin to epitaphs—as full of praise and gentleness as if they were spoken of the dead. But they both please me and make me sad by saying with one accord, "Your going is a public calamity. All *Cairo* will miss you."

Earl has an overwhelming practice but manages to write me frequently—short little letters but full of his happiness that June is drawing so near. And I am feeling a trifle guilty over Mr. Goodspeed since Mama's frank expression of her disapproval.

Actually I don't see the harm in letting him call and going places with him since *he* is lonesome here and a thoroughly nice man. We seem pretty congenial and have jolly good times together. After church Sunday night, as he and I were leaving, Mr & Mrs Hilleary came up teasingly, Mr H. asking for Dr Mayne's address. Mr G. only smiled in serene unconsciousness. He asked to take me to hear Morrison in *Faust* tonight. Mr & Mrs C. are going with us. I am wondering if I'd better *tell* him of my engagement for fear he *doesn't* know it.

And Charlie-boy, too. Dear, dear! He had to wait until he had lost me before he knew how much he loved me. "Oh, I'd rather be groom than usher," he said like a petulant little boy when I assigned him *his* "part in the cast".

Mon March 24/95—

Such a funny time as I have had! Friday night after Mr Goodspeed left (he & Charlie were both here) I sat down under an impulse and wrote him a note telling of my engagement. Little things he said made me think I ought to, and yet it was an awkward thing to have to do.

He has asked to come Sunday evening & I invited him to tea. He had only been here a little while when he spoke of my note—said he appreciated the "confidence" however unwelcome the news. He told

Mama, so I might hear, that he believed he never had really *longed* for a thing, wanted it with his whole heart, that it did not prove unattainable. He leaves tomorrow but has spoken for several dates in April.

Fred will be home in four weeks now. I'm going, with Charlie to the opera two nights this week—*Fra Diavolo* on Thursday and *The Pretty Persian* on Friday. Am to write hard and fast all week. Am working like fury every day.

7 P.M.

Mama, Mrs Hilleary and I have just been taking our constitutional. Met Mrs Burgess who said to me, "I ate dinner at the Halliday today with a young man who couldn't eat a *bite,* poor fellow! and all on account of an *engaged* girl too. Oh, you needn't look innocent. I've heard all about it. He sits at our table. It's so bad, *now,* that he just taps with his fork and can't eat a mouthful." Isn't this a pretty story?

Tues April 2, '95—

Vesta's cards are out. Next Bessie's, and then *mine.* Oh dear! But its getting pow'ful near. Mr Goodspeed did not get away until the 27th. He wrote me a beautiful letter from The Halliday, just as he was leaving.

Am all through teaching and story-telling and am doing china for Vesta and my bridesmaids hard and fast. Mrs. Hilleary went to St Louis yesterday. Is doing some shopping for me. Have engaged Miss Bribach to make my wedding and traveling-gowns—the former to be of heavy white satin, the latter a tailor-made navy-blue cloth.

Mr Blauvelt in town again. He and I passed Elmer Comings on the street yesterday. Gave me a cold turn. My "Polly" has been accepted over in London. Hope my other stories will be as fortunate. Did I tell you about having a letter from Lawrence McCarty, the actor? A very nice letter wishing me all sorts of happiness. He's a queer old fellow. He concluded with "Yours with *Love* most religiously given, Damon."

April 20, '95—

Our dear Fritzie-boy is coming home at midnight tomorrow night! We are all so happy. He has passed all his exams with flying colors. Vesta and Bess are both married and off on their wedding trips, 15th & 17th were their dates. Haven't begun my sewing yet, but am nearly ready to. And my plans are all laid. Earl has bought a horse and carriage. We have less than seven weeks now. Mr Goodspeed will be here a month. He's coming tomorrow night, and asked to take me to *Belshazzar* at the Opera-House on Thursday night.

April 27 Sat—

Dear, dear, dear! I wish "people" did not talk about other folks' business and that one could do as one liked as long as it was nothing wrong. Here is the most charming Spring day imaginable, and Mr Goodspeed wanted to take me driving and the plan was all delightful, and I had to say "No". It seems to be the staple of my conversation with him "No", "No", "No." I suppose it is better that I can't accept all his attentions. I should be spoiled to death, for he wants to do everything for me. And I'm afraid he does like me better than he ought for his own peace of mind. We sat on the porch and talked until tea-time. If I should tell you all the things he said—Dear dear! When I admired his beautiful new white & silver cuff-buttons he looked as pleased as a boy. "Do you know," he said, "I *bought* those with an eye to their pleasing *you*. I can't get a new tie anymore without wondering if you would like it." But one thing he said actually half frightened me. Once or twice he had referred to something a Ouija-board in Chicago had said, and how it had spelled my name in full though *he* had never mentioned it. Finally (I did not ask) he told me how it had said I would not be married in June, that the engagement would be broken and through *his* wicked machinations.

"And when will *we* be married?" he asked, "in '95 or '96?"

"In '95," it spelled.

"I hope I may be forgiven if I uttered a prayer or two," he said, "I don't know the man in New York, but oh, I do know the *woman*, here."

When he would make speeches of that sort and feel he had offended me, he would immediately add, "But, seriously," etc. as though he had only jested, of course. And he looked so good and nice sitting there singing all those hymns *without a book*, for he knows them all by heart! He's a devoted Church-goer.

The trouble is that everybody knows his feelings toward me, it seems. Mr. Herbst, the clerk at The Halliday (Mrs Hilleary told me) actually called him aside to tell him Miss Rittenhouse was soon to be married. And one or two older ladies who have asked him to call on their daughters managed to bring *me* into the conversation and explain to him how busy I must be getting ready to go away to live. We had an awfully jolly evening at *Belshazzar*. He brought a carriage again. Mr & Mrs C were with us of-course. I am sewing busily. Earl doesn't write often. He is very busy and very happy. The new horse and carriage seem to add to his success. He will leave on the afternoon of June 2nd for here. I write him daily—and of course tell him everything. I wish he were here. I need him to help Charlie and Mr Goodspeed from turning my fool head. Don't think for a minute that they or anyone can compare with the one "Prince Charming" my dear, good, Earl.

Fri May 17—

When I got down from Auntie's where I spent the night I found the great box here from Scharr's with all my wedding invitations, church-cards etc, and my new stationary with the pretty M in gold and blue—medallion arrangement—engraved on it. You don't know how queer it seems to read an invitation to your own wedding. I had papa direct a card to Earl at once to give him a dose of the same sensation.

Sat May 18—

A man just came with a great package and when I opened it I found dozens of the most glorious roses—just big, fragrant American Beauties. Mr Goodspeed's card lay among them. Pearl Halley is here, sewing as I do. The plans for the wedding go beautifully. Mrs. Lewis says "It will be the prettiest wedding ever seen in Cairo," and Mr. Phillips said, "I certainly *want* it to be." He seems to take real pride and delight in it—the last thing I expected in our pastor. I feel nearer to him than I have for a long time.

Night—

Mr. Phillips called just after tea to talk about it with me. A few minutes later Mr. Goodspeed came. You don't know how sort of upset I have been over Mr. Goodspeed. I don't think I ever had a man fall in love with me so sort of suddenly and so *hard,* and even knowing everything he can't seem to get over it. And we all like him so much that I hate to think how I am hurting him. I have tried to be very careful never going any place with him alone, and so on.

When he wanted to go to church with me last Sunday night we went right with Mama and Papa. Then next night we took *Alice* with us to the Music Club and coming home they dropped me at Mr OHara's where I had an engagement. Well, Tuesday night I let Mr Goodspeed call as he was to be away the rest of the week. He came looking so happy, with a box of Huyler's in his big pocket and he talked politics with papa, and church and philanthropy with mama, but when he talked to Maudie in the parlor afterward he nearly made her cry. He will persist in thinking that because I am sad over leaving home that I can't love Dr. Mayne as I ought, and because he feels so beautifully congenial he thinks I *could* love him and that he could make me happy and that I'd be so less sad about going just to Chicago where I could be home half the time. Please believe that it is not pure impudence in Mr G. He is desperately in earnest and he does believe he is right.

Sun—

Have been sick all day. Could hardly stay through church. Mr G. was there and walked home with me behind mama and papa. I tried to look very uninviting, for I hate to have the girls giggling over "Maud's latest one."

Night—

He came in the afternoon and we read. It was to be his last whole evening, and I couldn't refuse to let him come. After tea, Charlie came too, but he went to church with Mama and Papa. Mr G. fixed easy cushions in the big Sleepy-hollow to rest my tired old back, and talked to me very beautifully. I am so sorry over him. He has gotten Mama's consent to go with me over to the Music Club at Mrs. Meyers next Tuesday evening. It is his last night in town.

Wednesday, May 22, 1895—

My out-of-town cards are gone, and the *in*-town ones have just been taken to the office. Miss B. "set" my wedding-gown this morning. It is very handsome—Mama's gift, the goods is—rich duchesse satin. On Monday night Lizzie & the Duke gave the swellest little dinner to just Sam [Dr Sam Dodds, of Anna] and me—he came down on the afternoon train—and to Alice, Effie, and Mr & Mrs. Hilleary. I was miserably blue when I went, and cried the first thing I did. They were all so jolly and sweet to me though. Did not hear from Earl from Saturday until Tuesday. He was horribly busy though, and I oughtn't to mind. Heard yesterday and today. Mr Goodspeed fairly counted every minute of the last night—his "last evening to live". We went rather late to the club. Dear, dear! He *is* nice, and it is too bad he didn't fall in love with one of these dozens of unengaged girls. They all like him. He says he will never marry now. I had rather a serious time with him last night but he says he will try very, very hard for my sake as well as his own to like me in quite a different way. I want him to meet Earl. I think that will be better. He will see how I love him, then, perhaps,—how no one could *help* loving him. I have callers all day long—and so much sewing and packing yet to be done.

[This is the final entry in the fourteen-year Journal.]

END

HECKMAN BINDERY
BOUND TO
MAR 19 1943
PLEASE
N. MANCHES